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CHAMBERS'S

MISCELLANY

OF

USEFUL AND ENTERTAINING KNOWLEDGE.

EDITED BY

WILLIAM CHAMBERS,

JOINT EDITOR OF "CHAMBERS' EDINBURGH JOURNAL."

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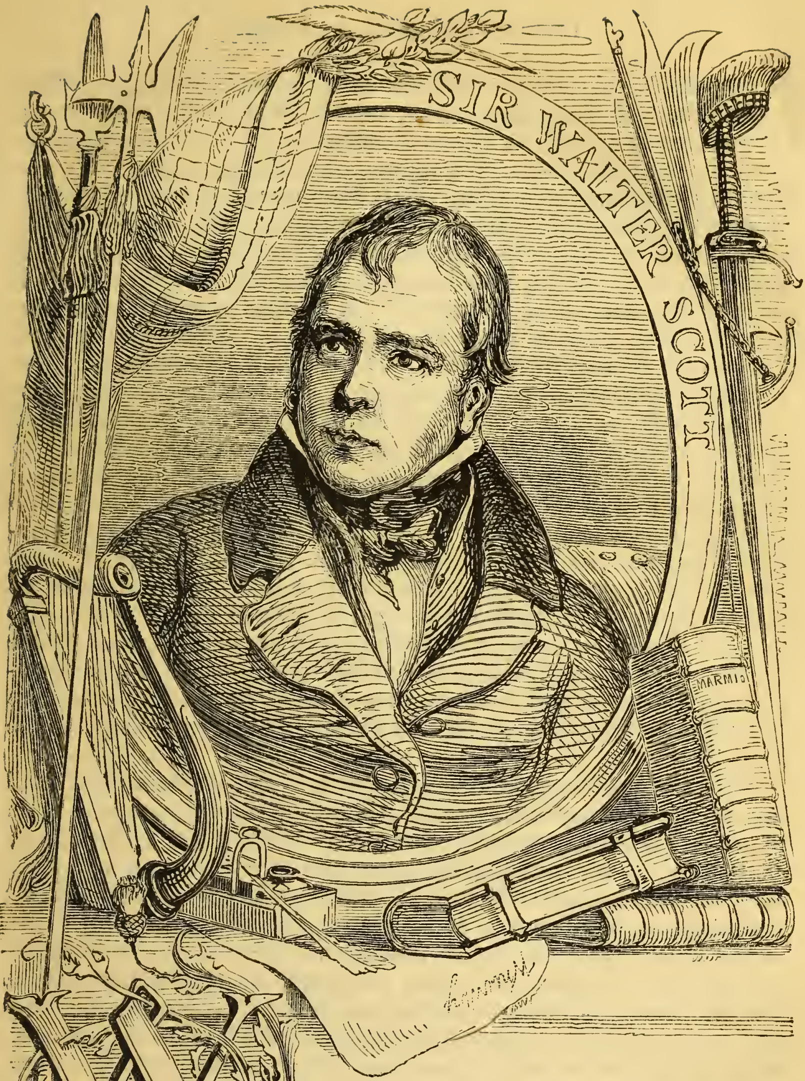


WALTER SCOTT derived his origin from a family which was conspicuous in the rude and warlike times of the Scottish Border; but his father, as befitted a peaceable age, had devoted himself to legal business in Edinburgh: he was what is called in Scotland a *writer to the signet*, or practitioner of the highest grade, next to the barristers. The mother of the novelist was daughter to an eminent medical professor of the Edinburgh university, Dr Rutherford. Simple worth and good manners alone distinguished this couple, whose lot it was to have six children that survived infancy, of whom the subject of this notice was the third. He was born in Edinburgh on the 15th

August 1771. A fever in infancy being attended with an effect fatal to the use of his right limb, he was sent to be brought up at the farm-house of his paternal grandfather, that free exercise in the open air might have a chance of working his cure by the recovery of the constitution. This new situation was romantic. Five or six miles from Kelso, and overlooking the course of the Tweed, is a little upland district, where the rocks push through a meagre soil, the highest being crowned by one of those tall narrow fortalices, once required by a warlike population on the Borders, but now almost all dismantled. Here was placed the retreat of the future poet. Decent and venerable relatives around the old-fashioned fireside—the affairs of a pastoral farm out of doors—an extensive tract of beautiful country presented to the eye, and the rocks and turrets of Smailholm Tower to ramble amongst—it was upon these things that the mind of Scott awoke from the nothing sleep of infancy. For a long time he could at the most crawl about the house and its neighbourhood; but the intellect was early active. He listened with deep interest to the stories which his relatives had to tell of the *old riding times* of the Border history, as well as to their recollections of the romantic war of 1745; and, learning to read beside the knee of a kind aunt, he quickly seized upon such specimens of poetry and history as were within his reach—Ramsay's "Tea-Table Miscellany," to wit, and Josephus's "Wars of the Jews."

A visit to Bath, under the charge of his aunt, proved of no avail in healing the lameness, which, however, gradually gave way in the course of years, so as to terminate in only such a shortening of the limb as was remediable by the use of a walking cane. The early schooling of Scott was rendered irregular by his bad health; yet he was fitted at seven years to commence the study of Latin in the High School of his native city. He did not distinguish himself as a scholar, yet often surprised his instructors by the miscellaneous knowledge which he possessed, and now and then was acknowledged to display a sense of the beauties of the Latin authors such as is seldom seen in boys. In the rough amusements which went on out of school, his spirit enabled him to take a leading share, notwithstanding his lameness. He would help to man the Cowgate Port in a snow-ball match, and pass the Kittle Nine Steps on the Castle rock with the best of them. In the winter evenings, when out-of-door exercise was not attractive, he would gather his companions round him at the fireside, and entertain them with stories, real and imaginary, of which he seemed to have an endless store. Unluckily, his classical studies, neglected as they comparatively were, experienced an interruption from bad health, just as he was beginning to acquire some sense of their value. He was sent to live with his aunt at Kelso, that he might recover strength. There, indeed, he gave some attendance at a school kept by one Whale (where he first met with his future friend Mr James Ballantyne); but this did not compensate the break of his High School course. It would, nevertheless, be difficult to say whether Scott was the worse or the better of the interruptions he experienced in school learning. He lost a certain kind of knowledge, it is true, but he gained another. The vacant time at his disposal he gave to general reading. History, travels, poetry, and prose fiction, he devoured without discrimination, unless it were that he preferred imaginative literature to every other; and of all imaginative writers, was fondest of such as Spenser, whose knights and ladies, and dragons and giants, he was never tired of contemplating. Any passage of a favourite poet which pleased him particularly was sure to remain on his memory, and thus he was able to astonish his friends with his poetical recitations. At the same time he admits that solidly-useful matters had a poor chance of being remembered. His sober-minded parents and other friends regarded these acquirements without pride or satisfaction; they marvelled at the thirst for reading, and the powers of memory, but thought it all to little good purpose, and only excused it in consideration of the infirm health of the young prodigy. Scott himself lived to lament the indifference he showed to that regular mental discipline which is to be acquired at school. He says—“It is with the deepest regret that I recollect in my manhood the opportunities of study which I neglected in my youth; through every part of my literary career I have felt pinched and hampered by my own ignorance; and I would at this moment give half the reputation I have had the good fortune to acquire, if by doing so I could rest the remaining part upon a solid foundation of learning and science.”

This acknowledgment refers more particularly to his subsequent career at the Edinburgh university, where, in the Latin class, he only lost what he had formerly acquired; while in the Greek he became stubborn, and refused to learn, so that the professor finally pronounced him a dunce; and he actually failed to impress even the letters of the alphabet upon his memory. The bursting of a bloodvessel in the lower bowels now laid him once more aside from even the appearance of learning, and he was again left to pursue his own course, first in his sick chamber in his father’s house, and afterwards at his uncle’s residence at Kelso. He probably little lamented an illness which enabled him to cultivate still more deeply the society of the poets and romance-writers. Regaining strength, he was, in his fifteenth year, indentured as an apprentice to his father, who wished him to be his own successor in business. Respect for his parents, and for the common duties of life, was always a strong feeling in Scott. He therefore applied himself, without a murmur, to the desk in his father’s office, though he acknowledges that the recess beneath was generally stuffed with his favourite books, from which, at intervals, he would “snatch a fearful joy.” He even made his diligence in copying law-papers a means of gratifying his intellectual passions, often writing an unusual quantity, that with the result he might purchase some book or object of virtú which he wished to possess. It should be mentioned, that the little room assigned to him on the kitchen-floor of his father's house in George's Square was already made a kind of museum by his taste for curiosities, especially those of an antiquarian nature. He never was heard to grudge the years he had spent in his father's painstaking business. On the contrary, he recollected them with pleasure, for it was always a matter of pride with him to be a man of business as well as a man of letters. The discipline of the office gave him a number of little technical habits which he never afterwards lost. He was, for instance, much of a formalist in the folding and disposal of papers. The writer of this narrative recollects folding a paper in a wrong fashion in his presence, when he instantly undid it, and showed, with a schoolmasterlike nicety, but with great good-humour, the proper way to perform this little piece of business.

While advancing to manhood, and during its few first years, Scott, besides keeping up his desultory system of reading, attended the meetings of a literary society composed of such youths as himself. A selection of these, and of his early school-fellows, became his ordinary companions. Amongst them was Adam Ferguson, son of the well-known professor of that name; another was William Clerk, son of Mr Clerk of Eldin, and afterwards a member of the Scottish bar. It was the pleasure of this group of young men to take frequent rambles in the country, visiting any ancient castle or other remarkable object within their reach. Scott, notwithstanding his limp, walked as stoutly, and sustained fatigue as well, as any of them. Sometimes they would, according to the general habits of those days, resort to taverns for oysters and punch. Scott entered into such indulgences without losing self-control; but he lived to think this ill-spent time. As to other follies equally besetting to youth, it is admitted by all his early friends that he was in a singular degree pure and blameless. His genial good-humour made him a favourite with his young friends, and they could not deny his possessing much out-of-the-way knowledge; yet it does not appear that they saw in him any intellectual superiority, or reason to expect the brilliant destiny which awaited him. The tendency of all testimony from those who knew him at this time is rather to set him down as one from whom nothing extraordinary was to be looked for in mature manhood.

We can easily see the grounds of this opinion. Scott had not been a good scholar. He showed none of the peculiarities of the young sonneteer, for poetry was not yet developed in his nature. Any advantage he possessed over others of his own standing lay in a kind of learning which seemed useless. It is not, then, surprising that he ranked only with ordinary youths, or perhaps a little below them. It is asserted, however, by James Ballantyne, that there was a certain firmness of understanding in Scott, which enabled him to acquire an ascendancy over some of his companions; giving him the power of allaying their quarrels by a few words, and disposing them to submit to him on many other occasions. Still, this must have looked like a quality of the common world, and especially unconnected with literary genius.

When Scott's apprenticeship expired, the father was willing to introduce him at once into a business which would have yielded a tolerable income; but the youth, stirred by ambition, preferred advancing to the bar, for which his service in a writer's office was the reverse of a disqualification. Having therefore passed through the usual studies, he was admitted of the faculty of advocates, July 1792. This is a profession in which a young man usually spends a few years to little purpose, unless peculiar advantages in the way of patronage help him on. Scott does not appear to have done more for some sessions than pass creditably enough through certain routine duties which his father and others imposed upon him, and for which only moderate remuneration was made. He wanted the ready fluent address which is required for pleading, and his knowledge of law was not such as to attract business to him as a consulting counsel. While lingering out the first few idle years of professional life, he studied the German language, and some of its modern writers. He also continued the same kind of antiquarian reading for which he had already become remarkable. Amongst other things giving a character to his mind, were certain annual journeys he made into the pastoral district of Liddesdale, where the castles of the old Border chiefs, and the legends of their exploits, were still rife. On these occasions he was accompanied by an intelligent friend, Mr Robert Shortreed, long after sheriff-substitute at Jedburgh. No inns, and hardly any roads, were then in Liddesdale. The farmers were a simple race, knowing nothing of the outer world. So much was this the case, that one honest fellow, at whose house the travellers alighted to spend a night, was actually frightened at the idea of meeting an Edinburgh advocate. Willie o' Milburn, as this hero was called, at length took a careful survey of Scott round a corner of the stable, and getting somewhat reassured from the sight, said to Mr Shortreed, "Weel, de'il ha'e me if I's be a bit feared for him now; he's just a chield like ourselves, I think." On these excursions Scott took down from old people anecdotes of the old rough times, and copies of the ballads in which the adventures of the Elliots and Armstrongs were recorded. Thus were laid the foundations of the collection which became in time the *Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border*. The friendship of Mr Edmonstone of Newton led him, in like manner, to visit those districts of Stirlingshire and lower Perthshire where he afterwards localised his *Lady of the Lake*. There he learned much of the more recent rough times of the Highlands, and even conversed with one gentleman who had had to do with Rob Roy. These things constituted the real education of Scott's mind, as far as his character as a literary man is concerned.

Overlooking some boyish efforts in verse, which he had long forgotten, Scott could not be said to have as yet attempted the vocation of a poet. He must be considered as somewhat singular in the tuneful list, as having written no poetry worthy of the name before his twenty-fifth year. The cause of this undoubtedly lay in the preponderance which circumstances had hitherto given to other portions of his well-poised character, his anxiety to be a successful man of business, and a respected man of the world. It becomes, however, the more wonderful, as Scott, from early youth, had entertained a zealous affection for a young lady somewhat above his own rank in life, and who was well qualified to inspire a sonnet. At length, in 1796, the hearing a translation of Bürger's ballad of "Lenore" roused him to a similar attempt, and he produced in one night a most spirited version of this remarkable production. It was appreciated highly by a few persons of sensibility, among whom was Jane Anne Cranstoun, afterwards Countess Purgstall. In October of the above-named year, he was induced to venture into print with his translation of *Lenore*, joined to that of another of Bürger's ballads, *The Wild Huntsman;* but the little volume entirely failed to attract public attention.

From his earliest thinking years, Scott had been of Tory leanings. Montrose, Claverhouse, and the heroes of the '15 and '45, were his favourites in Scottish history, by reason of the romantic circumstances with which they were connected. More retrospective at all times than prospective, he partook deeply in the zeal with which liberal politics were now discouraged in Britain. In April 1794—the time when Robespierre was at his zenith in France—some Irish students produced a riot in the Edinburgh theatre by calling for revolutionary tunes. Scott, and some other young zealots of the opposite side, distinguished themselves much in the tumult; he himself was bound over to keep the peace, with three broken heads laid to his especial charge. In the early part of 1797, we find him exhibiting his political sentiments in a more laudable manner, by joining a troop of volunteer cavalry as their quarter-master, and writing a war-song for them. In the drills and other doings of this corps, he displayed an ardour which lay deep in his nature, and which had a strong affinity for military affairs. But the affair told in no discernible way on his future life. He was about this time subjected to a severe trial of spirit by the marriage of his mistress to a more fortunate lover. Even thirty years afterwards he could not set down a few words about this lady in his journal without some agitation. His disappointment, by perhaps a natural reaction of feeling, led soon after to a change in his condition. Spending a few idle days at Gilsland Wells in Cumberland, he chanced there to meet a young French emigrée lady of English extraction, named Charlotte Carpenter. Possessing beauty, and some little fortune, she suited Scott both as a poet and a man of the world, and little more than two months from the commencement of their acquaintance, they were united at Carlisle. He now commenced housekeeping in Edinburgh, where he had hitherto lived in his father's house.

We now see Scott as a young married man, spending the winter in the bosom of a frugal but elegant society in Edinburgh, and the summer months in a retired cottage on the beautiful banks of the Esk at Lasswade; cultivating, as before, literary tastes, and storing his mind with his favourite kind of learning, but not as yet conscious of his active literary powers, or thinking of aught but the duties of his profession, and the claims of his little family. Simple and manly in habits, good-humoured, and averse to disputation, full of delightful information, kind and obliging to all who came near him, yet possessed of a rectitude and solidity of understanding which never allowed him to be the fool of any of his feelings, it is no wonder that Walter Scott was a general favourite, or that he attracted the regard of several persons of rank, as the Duke of Buccleuch, Lord Melville, and others. It was through the kindness of the first of these noblemen that, in 1799, he obtained the appointment of sheriff of Selkirkshire, an office of light duty, with a salary of £300 per annum. Though anxious to attain professional reputation, to which literary notoriety is supposed to be adverse, he could not altogether refrain from the poetical exercises in which he had already broke ground. We therefore find him at this time translating and publishing a version of Goethe's *Goetz von Berlichingen*, a drama of such a romantic cast as harmonised entirely with his peculiar taste. He also was induced, by Mr M. G. Lewis, the well-known author of "The Monk," to write two or three ballads on supernatural themes for a collection which was to be entitled "Tales of Wonder." "Goetz" appeared in February 1799, but met the fate of the former publication. When the "Tales of Wonder" came out, Scott's ballads, though unfortunate in their association, obtained some praise, yet, on the whole, might also be considered as a failure. These would have been disappointments to a man who had set his heart on literary reputation. To Scott, who was at all periods of his career humble-minded about his literary efforts, they were nothing of the kind. In this respect he was a pattern to all authors, present and to come.

The circumstances seem to have been almost accidental which led him to make his first serious adventure in the literary world. His schoolfellow, James Ballantyne, was now settled at Kelso in the management of a weekly newspaper. Merely to give employment to his friend's types during the intervals of their ordinary use, Scott proposed to print a small collection of the old ballads which for some years he had been collecting on the Border. When the design was formed, he set about preparing the work, for which he soon obtained some assistance from Richard Heber and John Leyden—the former an Englishman of fortune, and an enthusiastic collector of books; the latter a Scottish peasant's son, who had studied for the church, and become a marvel of learning, especially in languages and antiquities. The "Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border" thus grew upon his hands, until it became such an assemblage of ballads, ancient and modern, and of historical annotation, as could only be contained in three octavo volumes. The two first made their appearance in January 1802, and met a favourable reception. Many of the ballads were entirely new to the world; even those which had been published before, here appeared in superior versions. Industry in the collection of copies, and taste in the selection of readings, had enabled the editor to present this branch of popular literature with attractions it never possessed before, while the graceful and intelligent prose interspersed throughout, rich with curious learning, and enlivened by many a pleasant traditionary anecdote, served to constitute the whole as a most agreeable melange. The work gave Scott at once a respectable place in the literary republic, more indeed as an editor than as an author, though one would suppose few could be altogether insensible to the spirit and graphic power displayed in the ballads of his own composition.

The public generally, and the booksellers in particular, were agreeably surprised to find the "Minstrelsy," while bearing the unwonted imprint of "Kelso," a marvel of beautiful typography; a circumstance owing to the good taste of James Ballantyne, and which was of some avail in increasing the popularity of the work. It appears that Scott, besides some gains from the first edition, obtained soon after £500 for the copyright.

About this time he inherited between five and six thousand pounds from a paternal uncle. This, with his share of his deceased father's property, his sheriffship, and his wife's allowance from her brother, now advancing to fortune in India, made his income altogether about a thousand a-year. He had been ten years at the bar with little success; his gains seldom reaching two hundred a-year, and these from the merest drudgeries of the profession. It began, therefore, to appear to him that, in as far as any further income might be required to support his station in life, and advance the prospects of his children, it would be well to look for it rather to some post in the Court of Session, such as one of the principal clerkships, than to practice as a barrister. Assured in the meantime against want, and trusting to such a prospect being realisable by his friends the Buccleuchs and Melvilles, he gradually became disposed to give more of his regards to literature. As to income from this source, he had little hope or faith. Literary research and composition were as yet their own reward with him; if any more solid remuneration accrued, he was happy to receive it; but he would not depend on such gains. Let literature, he said, be at the utmost a staff—not a crutch. It was natural for a prudent man of the world to form these ideas at that time, when literary biography was little besides a record of privation and sorrow. But it would have, nevertheless, been well for Scott if he had been content with his secured income, and the prospect of only such contingent additions to it as a fixed post, or the profits of literature, might hold out. To his over-anxious mind, when the temptation came, it appeared different, as we shall presently see.

It was about the time when the "Minstrelsy" was issuing from the press, that Scott was asked by the lovely and amiable Countess of Dalkeith to write a ballad upon a traditionary goblin story respecting the Buccleuch family. He commenced such a composition accordingly, adopting for its measure that of a recent poem of Coleridge; but it grew upon his hands far beyond ballad size. It became, in short, a long romantic narrative, divided into cantos, and *set* in a subordinate narrative, wherein the author represented it as a recitation by the last survivor of the fraternity of minstrels. This was published in January 1805, as *The Lay of the Last Minstrel*, and at once placed Scott in the first rank as an original poet, besides determining his fate as henceforth chiefly that of a man of letters. Immediately on the first edition proving successful, the publishers gave £600 for the copyright.

Before this time, Mr Ballantyne had set up a printing-office in Edinburgh, partly by the assistance of a loan from his old friend. Getting rapidly into a considerable business, which his skill and taste amply justified, he came to require additional capital, and Scott at length agreed to advance the needful sum, on condition of his being made a partner, but a secret one, in the concern. His dread of dependence on literary gains seems to have blinded him to the fact, that mercantile gains are also precarious, and usually attended by risks.

By the interest of his titled friends, he soon after obtained an appointment to the duties of a clerkship in the Court of Session; the salary, however, which afterwards was fixed at £1300 a-year, was not to be realised till the death of a superannuated predecessor in office, and, in fact, Scott touched nothing of it till 1812. With such an addition to his solid prospects, one cannot but wonder at the eagerness and assiduity with which he commenced and pursued literary labours of a severely tasking kind; such as an edition of the works of Dryden, a publication of Sadler's State Papers, and a reprint of Somers's collection of Tracts. It seems as if a naturally ambitious and ardent spirit had at length found a vent for its energies, and felt a self-rewarding pleasure in their exercise. At the same time, he gave much of his time to volunteer soldiering, to politics, and to the affairs of literary men less fortunate than himself. The recollections of his friends present a charming picture of his ordinary life at his summer retreat of Ashestiel on the Tweed, where he had found it necessary to establish himself on account of his duties as sheriff of Selkirkshire. His household, enlivened by four healthy children, and superintended by Mrs Scott, was marked by simple elegance. On Sundays, being far from church, he read prayers and a sermon to his family; then, if the weather was good, he would walk with them, servants and all, to some favourite spot at a convenient distance, and dine with them in the open air. Frequent excursions on horseback, and coursing matches, varied the tenor of common domestic life. Friends coming to pay visits found him in constant good-humour, and at all times willing to introduce them to the fine scenery and interesting antiquities of the district. In the evenings, his conversation, in which stories and anecdotes formed a large part, was a sure resource against ennui. As a husband and father, he was most kind and indulgent. His children had access to his room at all times; and when they came—unconscious of the nature of his studies—and asked for a story, he would take them on his knee, repeat a tale or a ballad, kiss them, and then set them down again to their sports, never apparently feeling the least annoyance at the interruption. His dogs, of which he always had two or three, were even more privileged, for he kept his window open in nearly all weathers, that they might leap out and in as they pleased. These were the happiest days of Scott's life, when as yet in the enjoyment of full vigour of body and mind, rather acquiring than reposing upon fame, and unembarrassed by possessions and dignities which afterwards made his position false and dangerous. He occasionally visited London, and allowed himself to go through that kind of exhibition called *lionising*, to which everything famous or even notorious is liable to be subjected in the metropolis; but he never was in the slightest degree spoilt by such idolatry. He fully showed that he estimated it at its real worth, and, after good-naturedly submitting to it, could laugh at its absurdity. It is less pleasant to record a change in his arrangements for study which took place about this time. Finding the day apt to be broken in upon by little duties and by visitors, he adopted the habit of rising and commencing his literary toils at six in the morning, usually finishing them at twelve after the interruption of breakfast at ten. His biographer, Mr Lockhart, tells us how careful he was to dress neatly before sitting down, but he says nothing of his preparing for the duty before him by taking food. We have come to understand such things better now, and can easily see what fatal effects might arise in a few years from a habit of performing the principal duties of life with an exhausted system.

The year 1808 saw his poetical reputation brought to its zenith by the publication of the admirable romantic tale of *Marmion*, for which, to the astonishment of the public, Mr Constable undertook beforehand to pay a thousand guineas. Not long after, his zeal in Tory politics, or, as he thought it, solicitude for the honour and safety of his country, then harassed by the Bonaparte wars, led to his quarrelling with this eminent publisher, and to his taking an interest in the establishment of The Quarterly, as an opposition to the Edinburgh Review. It would have been well if he had stopped here; but the same feelings, helped, perhaps, by that trafficking spirit which had entered into him since he lost hopes at the bar, induced the false step of his setting up a publishing-house in Edinburgh, under the *firm* of John Ballantyne and Company, the ostensible manager being a younger brother of the printer, a clever comical being, not overstocked with worldly prudence, and possessed of few qualifications for business beyond a knowledge of accounts.

From this house issued, in May 1810, his most pleasing poem, *The Lady of the Lake*, which experienced even greater popularity than either of its two predecessors, and might, if anything could, have made its author a vain man. In this and his two preceding poems, the chief charm lay in the vividness with which the author brought the past before the minds of his readers. He gave the grace, the dignity, the gallantry of old times, free from all their rudeness and grossness. All was done, too, in such an easy and fluent style, that the reader was never wearied. The singular fascination of these writings showed itself in numberless ways; for one thing, there was a rush of tourists to the scene of the "Lady of the Lake," so great, as to produce a marked rise of the amount of post-horse duty raised in Scotland. Scott's own firm, in connexion with another, undertook to pay two thousand guineas for the "Lady of the Lake," a fact in authorship at that time without anything approaching to a parallel. Meanwhile he was urging into print, as a publisher, an Annual Register (to commence with the year 1808); an edition of Beaumont and Fletcher, under the care of a drudging German of the name of Weber; a huge quarto, under the title of Tixall Poetry; an edition of Defoe's novels; the Secret Memoirs of the Court of James I.; and some other books agreeable to his own taste, but hardly to that of the public. These huge indigestible masses of paper and print had brought his outlay in the printing and publishing concerns up to £9000 before the end of this year. Scarcely ever did the most thoughtless of the tuneful tribe make a more unfortunate adventure than this publishing affair was destined to prove itself. If Scott had instituted some safe and modest copartnery, to give himself the publishing profits of his own writings, diminished only by expenses and the small profits due to his acting associates, he would have been doing what perhaps it will yet be seen all authors of decided popularity may rightly do. But he had an antiquarian taste, and a disposition to over-estimate all literary productions save his own—he indulged these tendencies in his firm of John Ballantyne and Company, and unavoidably became a great loser. Before it was fully seen that such was to be his fate as a man of business—namely, in the summer of 1811—he had thought so well of his means and prospects—the clerkship salary being now on the eve of realisation—as to resolve on purchasing a hundred acres of land on Tweedside, in order to build a cottage residence for himself; and this notwithstanding that the £4000 requisite in the very first place had to be borrowed, the one-half as a permanent burden on the property. Such was the origin of his estate of Abbotsford, where ultimately he reared a castle. The purchase would have been perfectly a right one, if he had not involved his superfluous fortune in business: as things actually stood, it was only preparing for himself needless embarrassments.

His removal to the little estate which he had purchased took place in May 1812, and he soon became involved in the pleasant but costly labours attendant on building, planting, and what is called *making a place.* At the same time, besides attending to other literary avocations, he was composing a fourth romance in verse, which appeared just before the close of the year under the title of *Rokeby*, but in point of popularity proved a comparative failure. Ere this time the concerns of John Ballantyne and Company were seriously embarrassed, insomuch that Scott was glad to accept of a little credit from his friend Mr Morritt of Rokeby Park. The difficulties had only increased during the early months of 1813, and it then became necessary for those who had begun in rivalry to Mr Constable, to resort to that publisher for his friendly aid. To give an idea of the fatality of the whole adventure, it appears that the single publication of Tixall Poetry, which proved a dead failure, involved an outlay of £2500, while the Edinburgh Annual Register was attended by an annual loss of £1000. At the same time, all the parties concerned were living in a style rather suited to their hopes than to their realised profits. To sustain so severe a drainage, the private fortune of Scott, and even his unprecedented literary gains, were inadequate. Fortunately, the hope of regaining the author of "Marmion" as an adherent of his house, induced Mr Constable to grant relief to some extent by the purchase of stock, trusting that the rival house would as soon as possible be extinguished. The Duke of Buccleuch also extended the favour of his credit for the sum of £4000, by means of which, and of further sales of stock to other publishers, the principal difficulties were passed, though not without the most serious vexation to Scott for the greater part of a year. In the midst of his worst perplexities, he resigned an offer of the laureateship to Mr Southey, and was liberal as usual to unfortunate men of letters, sending, for one thing, fifty pounds to Mr Maturin the Irish novelist.

Scott had, so early as 1805, commenced a prose fiction on the manners of the Highlanders, which he designated *Waverley*, *or 'Tis Sixty Years Since.* Discouraged by the unfavourable opinion of his friends regarding the first few chapters, he threw aside the manuscript, which lay accordingly unthought of in an old desk for nine years. Happening to find it while rummaging for fishing-tackle, he bethought him of completing the story, and seriously trying his fortune in a new walk of literature. Three weeks of June 1814 enabled him to add the second and third volumes, and the tale appeared anonymously in the ensuing month. The public almost immediately appreciated its merits, and the first edition of a thousand copies meeting with a quick sale, was speedily followed by a second and a third. The life-like representation here given of times not too remote for sympathy, and yet sufficiently so in character to tell as eminently romantic, joined to the wonderful ease, spirit, and mingled humour and pathos of the narrative, gave "Waverley" at once a place far above all contemporary novels, and awakened great curiosity regarding the unknown author. Always unconcerned about the fate of his works, Scott immediately set out on a six-weeks' yachting excursion round the north of Scotland, with hardly a chance of hearing news from the world of letters during that time, and when he came back, he found himself famous in a new and impersonal capacity. Many reflecting persons were at no loss to see that only the same mind which had reproduced the times of the Jameses in "Marmion" and the "Lady of the Lake," could have resuscitated the court and camp of the Chevalier in 1745; but with the mass of the public the mystery was successful. Some thought it most likely that Scott's brother, Thomas, had produced this romance; there were even some who attributed it to Mr Jeffrey. Of Thomas he had himself so high an opinion, that he about this time offered him money from his own pocket for any novel he might produce. But the opinion of Walter Scott regarding the literary powers of his contemporaries was of absolutely not the least value, in consequence of the peculiar generosity of his nature. Thomas Scott, and many others whom he stimulated, and helped to become authors, were in the eyes of the world very ordinary persons, and can only be remembered because they were the objects of this great man's love and esteem.

The success of "Waverley," and the necessity of money to relieve the Ballantyne concern, quickly urged Scott to a new effort in the same walk. During the short vacation at the Christmas of this year (1814), he produced his tale of *Guy Mannering*, which, being published in the ensuing February, was received with transports of delight (more sober language would be quite inappropriate) by both the Scottish and English public. The author had, only a month before, brought out his last great poem, *The Lord of the Isles*, which met with a reception so cool, as to convince him that he must now resign the top of the poetical walk to his young rival Lord Byron. He heard the report of the public decision on this point from James Ballantyne, was disconcerted for a few minutes, and then, recovering his usual spirits, tranquilly resumed the writing of his novel. How much it would tell to the happiness of literary men in general, if they had but a tithe of the equanimity of Scott about the success of their exertions! In the summer of this memorable year he visited the field of Waterloo, and wrote on that subject a descriptive work, entitled *Paul's Letters to his Kinsfolk*, and also a poem, which proved a failure in respect of popular approbation. The results of these various labours, with his professional income, not only set him free of the immediate pressure of the publishing encumbrances, but enabled him to add somewhat to his domains on Tweedside. This year was also memorable to him as that which introduced him to the personal notice of the Prince Regent, who, after greatly enjoying his society at Carlton House, sent him a present of a gold snuff-box, set in brilliants.

Scott was now at ease in his circumstances. His ordinary and assured income sufficed for any domestic expenditure he chose to indulge in; the recent embarrassments were at an end; and he might calculate on easily adding a few occasional thousands, for the sake of posterity, by no very great exertion of his ever-fertile brain. But who of mortal mould can ever say enough? especially when the temptation of great facility in acquiring is before him. For Scott at this time to grow from the idea of a cottage retreat in the country, to that of a little lairdship and a good sort of mansion, was certainly very natural, when he found that the work of little more than a month at any time could secure him enough of money to buy from fifty to a hundred acres of ground. It was the more so in his case, as his education, and the original bent of his own feelings, alike tended to create in him a veneration for the possession of land. Add to this, that he had a taste for planting and decoration, and felt a genial joy in being bread-giver to a retinue of that kindly peasantry whose virtues he has himself depicted in such lively colours. Of vulgar ambition for wealth and state, there was in Scott not one particle: to be a chief of the soil and its people, and contemplate his children as succeeding him in the same character, was only, with him, to realise, or set forth in substance, one of the poetical dreams which haunted his mind. It is therefore not surprising at this period to find him far from being disposed to suspend his energies, even although he might have done so under the excuse of somewhat broken health, for he now had frequent visits of stomach-cramp—in no small degree a consequence of some of his literary habits.

The spring of 1816 saw the public in possession of his novel of *The Antiquary*, perhaps, of all his works, the one in which there is most of the current matter of his own mind. It was scarcely published before he had designed his *Tales of My Landlord*, the first series of which came out, as by a new author, in December, and was at once hailed with all the applause accorded to its predecessors, and set down as another offshoot of the same tree. Early in 1817 appeared *Harold the Dauntless*, which, not bearing his name, and being even a greater failure than any of his recent poems, formed the last of that class of his publications. The public might now, perhaps, have had a more rapid succession of novels from his pen, if he had not thought proper to write the historical part of his Annual Register, in a vain hope to float that unfortunate work into popularity. As it was, he produced this year his novel of *Rob Roy*, which came out at New Year 1818, and experienced a brilliant reception. So great was his sense of the encouragement extended to these novels, that in 1817 he made purchase of an addition to his property, involving an outlay of no less than £10,000. Just to show, however, how much generosity towards others was mixed with the no-way mean ambition of Scott, his prime object here was to secure a residence for his old school friend, Adam Ferguson, and his sisters, whom he was eager to plant near his own fireside. On his concluding a rather hasty bargain for this estate, Ferguson expressed his surprise and concern at seeing him exert so little pains to cheapen it. "Never say a word about it," said Scott; "it will just answer you and the ladies exactly; and it's only scribbling a little more nonsense some of these mornings, to pay anything it costs me more than enough." From calculations of this kind, Scott is understood to have bought nearly the whole of his landed property at a very large per centage above its actual value.

From this time till the close of 1825—a space of eight years —prosperity reigned unchecked over the life of Scott. His novels of *The Heart of Mid-Lothian*, *The Bride of Lammermoor*, *The Legend of Montrose*, *Ivanhoe*, *The Monastery*, *The Abbot*, *The Pirate*, *Kenilworth*, *The Fortunes of Nigel*, *Peveril of the Peak*, *Quentin Durward*, *St Ronan's Well*, *Redgauntlet*, and the *Tales of the Crusaders*, streamed from his pen with a rapidity as wonderful as their general merits were great. The public read with delight, and Scott was happy to pipe to a dance which led to such solid results for his own benefit. Generally, the first burst of sale called for ten thousand copies, after which the books continued to go off in large numbers in handsome collective reprints. It is odd, after all, since Scott had showed a desire to increase his gains by being his own printer and publisher, that he gave these books to be published by Constable, or whatever other person, on the principle of a division of the profits, a plan far too favourable to the tradesman, considering that the works were sure to sell with little aid from that quarter. A more grasping author would have given them to be published on commission, and thus realised the whole profit excepting a fraction. The only deduction he made from this liberality to the actual publisher consisted in its being a point with him that the Ballantynes should have a share of that portion of the profits —a mere grace on his part towards men for whom he entertained a friendship. In 1819 Messrs Constable and Company agreed to give him, for the copyright of the novels published up to that time, and certain shares of poetical copyrights, the sum of £12,000. Two years later, the same booksellers purchased for £5000 the copyright of four succeeding novels—little more than a year's work—from which the author had already drawn £10,000. After another similar interval, the author received five thousand guineas for four other novels, which likewise had previously yielded him half profits. Scott spoke of these sums with triumph and pleasure, as wonderful prices for what he was pleased to call his *yeld kye*—that is, cows which have ceased to give milk. Such a matter of successful authorship was a surprising novelty in its day. Nor was the author alone blessed by the pecuniary productiveness of the Waverley Novels. We find the Edinburgh theatrical manager realising £3000 by the brilliant run of the drama formed from Rob Roy. A painter gets £300 for sketches to illustrate a section of the tales. If we reflect on the facility with which Scott could write these novels—devoting to them merely the mornings of a life full of other business and of amusement—we can hardly be surprised to learn that he thought nothing of entering into engagements with Constable and Company for producing four novels, not one line of which had then been written, nor even the leading theme determined on. Nor was it wonderful that he should have gradually been tempted to build additions to his house on Tweedside till it became the architectural romance which it now is, and fitted to receive and entertain a large assortment of company. Scott was social and good-natured; to see him and his mansion was an object of ambition to half the public, including the highest persons in the land. He was thus led, during the seven months of the year which he spent in the country, to be the host of so many persons of every kind, that his wife spoke of the house as a hotel in all but the name. Not that he would have voluntarily indulged in any undue expense on this account if he had been in limited circumstances; but believing himself to be able to afford it, benevolence gave her irresistible dictate that he should thus make himself the servant of the public, even at the expense of much personal inconvenience to himself and his family. It is stated in Mr Lockhart's biography, that sixteen uninvited parties came in one day to Abbotsford. These would pass quickly away; but fashionable tourists, some of them of high rank, came in scarcely smaller shoals, to stay one or two days. A lady reports to us, from the conversation of Miss Anne Scott, the younger daughter of Sir Walter, that on one occasion there were *thirteen ladies' maids* in the house.

In 1820, Scott was made a baronet. The honour was unsolicited, and he considered himself as accepting it, partly because it was gratifying to his family, and partly with a view to the interests of his eldest son, who had entered a hussar regiment. If he had any enjoyment of the honour in his own breast, it probably arose from no common worldly vanity, but from its touching on some string of romantic feeling amongst those to which we owe his delightful works. Though now a *laird*, and a man of title, as well as the head idol in the temple of the intellect-worshippers of his time, he was no whit different from what he had been in his younger days, when content with love and a cottage at Lasswade. His personal tastes and habits, his bearing to his friends, his familiarity with the poor and lowly, remained the same. As Wilkes is said to have never been a Wilkite, so Scott never, to any appearance, joined the opinion which the world entertained about him as an author. He spoke of his labours in this manner to Southey: "dallying with time—tossing my ball and driving my hoop." Such men as Davy and Watt he considered as the true honour of his age and country. At home, in the bosom of his family, when the world would let him alone, he was the most simple and kindly of associates. As he walked about his grounds, he conversed freely and easily with his servants and the peasantry, amongst whom he was an object of the deepest reverence and affection. Often would this illustrious man work half a day at the felling of trees in his woods, beside several workmen, trying which could cut down one with the fewest blows, and laughing heartily when he was victor. He delighted to walk in the evening towards the house of an aged servant, that he might hear the psalm which the old man was raising with his wife, as they conducted their evening devotions. One of his retinue said to a visitor one day, "Sir Walter speaks to every man as if they were blood-relations." It was not a condescending kind of talk he indulged in with these people. He entered into their feelings and tastes, and, speaking their own homely dialect, witched them out of the idea that a master or a laird was before them.

The year 1822 was a somewhat memorable one in Scott's life, on account of the concern he had to take in the arrangements necessary on the occasion of the king's visit to Scotland. The external character of this piece of pageantry was much determined by that revival of national and mediæval associations which the novels had effected. Everywhere we were reminded of the Stuarts in Holyrood, and the plaided clansmen on their mountains. Feelings due towards the romantic kings of an elder day were expended, often ludicrously, on the battered beau of Carlton House and St James's Street. Amidst the delirium of the time, the man chiefly concerned in giving it a peculiar character, moved in perfect possession of his wonderful powers of management, dictating or advising in the principal doings, and attending to the minutest details of many of them. The king afterwards expressed, both formally and in private, his deep sense of obligation to Scott for what he had done to make this visit pass off well. The affair is interesting for the proof it gives of the business genius of Scott, and his qualifications for the affairs of the world. Assuredly never was high imagination united with so many of the soberest mental qualities as in his instance.

His qualifications as a man of the world shone in various functions which he consented to assume about this time, as the presidency of the Royal Society of Edinburgh, that of an antiquarian book-printing association, called the Bannatyne Club, the chairmanship of an oil-gas factory, and so forth. He had no inclination to thrust himself into such situations, but having been drawn into them, he set about the business which they involved with all the requisite zeal, and with a marvellous amount of skill, good temper, and judgment. The common sense and sagacity which he exhibited in the performance of these duties, form, perhaps, a greater distinction between Scott and the generality of literary men than even his transcendent genius.

He had at this time, when the writer of these pages first knew him, the appearance of a respectable elderly country gentleman. Tall, robust, and rather handsome in person, he was deformed by the shortness of his right limb, the foot of which only touched the ground at the toes, while he rocked from side to side on the support of a stout walking-cane, which he moved along with the foot, and put down at the same time. While living in town, he wore a common black suit; in the country he had gray trousers, a short green jacket, and a white hat. The public is made familiar with his face by numberless portraits; it is only necessary to mention, that at this time it was ruddy with the glow of health, and at the same time somewhat venerable from his thin gray hair. The countenance and quick gray eye usually had a common-world expression, but of a benevolent kind. All was changed, however, when he told anything serious, or recited a piece of ballad poetry; he then seemed to become a being of a totally different grade and sphere.

It has been hinted that Scott's eldest son, Walter, had become an officer in a hussar regiment. This youth, in 1825, wedded a young heiress, Miss Jobson, much to the satisfaction of his father, who, in the marriage contract, placed against the young lady's fortune a settlement of the estate of Abbotsford upon his son, reserving only his own liferent. He declared that he thus parted with the property of his lands with more pleasure than he ever derived from the acquisition or possession of them. He at the same time expended £3500 in purchasing a company for his son. It was now that the great poet might be considered as at the height of his fortunes. His career had hitherto been an almost uninterrupted series of prosperous and happy events; he had risen from the briefless barrister to the head of the literary world, a title, and the possession of a landed fortune, with the prospect of leaving a race of gentry to follow him. Alas! even while thus triumphantly exalted, the ground was hollow beneath his feet, and a sad prostration was approaching.

Keeping this reverse for its proper place, it is proper here to mention, that the novels had fallen off somewhat in popularity since "The Monastery." The author was not made aware of this fact; but he nevertheless felt the necessity of varying his themes as much as possible, in order to preserve the public favour. Hence his shifting ground to England and France, and his attempt, in "St Ronan's Well," to depict the society of the modern world. Latterly, he bethought him that history was a field of some promise, and he was disposed to enter it. It was now (June 1825) that Mr Constable, moved by some examples of popular publishing in London, adopted the idea that that trade had never been conducted on right principles, seeing that it sought customers only in the more affluent classes, while the masses were left to regard books as luxuries beyond their reach. He projected a periodical issue of volumes, at a comparatively low price, to consist of reprints of approved copyright works belonging to his house, mingled with original works; and claiming and obtaining the support of Scott, it was arranged that the Waverley Novels should reappear in this cheap form, alternated at starting with the volumes of a *Life of Napoleon Bonaparte*, to be composed for the purpose by the same author. Thus was Scott set down, in 1825, to the history of one whose career he had beheld while it lasted with the strongest sentiments of reprobation and hatred, feeling, as he did, that the French emperor was the public enemy of England in the first place, and all Europe in the second. It was at first intended that the work should consist of four volumes, or less than a half of what it ultimately became. Just before going seriously into his task, he paid a visit to his son in Ireland, where he was received and entertained with the greatest enthusiasm by all classes—to his own surprise, as he had regarded the Irish as not a reading people. He had not reflected that there is such a thing as lionising great authors on the strength of their fame, and without any but a superficial acquaintance, if so much, with their writings. The contrast between the elegant mansions of the gentry in which he lived, with the misery of the houses of the general population, awoke painful feelings in his mind; but, upon the whole, he much enjoyed his tour in Ireland. In the latter part of this year a second domestic change took place. His eldest daughter, Sophia, had been married in 1820 to Mr J. G. Lockhart, a young barrister, whose talents in literature have since been acknowledged by the public. Hitherto the young couple had lived in his immediate neighbourhood, both in town and country. He delighted in the ballads which Mrs Lockhart sang to him with the accompaniment of her harp; he found Mr

Lockhart a useful adviser in literary matters, and a most agreeable companion : and he felt the tenderest interest in their eldest child, called John Hugh, or, familiarly, Hugh Littlejohn, whose fatal delicacy of constitution only heightened the affection he was otherwise fitted to excite. In consequence of an offer of the editorship of the Quarterly Review, Mr Lockhart removed to London with his family, by which Scott's family circle was of course much contracted. This, however, was but a trifling evil compared with others which were about to befall the hitherto fortunate author of "Waverley."

The years 1824 and 1825 were distinguished by an extraordinary mania for speculation, the consequence of which was, that, towards the close of the latter year, a scarcity of money began to be generally felt. A tightening of this kind always of course tells severely upon men who have been keeping up their trade by means of fictitious bills ; and of this class it now appeared were Archibald Constable and Company. The leading member of this firm had been fortunate in the proprietorship of the Edinburgh Review, and the publishing of many of the works of Scott. Naturally grand in his ideas, and of an aspiring temper, at the same time that he despised, and in practice wholly overlooked, common mercantile calculations, he had come to conduct business in a manner which usually leads to ruin. We have seen that the bookselling concern of Scott (John Ballantyne and Company) was indebted to him for some important assistance in enabling it to wind up ; the printing concern (James Ballantyne and Company) was also indebted to him for a vast amount of business ; while Scott, more personally, was so imprudent as to take bill payments from him for works as yet unwritten, that he might help out his equally imprudent purchases of land. By these means, it came about very naturally that the name of James Ballantyne and Company—that is, Sir Walter Scott—was lent to Constable and Company for the raising of large sums amongst the banks. Scott, venerating the supposed sagacity of Constable, recked not of the danger of this traffic. Constable himself, inflated with a high sense of the literary property and stock which he held, regarded himself as a rich man, notwithstanding the large borrowings to which he condescended. James Ballantyne, venerating both, easy of nature, and unprepared by education or habit to keep a rigid supervision over business matters, gave no alarm regarding the immense compromise of his own and his friend's name.

These explanations serve so far ; for what more is necessary, it must, we fear, be admitted that the whole group of persons concerned in the poems and novels, including the mighty Magician himself, were naturally enough intoxicated to a certain degree by a literary success so infinitely exceeding all precedent. All of them, excepting James Ballantyne, had lived in an expensive manner. Scott himself had gone in this respect a good way beyond what prudence dictated, though it is also very certain that if his writings had been published under reasonably favourable circumstances for the realisation of profit, he might have bought land, and kept house as he did, without injury to anybody. All, moreover, had been culpably negligent about accounts and bargainings; Scott ridiculously so, to his own injury, as there appears no good reason for his dividing the six or eight thousand pounds realised by the first issues of his novels with his booksellers, to whom a commission on sales would have been remuneration sufficient. There was, however, at that time a much more loose and heedless fashion in most business affairs than now prevails, and this requires that some allowance should be made with regard to individual cases. So it was that one of the firmest, and, generally speaking, most sagacious men of his time, discovered, in the course of January 1826, that he was involved in obligations far exceeding the extent of his whole fortune—was, in short, a ruined man.

On the 18th December 1825, fearing bad news of Constable's affairs, he says, in a diary which he kept, and surely few more touching words have ever fallen from any man's pen—"Men will think pride has had a fall. Let them indulge their own pride in thinking that my fall will make them higher, or seem so at least. I have the satisfaction to recollect that my prosperity has been of advantage to many, and to hope that some at least will forgive my transient wealth on account of the innocence of my intentions, and my real wish to do good to the poor. Sad hearts, too, at Darnick, and in the cottages of Abbotsford. I have half resolved never to see the place again. How could I tread my hall with such a diminished crest?—how live a poor indebted man, where I was once the wealthy, the honoured? I was to have gone there on Saturday, in joy and prosperity, to receive my friends. My dogs will wait for me in vain. It is foolish—but the thoughts of parting from these dumb creatures have moved me more than any of the painful reflections I have put down. Poor things! I must get them kind masters! There may be yet those who, loving me, may love my dog, because it has been mine. I must end these gloomy forebodings, or I shall lose the tone of mind with which men should meet distress. I feel my dogs' feet on my knees—I hear them whining and seeking me everywhere. This is nonsense, but it is what they would do could they know how things may be."

The evil day had not yet come in all its reality. Mr Constable went to London, to endeavour to raise money on the copyrights he possessed, in order to put over the difficulties. Moderate-minded men of the present day read, as of something belonging to a different state of society, of this "Napoleon of the realms of print" seriously expecting to raise one or two hundred thousand pounds on the pledge of his copyrights, one large section of which afterwards, at a fair auction, brought only £8500; his whole property being such as only in the long-run to pay 2s. 9d. a-pound upon debts amounting to £256,000. Having utterly failed in raising money on any terms amongst those who deal in it, he induced Scott to advance him ten thousand, which the Laird of Abbotsford was only able to do by acting upon a right he had reserved in his son's marriage contract to borrow that sum on the security of his estate, for the benefit of his younger children. And this last sacrifice for Mr Constable he afterwards, very naturally, grudged more than all the rest. It was on the 17th of January that Scott finally ascertained the ruin of his affairs. "It was hard, after having fought such a battle," as he says in his diary; but he sustained the first shock with Roman firmness. His resolution was immediately taken, to accept of no grace from his creditors beyond time. "God grant me health and strength," he said in deep solemnity to his several friends, "and I will yet pay every man his due." To those marvellous powers which he had exerted for the purpose of buying land and keeping state, he trusted for the means of clearing off the tremendous incumbrance which had fallen upon him. At the same time, *state* was to be given wholly up. He resolved to sell his house in Edinburgh, and use a common lodging while obliged to attend his duties in the Court of Session. At other times he would join his family in strict retirement at Abbotsford, which obviously could have been put to no better use. There was no bravado in all this—nothing but a good, sound, honest resolution to redeem the painful obligations into which his imprudence had hurried him. In the same frame of mind, he declined many offers of money made to him by friends.

He was engaged at the time of his misfortunes in writing the *Life of Bonaparte*, taking up his new novel of *Woodstock* at intervals by way of relief. These tasks he continued with steady perseverance in the midst of all his distresses. Even on the day which brought him assurance of the grand catastrophe, he resumed in the afternoon the task which had engaged him in the morning. There was more triumph over circumstances here than might be supposed, for he had lately begun to feel the first touches of the infirmities of age—age to which ease, not hard work, is naturally appropriate. His sleep was now less sound than it had been; his eyesight was failing; and, above all, he felt that backwardness of the intellectual power which is inseparable from years. The will, however, was green as ever, and, under the prompting of an honourable spirit, it did its work nobly. Doggedly, doggedly did this glorious old man rouse himself from his melancholy couch, and set to his task at an hour when gaiety has little more than sought his. Firmly did he keep to his desk during long hours, till he could satisfy himself that he had done his utmost. The temptations of society, the more insinuating claims of an overworked system for rest, were alike resolutely rejected. The world must ever hear with wonder, that between the third day after his bankruptcy and the fifteenth day thereafter, he had written a volume of "Woodstock," although several of these days had been spent in comparative vacancy, to allow the imagination time for brooding. He believed that, for a bet, he could have written this volume *in ten days!* Just a fortnight after his final breach with fortune, he says in his journal—"I have now no pecuniary provisions to embarrass me, and I think, now the shock of the discovery is past and over, I am much better off on the whole. . . . I shall be free of a hundred petty public duties imposed on me as a man of consideration—of the expense of a great hospitality—and, what is better, of the waste of time connected with it. I have known in my day all kinds of society, and can pretty well estimate how much or how little one loses by retiring from all but that which is very intimate. . . . If I could see those about me as indifferent to the loss of rank as I am, I should be completely happy. As it is, time must salve that sore, and to time I trust it." With such philosophy could Scott regard his reverses, even in the very crisis of their occurrence, and yet from many other passages we find a keen sensibility to the circumstances of his downfall. It was rectitude of mind, and not stoicism, which enabled him to rise above his misfortunes. Nothing, indeed, of sensibility appeared in his external demeanour, even to his children. To them, as to the world, it must have been a lost secret, but for his diary.

The obligations of James Ballantyne and Company—that is, of Sir Walter Scott—were finally ascertained to amount to £117,000, of which only £46,000 were the proper liabilities of his company.

Early in spring the ministry made an effort to correct the unsound state of things which had led to the late fatal mania, by attempting to pass a bill for the limitation of bank circulation. It was determined to suppress all notes under five pounds. In Scotland, where there is a vast faith in the utility of one-pound bank-notes, and no other circulation is so much liked, this measure was very unpopular. By the banks it was regarded as fraught with ruin to their interests. Scott, who had disapproved of some recent changes affecting old Scottish institutions, and whose mind, serene as it was, perhaps required some kind of vent for its own vexations, was led to take a strong, perhaps exaggerated view of this question, under which he wrote three letters, in the character of Malachi Malagrowther, originally published in a newspaper, afterwards as a pamphlet. His great humour and fund of droll anecdote gave wings to this production, and helped to rouse the Scottish people to an attitude of resistance, to which, in the long-run, the ministry gave way. The affair presented Scott in a new light—namely, as one setting himself up against authority, and appealing to popular sentiment on the adverse side. The public was somewhat surprised; the ministers, some of whom were his friends, felt hurt at opposition from such a quarter; and there was actually some dryness between him and Lord Melville for a short time. The explanation is, that Scott never was a servile friend of power, but one only as far as his view of what was good for the country led him; and there was a manliness and independence in his character which admitted of no hesitation about a course, when he saw only men on the one side, and the land of his birth on the other. It is gratifying to think that Scott lost no friendship by his conduct on this occasion, beyond a temporary coldness on the part of a few persons.

The novel of "Woodstock" came rapidly to completion, and, early in April, the first edition of it was sold in the printed sheets for £8228, in itself a proof that the author might have all along had a better market for his works if he had chosen. This was a cheering omen of what he was to do for his creditors. Removing at the close of the winter session to Abbotsford, he continued there his habits of application with unabated vigour, although, as appears from the diary, not without some battlings between duty and inclination. The daily amount of work he set to himself in the writing of Napoleon's life was four sheets of manuscript a-day, making about twenty-four of the printed pages. We find him on one occasion finishing this before noon, a surprising effort, considering that reference to his authorities or materials must have often been necessary during the progress of the work. At the same time he commenced another work of fiction, a series of tales, entitled *Chronicles of the Canongate*, for he felt the one task as a relief to the other.

He now of course received no company at his rural retreat. Only a few intimate friends of his neighbourhood occasionally joined the family circle. It was a melancholy spring to one whose life in the country had hitherto been a constant holiday. To add to his griefs, the health of his wife had sunk to a low pitch. His kind-hearted Charlotte died on the 16th of May, of water in the chest, the end being somewhat accelerated by the late disasters. Scott, absent at the moment on duty in Edinburgh, quickly hurried home. The event itself, and the grief of his younger daughter on the occasion, powerfully affected him. He thus communes with himself in his journal. "It would have been inexpressibly moving to me as a stranger—what was it, then, to the father and the husband? For myself, I scarce know how I feel—sometimes as firm as the Bass Rock, sometimes as weak as the water that breaks on it. I am as alert at thinking and deciding as I ever was in my life. Yet, when I contrast what this place now is with what it has been not long since, I think my heart will break. Lonely, aged, deprived of my family—all but poor Anne; an impoverished, an embarrassed man, deprived of the sharer of my thoughts and counsels, who could always talk down my sense of the calamitous apprehensions which break the heart that must bear them alone. Even her foibles were of service to me, by giving me things to think of beyond my weary self-reflections."

Allowing himself little rest for the indulgence of grief, he quickly resumed, or rather hardly interrupted, his usual employments. Between the 12th of June and the 12th of August he wrote the fourth volume of Napoleon, besides a portion of his novel. Thus he wrought all the summer, and part of the autumn, till it was found necessary that he should pay a visit to London and Paris, in order to consult documents necessary for Napoleon. This journey occupied six weeks, and perhaps was useful as a rally to his spirits. It is hardly necessary to say, that with high and low, wherever he went, he was an object of as cordial admiration and interest as ever. The king, the Duke of Wellington, and many other eminent persons, paid him marked attentions. In France he was treated with no less distinction. Public papers in both countries were placed at his disposal without reserve; and in London he obtained an assurance that his second son, Charles, would be employed in the diplomatic department.

The Waverley secret had of course been much blown upon, in consequence of the insolvency of the author; yet some obscurity still rested on the point. It was dispelled in February of next year, at a dinner for the Edinburgh Theatrical Fund, where Scott presided; for he there gratified the audience with a distinct avowal that he was the sole author of that series of fictions. It is now known that the mystery was confided to about twenty persons, all of whom had so respected the charge, that no evidence for Scott as the author had ever come before the public.

The spring of 1827 was past, and summer had gone to June, ere Scott's great task was completed. He then finished the last volume of his life of Napoleon, which he had been engaged upon for about two years, but had actually written in scarcely more than a twelvemonth of continuous time. The paper and print of the first and second editions, in nine volumes, brought the creditors £18,000—an amount of gain, in relation to amount of labour, unexampled in the history of literature, and which will probably have no parallel for ages to come. The book was unfortunate in its excessive length; and, written in such haste, it could no be expected to be very perfect, either in style or in facts. Y it made a tolerably fair impression on the public, and it has si rather advanced than receded in public esteem. The con between the manner of its composition and that of Hume, Robertson, and Gibbon's works, is startling. All of these narratives were the study and the production of years. It had never till now entered the head of man to think of a great historical task being executed in a twelvemonth. The last-century historians filed and polished their writings sentence by sentence

—Scott did not once reperuse the matter which had flowed from his pen. And all this labour had been performed in the midst of grief and shaken health, and without interfering with official duties, one of which called for several hours a-day during five months of the twelve.

Immediately on concluding Napoleon, he commenced another historical work, his delightful *Tales of a Grandfather;* presenting a selection of the most striking points from the Scottish chroniclers, in a style designed to suit the intelligence of his descendant, *Hugh Littlejohn.* This he carried on alternately with his "Chronicles of the Canongate," the first series of which appeared early in the ensuing winter, and was well, though not brilliantly received. He underwent at this period some harassment from a Jewish London house, holding one of Constable and Company's bills for £2000. With a view to forcing payment by some means, they threatened Scott with arrest; and he actually contemplated at one moment resorting to that sanctuary (Holyrood), in which he placed his imaginary hero, Crystal Croftangry. At length the vexation was taken off his head by Sir William Forbes, the leading member of a banking company who were amongst his chief creditors. This generous man paid the sum out of his own pocket, without letting Scott suppose but that it was arranged for by the body of creditors. It is pleasant to know that Scott unconsciously underwent several obligations of this nature on the part of other old friends. The first series of the "Tales of a Grandfather" appeared before the end of 1827, and was hailed with more rapture than any work of his for several years. This was the date of another happy circumstance of a more important kind. The copyrights of his novels, and of a large proportion of his poetical writings, being presented for sale by Constable and Company's creditors, a purchase of them was made for £8500, on the part of his own creditors as half-sharers, while the other half belonged to Mr Robert Cadell, a member of Constable's late house, now in business by himself. It was designed that the novels should be republished by Cadell in a comparatively cheap form, with notes and prefaces by the author, and certain trinkets of embellishment, such as—according to his own phrase—elderly beauties are supposed to require. It was hoped that the share of profits due to his creditors would tell materially to the reduction f the debts; and this hope was more than realised. Meanwhile, first dividend was paid to these gentlemen from the aggre- gains of Scott's pen during the two past years, amount- very nearly to the unheard-of sum of £40,000. Such were st fruits of that hardy industry which he had determined Scott for the redemption of his credit and good name.

business conduct and demeanour towards his old associates in affairs becomes a matter of some importance, as it too often happens that commercial adversity introduces wrath into such fraternities. It is pleasant to relate, that even towards Mr

Constable, who had been the cause of so much loss, he maintained a friendly bearing. He did not, indeed, shut his eyes to the new view he had obtained of Mr Constable's character as a man of business; but though he could trust no longer, he was far from hardening his heart. One thing he felt sorely—his last advance for Constable when in the jaws of ruin. Nor was it a soothing circumstance that the bookseller had endeavoured to get his credit for £20,000 more, which would have only been an additional loss at the speedy and inevitable day of reckoning. Still, he was willing to regard all this as only the effect of sanguine calculations; and accordingly all his expressions regarding the fallen publisher, both in his diary and his letters, are of a mild and even kindly tenor. Mr Cadell, on the other hand, had secured Sir Walter's esteem and confidence by an honest warning which he gave as to the above £20,000. From the first, he determined to befriend this member of the late house in preference to the other. With regard to James Ballantyne, Scott told him, on the very day when ruin was declared, that he would never forsake him. Mr Ballantyne now conducted business on his own account, and was honoured with the steady friendship and patronage of his old schoolfellow, as of yore.

On the other hand, the conduct of Scott's immediate dependents had been highly creditable. Deeply attached, in consequence of his long-enduring kindness, all were anxious to remain, if possible, about his person. His butler, Dalgleish, said he would take any or no wages, but go he would not. His coachman, Peter Matheson, went to work with his horses at the plough, glad to the core that he was allowed to remain at Abbotsford on such terms.

The spring of 1828 gave the world *The Fair Maid of Perth*, his last popular novel. He then indulged in a little relaxation, by spending a few weeks in London, in the enjoyment of Mr and Mrs Lockhart's society, as well as that of many attached friends. We have at this time a valuable addition to that testimony to his temper which the second last paragraph affords. He had some years before engaged his credit for £1200, in favour of his friend Daniel Terry the actor, who was then undertaking the management of the Adelphi Theatre. Being now informed of the ruin of Mr Terry's affairs, he wrote him a letter, in which the following passage occurs. "For my part, I feel as little title, as God knows I have the wish, to make any reflections on the matter, beyond the most sincere regret on your own account. The sum for which I stand noted in the schedule is of no consequence in the now more favourable condition of my affairs. . . . I told your solicitor that I desired he would consider me as a friend of yours, desirous to take, as a creditor, the measures which seemed best to forward your interest." These are precious things to put into a biography; but they do not exhaust the list. Even while drudging so hard for the means of diminishing his own incumbrances, he is found pretty frequently composing and giving away a paper for the benefit of some unfortunate man of letters, little regarding, perhaps, the strict merits of the object of his bounty. One of the most remarkable of these benefactions consisted in his allowing the publication of two religious discourses for the benefit of a young man endeared to him by misfortune as well as merit. This publication yielded £250, a sum which few other literary men would allow to pass from their own pockets in such a manner.

A great part of his time was now taken up with the new writing connected with the popular edition of his works; yet before the end of 1828 he had advanced a good way with a new novel, the ground of which he laid in Switzerland, notwithstanding his being acquainted with the scenery of that country only by description and engravings. His mind was now in a more cheerful mood regarding his affairs than it had been since the dreadful January 1826; and if he had been free of various ailments, inclusive of rheumatism, caught from a damp bed in France, he might have enjoyed his life in the country almost as heartily as ever. Suffer as he might, perseverance at his desk was a fixed principle with him. Of this we have a striking trait in his finishing *Anne of Geierstein* before breakfast one morning, and commencing, as soon as the meal was over, a new work, a *History of Scotland*, for Lardner's Cabinet Cyclopædia. The prospectus of what he called his *Opus Magnum*—namely, the re-issue of the Waverley Novels—came out in February 1829, and was so well-received that an edition of 10,000 seemed the least he could throw off, a number which in those days appeared immense. When the book was published, it was quickly found that this edition would be quite insufficient to supply the public demand. In short, the sale of the early volumes was not under 35,000. This was of course magnificent success, and afforded the prognostic of a much quicker and more easy settlement of the debts than had been anticipated. The volumes were sold at five shillings. It was easy to see that, when a certain section of the public had been supplied at that rate, a still cheaper edition might be issued with benefit to all concerned. Thus it might be hoped that Sir Walter would in time rest a free man, with little help from his own immediate exertions. His heart rebounded at the prospect; and he even glanced at the possibility of adding to his son's estate before he died. The public, too, had their visions on the subject, and, under the idea that his embarrassments were, comparatively speaking, at an end, the old stream of tourists and friend-visitors began once more to pour into Abbotsford. The only drawback was in the infirm and failing health.

In February 1830 he experienced the first decidedly bad symptom, in an attack of an apoplectic nature, which caused him to fall speechless and insensible on the floor. This, it seems, was a hereditary affection in his family, and it therefore gave him the greater apprehension, though his physicians were of opinion that the attack proceeded from the stomach. On still went the pen of the ready-writer, now engaged on a volume of *Demonology* for Murray's Family Library. To obtain even more time for literary task-work, he now resigned his clerkship on a retiring allowance of £800 a-year, and went to fix himself at Abbotsford as a permanent residence. It was an injudicious step, as it deprived him of the society of most of his old friends, and threw him more and more upon that taskwork which had already been prosecuted only too zealously. His friends, Cadell and Ballantyne, were now sensible that he had carried his zeal for the discharge of his debts too far, and would have fain restricted him to lighter duty; but it was difficult to deal with a mind acting under such powerful impulses. Greatly against their wishes he commenced a new novel, styled *Count Robert of Paris*, which, when it appeared, showed very clearly how glory had departed from him. He also embroiled his mind in the politics of the crisis then passing, and wrote a long pamphlet against the reforming measures of the day, which afterwards he was induced to suppress. The exaggerated views which he took of the reform cause is a painful chapter in his history, not merely as showing him unusually ill-informed and weak of judgment on passing events, but because it gave a needless addition to anxieties of a real kind which were now pressing severely on the springs of life. Amidst the vexations arising to him from public affairs, one ray of pleasure visited him when his creditors (December 1830), presented him with his library, furniture, plate, and articles of virtú, considered as equivalent to £10,000, thus enabling him to make a provision for the younger branches of his family. These gentlemen were led to this act of generosity by their sense of his unparalleled exertions in their behalf. Their claims against Scott had now been reduced to £54,000, and as he had insured £22,000 upon his life in their favour, and the Waverley Novels were continuing to produce large returns, all doubt of the ultimate discharge of the claims had ceased. About this time, the honour of being made a member of the Privy Council was offered to him, but peremptorily declined, as unsuitable to his circumstances.

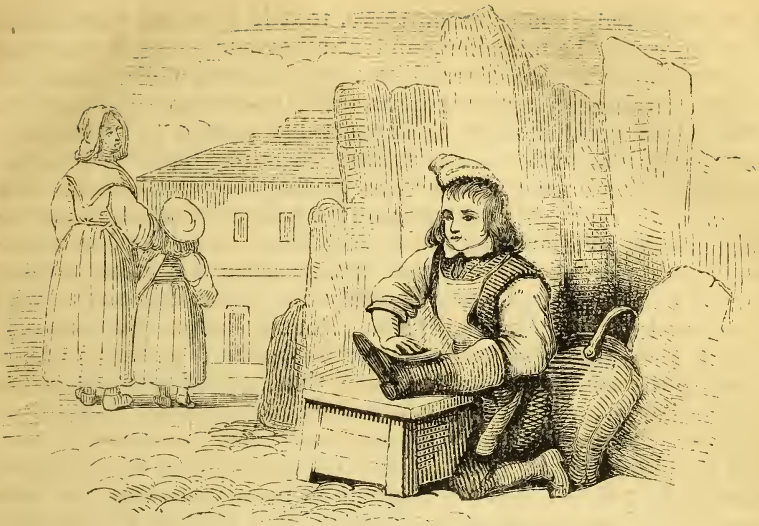
In November of the past year Scott had had another slight stroke of apoplexy. He lived in the most sparing manner, yet this did not prevent a distinct paralytic affection befalling him in April 1831. From this he recovered, by the care of a good surgeon, in a few days, and was then placed, by way of caution, upon extremely low diet, which, however, he did not always adhere to. He was now extremely infirm in walking, and from heedlessness often tumbled over articles of furniture or other impediments. The desire to be writing continued, nevertheless, in full vigour as a ruling passion. Here, however, he was destined to receive a shock more terrible to him than bodily illness, when his friends, Cadell and Ballantyne, felt it right to tell him that his tale of Count Robert of Paris was, in their opinion, an entire failure. "The blow is a stunning one, I suppose"—thus he speaks in his diary—"for I scarcely feel it. . . . I am at sea in the dark, and the vessel leaky, I think, into the bargain. I have suffered terribly, that is the truth, rather in body than in mind, and I often wish I could lie down and sleep without waking. But I will fight it out if I can." His friends and medical attendants strongly advised him to intermit these severe exertions, which evidently were only a gentle form of self-murder; but they preached to deaf ears. They were equally unsuccessful in their endeavours to keep him back from a county election in which he felt interested. He went—took part in the proceedings—and came to a collision with the populace, which could not but leave distressing effects on one who, on all other points, delighted to stand in kindly relations towards the humbler classes. In the very depth of this dark crisis he began a tale, called *Castle Dangerous*, in which the failing powers of his mind became even more painfully conspicuous. He was now fully sensible that, in all probability, he had but a short time to live; but it only made him the more eager to work for the acquittance of his great obligations. So much was this the case, that, being at a country-house in Lanarkshire on a short visit, the intelligence of a friend having fallen down suddenly in a fit, from which it was not expected he would recover, caused him instantly to break up his engagement, and go home; answering to all remonstrances on the subject, "The night cometh when no man may work."

He was now advised to spend the ensuing winter in Italy, and the government having handsomely placed a ship at his disposal, he sailed for Naples in October, attended by his eldest son and younger daughter. He was most unwilling to leave home, but a long-entertained wish to see some of the continental countries besides France served to reconcile him to the change. The voyage was a pleasant one; he enjoyed the objects to be seen at Malta, so full of middle-age associations, and thought of fictions he could found upon them. On the 17th December he reached Naples, where everything was done by the king and the best society of the place, including many English, to render his residence happy. His chief companion here was Sir William Gell, an invalid English gentleman, who wrote upon the antiquities of Italy, and with whom Scott at once became extremely intimate. He beheld most of the classical antiquities with indifference—saying only at Pompeii, "The city of the dead!"—but was keenly interested in any object or document which took his mind into the middle ages. Here he actually wrote a new tale (entitled *The Siege of Malta*), and commenced a second, neither of which was deemed by his friends as fit to see the light. For some time he entertained cheerful views about his health: he was also under an impression that his debts were all discharged: it is needless to say that in both particulars he was deceived. Thus about four months rolled on. He then became anxious to return home, and, as he would not obey rule either as to writing or his diet, it was thought best to gratify him, in the hope that a more effectual control might there be exercised.

Attended by his younger son, who had been placed at Naples as an attaché to the embassy there, and by his younger daughter as before, Scott left Naples for Tweedside on the 16th of April. He paused a few weeks at Rome, chiefly to gratify his daughter with the sights, of which, however, he himself also partook, beholding, as before, the mediæval antiquities with the greater share of interest. The houses occupied by the dethroned Stuarts, and their tombs in St Peter's, were objects of peculiar interest in his eyes. Here, as at Naples, he was treated by persons of the highest rank, native and foreign, with the greatest respect. Leaving Rome on the 11th of May, he proceeded by Venice, through the Tyrol, to Frankfort, with a haste which must have been unfavourable to him, but which nothing could control. It was soon after necessary for him to have blood let by his servant Nicolson, who had been instructed for that purpose. On the 13th of June he reached London, totally exhausted. It was now evident that this illustrious man was drawing near to the end of a greater journey. He was kept three weeks in London, during which his friends saw in him but occasional gleams of sense. He never knew distinctly where he was: he knew, however, that he was not at Abbotsford, and there he yearned to be. To gratify him, he was taken to Scotland by sea, and from Edinburgh, as soon as possible, to his own house. As he approached it, he began faintly to recognise familiar objects, and by and by it was found difficult to keep him in the carriage, so greatly was he excited. At length, alighting at the porch, and seeing his steward and friend, he exclaimed—"Ha, Willie Laidlaw! Oh, man, how often have I thought of you!" His dogs came about his knees, and he sobbed over them until stupor fell again upon him. He remained in the sad state to which he was now reduced for two months. Sometimes the mind cleared a little, and on one occasion he caused himself to be placed at his desk to write, where, however, the fingers failed to grasp the pen, and he sunk back weeping in his chair. More generally he was in a state of slumber. When sensible, he caused the Bible and church services to be read to him. At length, on the 21st of September, the scene was gently closed. Sir Walter died in the sixty-second year of his age. He was buried a few days after in a family sepulchre within the limits of Dryburgh Abbey.

The character of Scott has already been indicated in the tenor of his life, and it is not necessary to say much in addition. It certainly included a wonderful amount of the very noblest and most loveable of the qualities of humanity—rarely, perhaps, have so many been combined in one person. The public had a stronger sense of this in Scott's lifetime than even now, for the revelations made by Mr Lockhart and others regarding his commercial affairs, have had the effect of derogating considerably from his reputation. But we venture to predict that this is only a temporary effect. It has damaged the ideal image only; it has not injured the real man. Far better, we would say, to look the actual character in the face, and judge of it from its shadows as well as its lights: then only can we truly appreciate even the worth and goodness of Scott, for then only do we see a bearer of our own nature, charged with a share of its infirmities, as well as of its glories. Admit, for instance, that he erred in his anxiety for wealth; see, on the other hand, what objects he had here in view! There was nothing sordid in this passion of his—the results were mainly used to realise a poetic dream from which others were to derive the substantial benefits. A large share was also devoted without a grudge to solace the unfortunate. Grant, again, that he venerated rank; the feeling was essentially connected with his historic taste. He worshipped not the title or its living bearer; his idol was constituted by the romantic associations which it awoke—and thus he has been known to pay far more practical respect to a poor Highland chieftain than to a modern English peer. It may, in like manner, be admitted that his judgments on passing affairs were obsolete, and they may be excused by a similar reference to his poetic habits. It was the same romance of the brain from which we derived his novels, that misled him on these points. The gravest charge against him lies undeniably in his heedlessness regarding his affairs. Apart altogether from his accommodations to Constable and Company, he had entered deeply into a false system of credit on his own account. And while much debt was consequently hanging over him, he is found transferring the only solid security for it—his estate—to his son. This, however, should be contemplated in connection with all the circumstances which we can suppose to have justified it in his own mind. To one who was producing ten thousand a-year by his pen, and who had done so for years, who, moreover, saw large possessions in his own hands, there might appear no pressing reason for looking anxiously into the accounts concerning even so large a sum of floating debt as forty-six thousand pounds; at least to one whose temperament, we now see, was sanguine and ideal as ever poet manifested, though in his case usually veiled under an air of worldly seeming. When this is considered, the weight of the charge will, we think, appear much lessened, though it cannot be altogether done away. For what remains, let us reflect on the latter days of Scott, and surely we must own that never was fault more nobly expiated, or punishment more nobly borne, than by the great Minstrel.

Since the death of Scott, the whole of his debts have been cleared off by the profits of his writings, which now remain as a lucrative property to his descendants.



POOR JOE.

I.

ON the 15th of May 1801, a poor woman was breathing her last in a garret of one of the highest houses in the street of St Honoré. She was still young, but she was sinking more under the effects of misery than illness. Laid on a little straw, and not having tasted anything since the morning, her strength was quite exhausted. She was already speechless, when the cries of her only son, then six years of age, attracted the attention of the neighbours. Their assistance was of no avail; the object of their charity expired a few minutes after, without being able to utter a word—her dimmed eyes still fixed upon her child, whose tears had ceased to flow when he saw himself surrounded by people. One poor woman raised him up and kissed him. "Poor little Joe!" said she. "Poor Joe!" repeated the neighbours; and they left the garret with the child, in order to assemble at Dame Robert's, the mistress of a shop of six feet square, attached to the same house, where she worked at her trade of shoemaking. This was the wise woman of the quarter. An apron was never bought, or a pot put on the fire, without consulting Dame Robert; and in this affair it was to her that they all hurried to decide on the fate of the poor orphan. Before we tell the result of this noisy conference, we must give the sad but very common history of the parents of Poor Joe.

His father, born at Annecy, in Savoy, was called Joseph Berr, or Joe, according to the custom of the country. This name, thus disfigured, is so common there, that if you call a man Joe, you will rarely be mistaken, and at all events you are sure not to give offence. Joe Berr, like most of his countrymen, was honest, intelligent, and vigorous. He married, and not being able to get work enough to support his family in comfort, he had the folly to settle in Paris, after spending half of his little treasure in his long and tiresome journey. Honest Berr fully expected to make his fortune; but he found that if many resources exist in a large city, obstacles are everywhere to be encountered. He wished to stand at the corner of a street to carry loads; but he found rivals already in possession there, who threatened to do him an injury. No new-comer was desired; and it was only by spending a sum—for him a large one—in treating the whole troop at a tavern, that he would be received as a comrade. Unfortunately, the profits were small, and living in Paris very dear. His wife tried to work, but not being known, and having her baby to take care of, she picked up even less money than Berr. They struggled on in this manner for some time; Berr often repenting that he had quitted his country, where, though he might not have earned a great deal, he was still sure of being employed and assisted. At length, after a very severe winter, during which Berr had made renewed exertions for the support of his wife and child, he was seized with inflammation of the lungs, and died in four days, for want of proper assistance. From that moment his unhappy wife languished; and unable to support his loss, and the privations to which she was exposed, she at last sunk under her accumulated misfortunes.

While the council of the neighbours held at Dame Robert's was deliberating, without coming to any conclusion, on the fate of little Joe, the poor little creature lay peaceably sleeping on the counter. The greater number of the women would willingly have taken charge of him for a week, but not more: one had a numerous family, another was in service. Some one mentioned the Foundling Hospital. Dame Robert was indignant. "What!" she exclaimed, "the only child of these good people. No! thou shalt not go to the hospital, my little cherub," continued she, catching up the sleeping boy. "I have five children, but thou shalt share their bread; and though I should work an hour more morning and evening, with the help of God I will feed thee until thou canst work for thyself." She remained alone with the child, after being overwhelmed by the praises of her neighbours, who envied her this good action without having the courage to perform it themselves. She carried little Joe to her boys' bed, and lay down to rest, satisfied with herself. There is more merit and difficulty in such goodness in people of the lower class than in any other: the rich may give from their superfluity, but the charity of the poor must be drawn from what is necessary to them. Dame Robert was a widow; her little trade was pretty good; but to support a sixth child, it was necessary, as she said, for her to work two additional hours, which she could only take from her time of rest.

Little Joe was kindly treated, but not spoiled: his share of potatoes was the same as the other children; he shared the same poor bed; and when the six little ones made too much noise, broke anything, or drank the milk intended for the dame's favourite cat, the distribution of reproofs and blows was equal between Joe and his adopted brothers.

Joe was beloved by his little companions for his mild and obliging disposition; but his greatest friend was Philip, the dame's youngest child, who, being something older than himself, defended him when he was assailed by others. At eight years of age Joe was a strong and active boy, although rather short. He was intelligent; and if the dame could not give very extensive views of religion and probity, they were sufficient for his age and station. She was constantly repeating to the children the following four sentences; and, what was still better for them, they saw that she always acted up to them:—"Be thankful to God for the bread that he gives you." "Never say what is not true, even for bread." "Earn your bread honestly, otherwise it will not profit you." "When you are old enough, take care of your parents, as they have taken care of you."

II.

One morning Dame Robert took Joe upon her lap and said to him, "My boy, thou art now full eight years old; thou mayst begin to work, and help me as I have helped thee. No idlers for Dame Robert. My elder boys have begun their apprenticeship; Philip takes charge of my messages; and of thee I am going to make a little shoe-cleaner, who will bring home every evening the pence earned during the day. Stay, here is a little footstool I have bought for thee." Joe was delighted. What pleasure to be able to earn money at his age—to be of use to his good mother! We must acknowledge the idea of being almost quite his own master added very much to his joy, and he ran to admire his little shoe-cleaning establishment. Nothing had been forgotten: the footstool, the scraping-knife, the soft and hard brushes, a pot of blacking, and a bucket of water; these articles comprised Joe's new possessions. The poor little boy was proud of them. They were the utensils of his industry, and as such could be viewed only with respect. The labour of cleaning shoes, it is true, is not by any means exalted; still it is honest labour, and that is a great thing. No labour which is honest can be called dishonourable. Although Joe did not reason in this strain, his desire to earn a livelihood led him to look forward with delight to his career as a shoe-black. His brushes and other articles were handled and rehandled by him and the other children.

Impatient to try his hand, Joe began to clean and polish all the dirty shoes in the house, assisted by the advice of all the brothers and sisters. The first pair was badly managed; Joe cut the strings; with the second he gave himself a great scratch on the hand, but that only proved the knife was good, and he did not cry; the third was pretty well done; the next better; and so on, until he came to Philip's, which he had kept for last, and he turned these out a masterpiece; and it was declared he might practise in public. Poor Joe could hardly sleep that night, and saw in his dreams various passengers stopping to ask for his valuable assistance.

The dame's kind anxiety for Joe made her careful to choose a favourable spot in which to establish him. She decided on the Place du Musée, at the end of which was the street Froidmenteau: at that time a narrow, low, and dirty street, which has since been much improved. It was the usual road for the artists who went for business or pleasure to the Louvre, where was then, as now, the exhibition of paintings, and other things which have since been taken elsewhere. It was an excellent place for the purpose, and unoccupied.

It was on a Monday morning that Joe commenced his new trade. The whole family were up early, to take Joe to his stand. The dame herself carried the pretty footstool; each of the children seized upon one of the tools; Joe alone, as the hero of the party, did not carry anything; he marched proudly at the head of the merry troop. Dame Robert, after much advice not to leave his place, and not to devour the day's provision at once, which she gave him in a little basket, went away at last with the other children, not without often looking back. When she got to the end of the street, she again turned her head, and saw with great satisfaction that Joe was already busily occupied cleaning a pair of boots, which a lazy servant had just brought to him, to save himself the trouble. The good woman then, with a happy heart, quickened her steps, and was soon at her usual occupations; but the day seemed long to her, and it was with difficulty that she could refrain from going to take a distant peep at the poor boy.

On the evening of this day, so memorable for the little family, when Joe was seen dragging home his baggage, all the children ran to help him. Joe, throwing himself into the arms of Dame Robert, began a confused account of his adventures; then stopping suddenly, he pulled out of his pocket, and presented to her with the greatest pride, twelve pence, carefully wrapped up in an old rag. Encouraged by this first success, Joe's exertions were redoubled, and he was soon the best shoe-boy in the quarter. As he grew older, he added to his earnings by going messages, calling coaches, &c. and his mildness and civility soon made friends for him of all his neighbours. He was exposed to two great temptations—one was a very attractive shop for gingerbread, and the other a society of children, who would try to coax him to stop and play; but, to Joe's credit, his daily treasure was regularly carried to the dame, and no passenger ever had to wait a moment for the little shoe-boy.

Joe's good conduct and reputation soon brought him good fortune. Besides many other shops, there was near Joe's stand a warehouse for colours, canvas, and everything required for painting; it had been long established, and was well attended to by the master, named Barbe, a respectable person, who was much liked by the artists, to many of whom he had shown kindness when their circumstances were distressed. His wife, still young and well-looking, had great influence with her husband, and amused his numerous customers by her volubility. With many good qualities, she was unfortunately very fond of finding fault. Her greatest victims in this respect were her husband, her daughter, four years old, and a man of forty, named Gabri, the foreman of Mr Barbe, and in whom he placed great confidence. Naturally no great talker, Gabri had become still more silent since the marriage of his master; for, finding that the mildest answer was but throwing oil on the fire, when Mrs Barbe got into one of her fits of rage, he listened without saying a word, and she would then pass on to others. However, she esteemed him, as did everybody else; and acknowledged that the prosperity of their trade was in a great degree owing to his intelligence and probity. But this good Gabri was unable to shake off a deep sadness, which was caused by severe affliction. He had lost in six weeks his three children and their mother by small-pox; and after several years, this man, apparently so cold, shed tears when attempting to speak of his children. "They were three fine boys," said he; and he could not finish what he would have said. With a heart thus reduced to tenderness, and without an object on which to expend his affections, Gabri soon became interested in and attached to little Joe; he watched his conduct and disposition, and at last determined to try to improve his fortunes; and after having talked the matter over with Mrs Legris, the seller of gingerbread, another friend of Joe's, they arranged their plans accordingly.

Mrs Barbe liked Mrs Legris, who, wishing to keep on good terms with her neighbours, was a patient listener, and used to give cakes to the little girl, which even Mrs Barbe could not find fault with. Mrs Legris chose one morning to visit her friend, when she expected to find her in good-humour, with her shop filling with purchasers. They had been chatting away for a little time, when a customer told Mrs Barbe that her brushes were not of the best kind. Mrs Barbe was indignant. Just at this moment her eye fell upon Gabri carrying several parcels, and she called out, "Take care, Gabri, or you'll let all these things fall." Whether it was her harsh voice that startled poor Gabri, we cannot say, but as she spoke, the whole cargo rolled into the middle of the shop. His mistress, furious, sprung from her place, but she was stopped just in time by the entrance of a distinguished artist, one of Barbe's best customers, who had often amused himself by hinting that he would some day take Mrs Barbe's likeness.

"Oh, what a subject for a picture!" he exclaimed, seeing chalks and pencils floating in oil, Gabri standing with folded arms, and Mrs Legris trying to keep back the infuriated mistress of the house. "One might call it 'The Broken Jar!' Don't spoil your pretty face, my charming model; my picture is just finished, and I want a panel to commence another." This pacified the lady, but presently the artist said, "How is it, Mrs Barbe, nobody brings what I want: why have you not more people to attend to so many customers?"

Mrs Legris instantly seized the opportunity. "Notwithstanding all your activity, neighbour, you do require assistance. In your place I would get a boy to help you, who would not be expensive."

"Mrs Legris is right," said Mr Barbe; "Gabri has too much work. A boy would be of great use to us."

Mrs Barbe looked at her husband and Gabri, but as they said nothing more, the wish to contradict them passed away, and she replied, "Since the matter is decided, tell me, neighbour, if you know a child likely to suit?"

Mrs Legris tried to hide her joy. "Yes, I know a poor boy; but, no, perhaps his mother might not like it."

"His mother not like it!" exclaimed Mrs Barbe, offended at such an idea. "What! to enter such a house as this, to become my husband's pupil, to be fed by us? And for all that, what do we require? Almost nothing—only to be intelligent, faithful, active, obedient; neither lazy, nor greedy, nor awkward! Explain these advantages, Mrs Legris, and I do not think the child's family can hesitate."

"They will not be so silly," said Mrs Legris; "besides, he is only an adopted child. It is poor little Joe the Savoyard, whom you see established down there. His history is singular, and I am sure you will like him."

Kind Mrs Legris departed, satisfied with the success of her undertaking; and if Gabri's conversation was as laconic as usual, a curious observer might often that day have seen him rub his hands and smile, quite extraordinary for him.

III.

The day after the above conversation, Dame Robert, in Sunday dress, visited Mrs Barbe with Joe, and after much discussion, it was settled that Joe should stay there for seven years without any pay, and that, after that time, if his conduct were good, he should receive a small monthly allowance; that he was to be fed and lodged by his new master; and that Dame Robert should take charge of his clothing.

Joe sat no longer at the corner of the street blacking the shoes of passengers. He had been promoted from this desultory mode of existence to be a kind of apprentice in a colour-shop. Some will think this no great promotion; but let it be remembered that the new situation, poor as it was, afforded an opportunity of getting forward in life. When people hesitate about accepting situations which seem of small value, they should recollect that any situation is better than idleness, and that that situation is preferable which affords the best chances of leading to something better. To be in the way of rising, is the first step towards worldly success.

When Joe entered on his new profession of boy-of-all-work in the colour-shop, he was set to work immediately, and showed a degree of intelligence which delighted his good master, and surprised his more hard-to-be-pleased wife. He recollected wonderfully well the places where he was to find everything; and if he hesitated, Gabri, from the back of the shop, where he was grinding colours, would make him a sign, which the smart child instantly understood. He dared not openly express his satisfaction, for fear the cross Mrs Barbe, to annoy him, would scold poor innocent Joe.

When the evening arrived, the mistress of the house desired Gabri to take the apprentice to his room. It sounded grandly to poor Joe, who, until then, had possessed only the third part of the dark loft where his brothers slept. He was going now to sleep alone, and in his own room. After ascending gaily seven storeys, Gabri opened a little door, and went into a corner, reserved for examining the gutters on the roof, and which was next the loft of Mr Barbe. "A window!—a window!" exclaimed Joe on entering. "Mr Gabri, I have a window!" and he jumped about, clapping his hands. Gabri showed him his bed; it was a good paillasse, with a sheet; and his joy was so great, that his protector could hardly get him to lie down.

The first dawn of day roused Joe from his slumbers, and he met with another agreeable surprise on seeing that the walls of his little den were smooth, and perfectly white; for Joe, in the leisure moments that were left him by his old trade, had often amused himself scribbling with his blacking and brushes upon stones or boards. How delightful, then, for him to be able to ornament his room with drawings of horses and soldiers! He was already about to commence his undertaking, when Mrs Barbe called, and he hastened to obey.

For a whole week the echoes of the house repeated incessantly the name of Joe. The poor boy, watched and tormented by Mrs Barbe, was severely tried; but his good disposition and indefatigable zeal gradually softened his mistress's harshness. Gabri also, by his advice, saved him from many a giddy act; and Mrs Barbe scolded so much, that her husband never scolded at all. Joe was then good, beloved, and happy. His taste for painting increased from the conversations he was hearing daily; but perhaps his taste would never have been developed without a particular circumstance, and his genius, like the fire from a flint, would never have produced a spark, if it had not been struck.

Amongst the numerous houses where Joe carried the orders given to Barbe, was one where he was received with much kindness, and which, in spite of his good sense, he found it very difficult to leave when his commission was finished. It was Mr Enguehard's: he was a respectable man, but not rich; passionately fond of the arts, and had practised that of the engraver, until the weakness of his sight obliged him to desist. Married late in life to an amiable woman, their constant occupation was the education of their only son, named Francis, about two years older than Joe. His parents intended him for a painter, for which he showed some talent, but was too volatile and fond of amusement to make much progress.

Mr Enguehard was at first displeased at his son's fancy for Joe, naturally fearing that he had not been carefully brought up, and might give Francis bad habits; but the sweet expression of the little boy's countenance induced him to make inquiries, the result of which was so satisfactory, that he permitted the intimacy to continue. Joe's spare moments were therefore divided between Dame Robert and his dear Francis. His first friend, Philip, was not, however, forgotten; but Joe was so well aware of the advantages he derived from the conversation of Mr Enguehard and his son, that he preferred it to being admired by Philip. His ideas expanded, and he grieved for his ignorance, and coveted that instruction by which Francis profited so little.

One day Francis, throwing down his book in one of his idle humours, said to him, "How happy you are, who do not know how to read or write; you are not obliged to learn lessons!"

"Ah!" replied Joe, "that is my misfortune, and it is you whom I think happy for being able to learn. Oh, if you would but teach me to draw!"

"Yes, yes," exclaimed Francis, quite delighted. "I will be your little master; but look to your fingers, my friend, if you do not work well!"

Joe smiled at this threat, and Mr Enguehard having given his consent, it was agreed that every evening that Joe was allowed out, he was to receive a lesson. The pupil advanced so rapidly, that his young master found that he must work hard to keep up that relation between them. Mr Enguehard neglected no opportunity of keeping up an emulation so useful to both children. He often spoke to them of the ancient masters, and related the events of their lives. "Almost all," he said, "showed their genius from childhood." After mentioning various instances, he spoke of "Claude Gelee, called Lorraine, who could not learn anything at school; his parents apprenticed him to a pastry-cook, with whom he was even more unsuccessful. Not knowing what to do with himself, he went to Rome, and happened by chance there to go into the service of Augustine Tasse, to grind his colours and clean his palettes. His master, hoping to make him more useful, taught him some of the rules of perspective; and Lorraine, giving himself up entirely to painting, passed whole days in the country, drawing and painting, and became the celebrated and almost only landscape painter whose works are now to be admired in the museum."

Joe listened with breathless attention. When Mr Enguehard ceased speaking, there was a dead silence, which was broken by Joe's jumping up, exclaiming aloud, "Why not?—why not?" then he blushed upon seeing Francis roar out laughing.

Mr Enguehard sent them away to play, and reflecting upon Joe's words, was tempted to push him forward in the career to which he seemed called. But the excellent engraver was poor; it was impossible for him to take charge of Joe; and was he not then to blame, in giving this child ideas so unsuited to his situation? "What a pity!" repeated he; "but if I only made him unhappy, without being able to assist him!" From that day Mr Enguehard took no further notice of Poor Joe's drawing-lessons. But the precaution came too late. Joe was born a painter: Claude Lorraine was always before his mind; and for want of fields, which he could not see, he drew horses and figures, and sought for subjects for composition in the historical events related to him by Francis.

Attentively observing the habits of the painters to whom he carried parcels, his imagination was still more excited; and he would grieve, when alone in his loft, that he had no colours or palette, and could only put black over white. Gabri was his sole confidant; but an event happened which revealed the secret to Mrs Barbe, and cost Poor Joe many tears.

IV.

We have already mentioned Barbe's kindness to young artists, who often left their pictures at his shop to be seen by the crowds constantly going there. Before being admitted to work for the grand prize in painting, which every year sends to and supports a young artist at Rome, at the expense of the government, the competitors have first a trial at full-length figures, secondly at coloured sketches, and six or eight of the most skilful then commence the pictures for which the prize is given. It may be easily imagined what importance young and poor artists attach to these trials. One of the most promising pupils of the time had just gained the prize of figure-drawing; and as Barbe had helped him in various ways, he wished him to share in his joy, and to leave with him his victorious study. He arrived at his shop, attended by a dozen of his companions and rivals, who, the first disappointment over, in general shared cordially in the pleasure of the successful artist, particularly if they had studied with the same master. Joe was present, and became so agitated by the praises of the spectators, and the joy of the young people, that he would certainly have drawn upon himself a lecture from Mrs Barbe, had not Gabri dragged him away.

"My friend," said Joe sobbing, "do you see that young man? He is only fifteen. Claude Lorraine was a pastry-cook; and I—what am I? There is something in me too!"

Gabri knew nothing of Claude Lorraine, but he succeeded in pacifying Joe, by promising that he should be gratified in one of his most anxious wishes.

The exhibition was just opened, and the merits of the different paintings were the constant subject of discussion at Barbe's shop. Workmen of all sorts, and soldiers, are not denied admittance to the exhibition; but Joe's age, his clothes stained with all the colours of the shop, and outgrown, made him afraid to pass the great frowning porter with his stick.

He confided his sorrows to his two friends. Francis, with his father's leave, gave his little companion an old greatcoat and trousers, which Philip, who was bound to a tailor, promised to make fit; Dame Robert bought a pretty piece of stuff, that her daughter cut out cleverly for a waistcoat; and Gabri engaged to furnish a hat. Joe was most impatient to profit by the gifts of his friends; but the preparations were of necessity tedious; for the little workers had more zeal than capability, and their daily task must be done notwithstanding.

Meanwhile Joe, happening to be alone in the shop, thought of amusing himself by looking at the new picture. Being hung up rather high, he climbed a ladder to take it down; but thinking he heard terrible Mrs Barbe coming, he hastily replaced it, when, in his hurry, the end of his sleeve rubbed the fresh painting, and took off part of the ground, and almost the whole of one leg. Nobody coming, Joe recovered his fright, and again looked up, and great was his grief upon seeing the accident. What was he to do? What would become of him if the young painter came for his work? What should he say to Mrs Barbe?—for, if he were questioned, he could not say what was not true. The poor child was in despair, and already fancied himself disgracefully turned out. Joe could think of but one remedy; he ran to hide the picture in his own room, and trusted to his own skill to repair the damage. This was daring indeed; but there have been many instances of the influence exercised on the minds of children by the objects of art to which they are early accustomed. Some years ago, at Florence, there was a great fall of snow, a very unusual circumstance in that mild climate. The children of the poor were seen to form it into statues, and even groups, remarkable for their imitation of the masterpieces by which they were surrounded. Joe possessed great natural talent; and we must recollect that the work he wanted to touch up was only that of a pupil of fifteen years of age. Having often seen painters at work, he was at no loss for the management of the palette; but he wanted colours and brushes; and although placed in the centre of such things, he dared not make use of one.

Unfortunately, Gabri had gone to his own country for some days, the first time for fifteen years that he was absent from Mr Barbe's. In this dilemma he had, therefore, only his friend Francis to whom he could apply for assistance: he was as much frightened by the intended repairs as by the accident; however, Joe's intreaties were so urgent, for he was afraid of being missed, that Francis gave him what money he had. This was sufficient for what Joe required; and his purchases were made and hidden with such rapidity, that he was in his place before Mrs Barbe asked for him.

Joe was disturbed all day by the idea of his daring enterprise, and his mind was so distracted, that he could not half enjoy his new clothes which Philip brought home that evening. The poor boy was disappointed by Joe's indifference, and returned, thinking he must be sick, or that something was seriously the matter with him.

Joe, up with the dawn, at first only thought of the pleasure of possessing colours and brushes; but when all was ready, he was struck by the difficulties before him, and remained motionless, not daring to take up the brush, when a happy idea suddenly restored his courage. "I have half of a leg to do," said he to himself. "Well, why not copy from my own? Great painters draw from nature, and I can arrange my foot so as to draw from it without inconvenience. By this means I shall certainly succeed." After carefully examining the figure, the legs of which, luckily for him, were stretched out, he turned one of his own nearly into the same position, and gave the first trembling touch. By degrees his hand gained freedom and facility, and he never rested until the mischief was repaired.

The study completed, Joe went down stairs to watch for a favourable moment to hang it in its place. It was late, and the family were going out to walk, and Mrs Barbe was in such good-humour, her husband having made her a present of a pretty cap, that she readily gave Joe leave to go to the exhibition, provided that he returned early to put everything in order. No sooner were they out of sight than the picture was hung, and Joe, looking up, smiled at the fine effect of his labours.

Feeling then only the joy of a new dress, and proud of his brass buttons, he went to the exhibition at the Louvre, and passed the great porter.

The splendid staircase was not then built: still, the one which met Joe's unaccustomed gaze was that of a palace. Those wide stone stairs—the walls covered with pictures—the tumult of the crowd that pushed him along—no wonder that poor Joe's head should become giddy. He looked without seeing, walked without hearing, until he reached the grand gallery of the museum containing the old pictures. At the sight of this immense gallery, beautiful even to those accustomed to such scenes, Joe was indeed astonished. Fewer persons being in this part of the museum, Joe breathed freely, and being no longer pushed about, he began to enjoy the happiness he had so often longed for. Several pictures attracted his attention, but too ignorant to understand the subjects of them, his pleasure was thereby considerably diminished. When he reached that picture of Raphael's known as the "Virgin in the Chair," the figures were easily recognised. Joe found himself, as it were, in the midst of old acquaintances: he could even make comparisons: having seen other church pictures, his taste was naturally so correct, that the sight of this masterpiece created emotions in his mind hitherto unknown to him. The longer he looked, the greater was the illusion. The head of the infant Jesus seemed to become animated, and to smile upon him. Joe, leaning over the balustrade, stretched out his arms, smiled in return, and in the charm of his new sensations forgot everything else, when a noise near him made him start up and shake off the fit of abstraction. He turned his head, and saw a man who was watching him attentively. He was still young, with a face remarkable for expression; his animated eyes were fixed with kindness upon Joe, who, notwithstanding his usual timidity, answered the questions put to him without embarrassment. The stranger wished to know his name, what he thought of Raphael's picture, what were his ideas, his occupation, &c. The natural expressions of Joe, through which his precocious genius might be easily perceived, warmly interested the stranger. "Thou art born a painter, child," said he, gently touching Joe's forehead; "thou knowest already what no master could teach thee; but thou requirest guidance, and I will give it thee. Here is my address. I am called G——: come to my house; I will do something for thee."

Joe recognised with rapture the name of one of the most celebrated artists, and clasped his hands together without being able to utter a word. Mr G—— gave him another kind look, and went away. Joe could not for some time recover from his agitation, and it was late when he recollected that he was still in Mrs Barbe's service, and that he was in some risk of not remaining in it from the accident that had happened. Extremely uneasy, he hurried back to Barbe's. Everybody had returned, and the manner in which he was received, forewarned him that the storm was about to burst over his devoted head.

V.

Barbe was walking up and down the warehouse; he advanced towards Joe, as if to question him, and then turned sorrowfully away. Joe began muttering some excuse, when Mrs Barbe, whose violent anger had hitherto deprived her of speech, at last recovered the faculty to launch the abuse at the poor criminal.

"Ah, there you are, sir!" said she: "how very exact! Indeed you could not well be in any great haste to show yourself."

"I am very sorry, ma'am," replied Joe.

But Mrs Barbe did not give him time to finish. "Don't interrupt me, you little viper, whom we have nourished to turn upon his benefactors. But I would pardon your being lazy and ungrateful, if you did not injure the reputation of my house by spoiling the pictures in our care. Yes!" continued she with still more vehemence as she saw Joe turn pale, "you thought, little wretch, that your folly would not be discovered; but we know all: not satisfied with having completely spoiled a superb piece, you have stolen from us what you wanted for your mischievous plans!" A cry of horror broke from Poor Joe, and springing towards the implacable Mrs Barbe, who was still continuing her invectives, he protested his innocence of at least the latter part of the accusation; but his tears and intreaties had no effect upon the prejudiced minds of his employers.

It had happened that when Barbe came in with a light, it had fallen full upon the mended figure, and as Joe was by nature a good colourist, a quality in which the young artist was deficient, the difference was easily perceived. Besides, poor Joe, in his difficulties, had drawn from the left foot, which was more convenient to him, and, without noticing that he had joined it to the right leg, had placed it so as to turn the big toe outwards. His loft had been searched, and the palette, with the fresh colours, left no doubt of the fact. Barbe would have pardoned the daubing of the study, but the idea of the theft disgusted him, and it was impossible not to suspect Joe of it; for Francis's friendship for him was not known, and it was certain that he had not anything of his own. It was in vain that Poor Joe related the exact truth: he was not believed: and Mrs Barbe, after a second explosion of abuse, was taking him by the arm to turn him out, but her husband stopped her, and insisted upon his remaining for that night in the house. Obliged to yield, she made up for it by collecting some of her neighbours, who came with malicious eagerness to look at the left foot put to the right leg, and to stare at the unhappy Joe, who was trying to stifle his grief in a corner. The visitors taking care to speak loud and distinctly, so as not to spare him any ill-natured remarks.

"Certainly," said one, "his poor mother did not deserve such a son as that."

"I always predicted it," said another. "There is what it is to pick up vagabonds! but Dame Robert was always obstinate." At last their cruelty was so great, that poor Joe could no longer smother his sobs; and Mr Barbe, hearing him from his room, came to the assistance of the child, and sent him to bed.

Joe passed a dreadful night. In a few hours more he would be driven out dishonoured, returned to his adopted mother without the means of support, with an accusation of robbery hanging over him. One ray of hope yet remained to him—Francis could bear witness to the truth of his story. He resolved to intreat Mr Barbe, who was more humane than his wife, to go and question Francis; but this resource failed the unhappy child. Barbe, who was fond of him, had gone early to Mr Enguehard's. Unwilling to expose his favourite, he only begged Francis to tell him if he had lent any money to Joe. The latter, not aware of what had happened, and afraid of injuring his friend, and of his father's displeasure, committed a very great fault—he told an untruth, thinking to save Joe, and completed his ruin by denying to Mr Barbe that he had lent money to his apprentice. Mr Enguehard knowing nothing of the affair, Barbe returned, convinced of the necessity of turning off poor Joe. He pushed him away crossly when the boy came to make his request, and told him to pack up his effects. But Mrs Barbe was not the person to lose such an opportunity for a scene; she wished, before Joe's departure, to make him apologise to the young artist, for whom she had sent. Joe, almost glad at this unexpected respite, set down his bundle, and looked round sorrowfully at all that he was going to leave for ever. The vacant place of Gabri made his tears flow afresh; would that faithful friend believe him any more than the others, when there were so many proofs against him? At that moment a man came in and presented a letter to Mr Barbe. "Oh," said he, "this is from our friend Gabri, from Nogent-sur-Marne; what has he to write about?" and he read the letter to himself, apparently much surprised. Mrs Barbe impatiently snatched it from his hands, exclaiming, "This piece of folly will not be accomplished! Here, you little wretch!" said she, turning to Joe; "here is a just punishment for your infamous conduct!" and she thundered forth the following letter:—

"*From my country, Nogent-sur-Marne,*
7th September.

MR BARBE—Although I intend returning on the day after that you named, I write to you notwithstanding, as the most authentic and convenient manner of informing you of my decision with regard to your apprentice Joseph Berr, called Joe. Mr Barbe, I have lost my wife and three children. God has taken from me three fine boys; but perhaps I have already told you so. I have a nice little property, owing nothing (good seven thousand francs, placed here in honest hands). Now, being my own master, I wish to devote a portion of this to assist the said Joe, who is dear to me, and enable him to cultivate the art which he prefers—that of painting; and I engage myself to that effect by my signature to the deed which I enclose. I request that it may be read to young Joseph, and I remain, Mr Barbe, your very affectionate servant—
SEBASTIAN GABRI."

The deed enclosed contained an engagement for Joe's support and instruction by "a famous master" for four years.

Poor Joe's agony whilst these papers were being read may be imagined: what would have overjoyed him the day before, was now his severest punishment. In reward for his sacrifice, this tender and generous friend would learn the unworthiness of the object of his care. However, Joe was not guilty, and his painful trials were yet to end happily. Francis, unhappy as people must always be who know that they have done wrong, and uneasy for his friend from Mr Barbe's visit, confessed the whole affair to his father, who easily convinced him of the seriousness of his fault, and the great inconvenience it might cause the innocent Joe, who might be accused of stealing the colours from his master. Francis, much alarmed, intreated his father to take him without delay to Barbe's; and there, without paying attention to the number of spectators, courageously avowed his fault, and thus completely cleared his friend.

Whilst Mrs Barbe pursed up her lips, repeating, "How singular!—how strange!" the good Barbe was wiping his eyes, and the two children, warmly embracing, enjoyed the happiest moment of their youth. Immediately after Joe received a tribute flattering to his vanity, but which could not equal in value the noble friendship of Francis. The young pupil whose picture was injured was with his master when he received Mrs Barbe's indistinct account of the adventure, which she had tried to turn to Poor Joe's disadvantage. The master happened to be Mr G——, who, recognising in the hero of the tale the child who had so excited his interest at the museum, accompanied his pupil to Barbe's. He examined for some time in silence the performance which had cost the poor boy so dear, then turning to his pupil—"You must make haste," said he, "or, on my honour, he'll overtake you." This man, distinguished for his warmth of heart as much as for his genius, could appreciate the generous action of the excellent Gabri; he read his letter with emotion, then taking up a pencil, drew it across the sum destined for the studio. "I do not set up," said he, smiling at Joe, "to be the 'famous master' mentioned by Gabri; but at least he will give me leave to teach you all that I know."

Matters were now easily arranged. Mrs Barbe, restrained by the presence of Mr G—— and Mr Enguehard, was silent. She accepted without hesitation the fifty francs offered as compensation for Joe's services, but she murmured when Barbe presented to the boy his first box of colours. Dame Robert, consulted upon all important arrangements, at first regretted Joe's choice, but she could not refuse anything to her dear child. "And after all," said she, "one trade is as good as another: I am only sorry that the apprenticeship is so long." Her happiness was rendered complete by his returning to live with her. Shortly after these occurrences, Mr Enguehard requested Mr G—— to receive his son as a pupil. The two friends were thus again united; they pursued the same career with equal ardour, although with different success, but their friendship never changed.

Here may be said to end one epoch in the life of our hero, and the commencement of another.

VI.

Francis and Joe studying together, as we have already told, with a celebrated painter, led a life most suitable to their tastes; but Joe was particularly happy, placed thus in a situation so much higher than he could ever have expected. He was no longer the poor child, supported by the charity of a good woman, but a fine young man, the honour and the hope of Mr G——'s studio; and what was still better, so simple and modest, as almost to be ashamed of being distinguished, and his care and attention to his first protectors increasing with that success, which rendered their support less necessary to him. Gabri kindly hired a room in Dame Robert's house, where his young friend could work comfortably. Joe rose early, and began by composing all that came into his head, or copied drawings lent to him by his master. After breakfast he repaired to the studio, worked there until five o'clock, and returned slowly with Francis, talking over their plans and hopes for the future. Mr Enguehard often made Joe stay to dinner, and took pleasure in adding to his stores of useful knowledge. His own quickness, with the kind assistance of Mrs Enguehard, had soon enabled him to learn to read and write, and Mr Enguehard took particular pains to make him study history and fable—acquirements indispensable to a painter, who ought indeed not to remain unacquainted with any others of which he can obtain a knowledge. Everything that he sees or hears may add to his progress in his art; travels, reading, science, the manners of various societies, absolute solitude, joy and sorrow, all are of use to him who seeks to represent the actions and passions of mankind.

During the winter evenings, the two friends used to draw, by lamplight, from seven until ten o'clock, as is the custom for most pupils. Every artist's pupil in Paris pays a small sum for the hire of a room, models, and lights. The young people from the different schools assemble there, and their masters often visit them for an hour, and give their advice.

One would suppose that such constant occupation might fatigue, but there is something so attractive and varied in the study of the arts, that weariness is seldom complained of: besides, it is not always hard work; they rest, and talk, and exchange their ideas. The disposition is even improved in those studious societies where, although the rules of college do not exist, there is the wholesome influence of companionship: there is the emulation, and some of the honours which attend the full-grown man, without the drawbacks to which he is exposed. The cross, the ill-inclined, and the foolish, fare but badly: there, as elsewhere, the most distinguished lead, and it is easily understood how those studies, whose principal aim is to represent the good and the beautiful, may elevate the mind, and strengthen generous sentiments.

Joe rejoiced in the assured prospect of an honourable existence acquired by great talents. Joe may one day become rich; he may hear the name of Berr pronounced with respect, and see his pictures carefully placed in the cabinets of the most critical amateurs, but never can he forget those happy days whilst these brilliant successes were only the dreams of his youthful imaginations. Deeply grateful to Dame Robert, and to Gabri, Joe made it a rule never to miss a day during his four years of study. Always the first, he never left until the lesson was over: still, he was not without temptation, the games and tricks of his companions were attractive; but he rarely yielded, and tried also to guard his volatile young friend, who would throw away his hours without scruple. Natural facility, and some occasional weeks of study, however, generally maintained Francis in the second rank amongst his companions.

At the end of a year, Joe painted from nature sufficiently well to try some portraits, and eagerly seized this means of lessening his cost to his friend Gabri.

At his request Dame Robert persuaded one of her relations to have her face drawn in colours, assuring her that her boy understood his trade very prettily. Joe luckily was not present to hear this unartistic language, which was so successful, that the cousin consented, on condition that she was to be painted with two eyes, her lace-cap, and her coral ear-rings. Joe returned then a little earlier every day from the studio, and as the face was very like, with little shade, staring eyes, and ear-rings that you might raise with your finger, the work was very successful; and the young painter received many compliments, twelve francs, and several orders for portraits, which so augmented his little treasure, that at the end of the year he was able to reimburse Gabri for the hire of his room, and to Dame Robert the expense of his food. He had also the good sense, like many other poor pupils, not to be ashamed to paint signs for the warerooms of Paris, which are thus ornamented with what might be called almost pretty pictures. The lessons of Mr G—— were listened to with much attention by Joe, who wrote down in the evening the principal passages. One phrase especially had struck him as being the true definition of an artist. "There are," said this clever master to his pupils, "three things necessary for him who devotes himself to the fine arts—genius to imagine, taste to choose, and talent to execute." Joe wrote this maxim in large characters on his easel. The conditions are equally applicable to musicians and poets; but how few possess these three faculties!

Joe did not flatter himself with the idea of being a genius, but taste and talent may be acquired, he thought, and he did not despair.

Excellent Gabri was rejoiced with Joe's success; he often came to visit him when he was at work in his room; and, for fear of disturbing him, remained standing behind his chair without saying a word, then embraced him, and returned to listen to Dame Robert's gossip. Gabri could never weary of hearing Joe's praises; but when the subject was changed, "Good evening, neighbour," said he; "Mrs Barbe will be waiting, and you know that would be no joke."

One morning, at lesson time, Mr G—— said to his pupils, "Gentlemen, to-morrow you will have a new companion. I recommend him to you; and I beg you will not try too many tricks and jokes. He is very young, and unaccustomed to your habits; so be good boys. He comes from the town of Angers. Berr, my friend, thou wilt place him near thee; and Enguehard, I request that thou wilt not play the Parisian too much."

Francis smiled without answering; but Mr G——'s speech had the usual effect, one of which he was well aware. The desire of tormenting the new-comer was general, and Francis was determined to lead the attack. "Ah," said he, "a pupil from the provinces! How strange that we have not had one before; and does any one suppose that I will not amuse myself at the expense of this Raphael from Angers? Bah! our master is quite alive to the value of such recommendations." And Francis, encouraged by the laughter of his listeners, commenced a sketch upon the wall, which he assured them was a portrait of the Angerin.

"That shall be his name," said another young man, the usual companion in the follies of Francis; "you know how that makes one fret."

"Ah," replied Francis, "we all have our nicknames. Am not I the Setting-dog, and Berr the Phœnix? But stay, and I will tell you what we will do;" and the two giddy youths went to whisper in a corner. Joe ventured a few words for the provincial, but he was laughed at by the others, and at last joined in the laugh, although determined, when the time came, to do his best for the new pupil.

This young man had been chosen by the professors of the academy of Angers, as their cleverest pupil, to complete his studies with a celebrated master. This was not, however, saying much for him; for the departmental schools are usually far behind those of Paris, and that under the direction of the old master at Angers was no exception to the general rule.

To add to his misfortunes, the poor candidate was short, with a bad figure, and poorly dressed, and had, in his general appearance, a slight resemblance to the caricature sketched by Francis.

The moment he entered, the poor student was received with noisy acclamations, and two pupils advanced to meet him with ironical politeness.

"Your reputation has come before you, sir," said they; "the admiration of your native town was insufficient for your merit. You will obtain that of Paris, and have already acquired ours."

"The name of the Angerin is already celebrated," added another.

"But, gentlemen," said the sad youth, drawling out his words in the fashion of his province, "I am not called the Angerin; my name is Valentine la Grimandièn."

The name, coupled with the accent, caused fresh bursts of laughter; and Francis added with great gravity, mimicking his pronunciation, "Allow me to observe to you, sir, that great painters are hardly ever known by their real names. We hear of Dominichino and Guercino, instead of Dominico Zampieri and Barbieri da Cento; and certainly there is nothing strange in calling you the Angerin."

"But, gentlemen, you are too good; I do not deserve this," replied the simple young man.

"You deserve it all, illustrious companion!" interrupted Francis. "Gentlemen, I present to you the boast of the Angerin academy; and permit me to introduce to you, sir, my comrades, the Censor, the Quarreller, the second Rubens; and I myself, the Setting-dog, am your very humble servant. Now, my friend, to your place, and let us see what you can do."

The unfortunate Angerin had come early, hoping to be the first, but his tormentors were before him.

Like most studios of high reputation, the pupils were numerous, and very much crowded around the model in the centre of the room. The first row were seated on low wooden benches, the second on chairs, the third on high stools, and the fourth on yet higher, or standing. The place chosen for the poor victim was the lowest seat, where those above him could rest their drawing boards on his head, and shake over him the crumbs of bread used for rubbing out. His neighbour at one side pretended to be deaf, at the other he could only speak Latin, and a sly push at the portfolio at last scattered the drawings all over the floor. The poor boy's anger had nearly overcome his timidity, when the door opened, and Joe appeared. He had gone out, and been detained much later than usual at a portrait which he was anxious to finish. One glance was sufficient to show him how matters stood, and persuading the pretended deaf man to give him his place, he addressed a few kind words to the new-comer, who soon recovered himself. At rest time, however, Joe perceived a new attack was about to commence, and walking straight up to the group, "No, no, gentlemen," said he, "enough of that; leave this poor boy alone; I request an exception in his favour. He is not a native of Paris, 'tis true, but I am of a race much more foreign to you than his, and I have found in you very kind companions." Joe was a favourite, and the jokes ceased, except the nickname, by which the Angerin was always known.

VII.

It is now our duty to relate an incident in Joe's life which may serve as a warning to young persons in his situation. During the summer, Joe's companions used to make occasional excursions to the country, returning home in the evening, the expense of which was trifling. Joe enjoyed them greatly, but seldom went, as his time was precious. However, the feast of St Cloud was approaching, and Francis proposed to go to see the waters play there. Twelve of the young men agreed to go together, having persuaded Joe this time to make one of the party. Dame Robert did not like to offer any opposition to what seemed likely to afford him so much pleasure, but she gave him much good advice, to keep out of quarrels, and to take care of his purse.

The young people were much amused by the crowds on foot, on horseback, and in all sorts of cars and carriages, going the same road. On arriving at St Cloud, they visited the shops, ran to admire the cascades, the orchestras, the jugglers, and even to laugh at the smart sayings of Punch, like the rest of the numerous spectators of this feast, which takes place every year at this period. They met several times a troop of young people, pupils of another master, and their rivals in glory and talent. The jealousy of the two studios had been already manifested upon more than one encounter; not that there was any personal enmity—it proceeded from party spirit, and their attachment to their different masters. On the present occasion they passed each other with only a few scornful looks and words.

Joe and his friends returned to the inn to dine. Their table was laid in what was called the "garden"—a small space enclosed, the walls being covered with a trelliswork, to which the woodbine and vine were trained. There was room for five or six tables, partitioned off by trelliswork; and although it was very warm there, the air was fresher than in the house, and the young men were well pleased with their accommodation.

The dinner was a dainty one to those accustomed to more frugal fare, and at first they were all too busy to talk. At length Francis called out to the Angerin, who had been included in the party to please Joe, "Well, Angerin, what do you think of this pickled meat? Better than your usual fare, is it not?"

"Ah, yes!" replied the Angerin, holding out his plate for a third or fourth helping. "A fig for the paste; I will not touch it to-morrow!"

"What do you mean by the paste?" exclaimed the young people laughing.

"Oh, nothing—nothing," replied the Angerin, regretting his indiscreet speech.

His companions, however, Joe amongst the number, pressed him to explain himself; and he laughingly told them that, as he could only support himself in Paris by living in the most economical manner, after trying various plans, he had bought a large pot of earthenware; he filled it once a-week with turnips, potatoes, and some pieces of bacon, which he boiled together; and this ragout, which was hot only the first time, served for his dinners for eight days. He was so accustomed to call it his paste, that he had let the word slip before his companions.

"Poor friend!" said Joe, taking his hand. "Poor Angerin!" repeated the others; and instead of laughing, there was a momentary silence.

"Gentlemen," said Francis, whose conscience was twitched by the recollection of his own murmurs at what he called his father's useless economy, "I propose a toast to the success of our good comrade—May he gain the prize, even were he to pass before myself!"

The young men rose, touched their glasses eagerly; and the Angerin, much moved, repeated, "Ah, Berr, Berr! it is to you I owe all this."

The conversation then turned upon the hopes of Francis and Joe, who intended to start this year as candidates for the prize; not with any expectation of obtaining it yet, but it was an advantage to be received, and they might obtain honourable notice. Whilst discussing similar subjects, they were disturbed by a great noise, proceeding from a room on the first floor, just above where they were sitting, and they ceased talking, to listen to their merry neighbours.

"What a capital caricature!" said a voice. "It must be exhibited in Barbe's shop; the most stupid must recognise it."

"Yes," said another, "that is his platter face exactly! Ah! gentlemen of the Green-and-yellow school, you think you will carry off the prize from us: we shall see, boys—we shall see."

Our young people looked at each other indignantly, and drew closer to the window, for it was evident these were their antagonists, who were unconscious of their close vicinity.

"As for me," said one of the rival pupils, "I am not afraid of Rivol, nor Enguehard, nor even their famous Berr, about whom they make such a fuss. It is true he has some facility, but that is all. Enguehard is a good-for-nothing idler; and Rivol is too rich ever to be more than an amateur; so away with the Milk-and-water school! Huzza for the Colourists!"

"Huzza for the Colourists!" shouted the young people. And many still more biting jokes succeeding, Joe and his companions, inflamed by the wine they had drunk, and to which they were unaccustomed, soon sent flying into the room plates, knives, and whatever else first came to hand. The party within rushed to the windows, and recognising their adversaries, they were enraged still further by their shouts of laughter. A decanter, thrown by Joe, struck one of the Colourists on the forehead, and these hurried to revenge the injury by scrambling down by the trelliswork to attack their assailants. A grand battle ensued; the women at the neighbouring tables screamed, the children cried, and the men ran to separate the combatants, whose abuse of each other, under the names of Colourists and Milk-and-waterists, was quite incomprehensible to them. The innkeeper and the waiters came running to the scene of disturbance, and succeeded in parting the greater number, but the leaders would not easily submit on either side. Enguehard was held down by a vigorous Colourist, and Joe, almost out of his senses with rage, was kneeling on the young man who had spoken of him with such contempt. Force was required to separate them; but Joe, in his struggles, slipped on a heap of broken plates, and sprained his foot so badly, that he was unable to rise, and was obliged to remain sitting on the ground in great pain.

As it was proved by the spectators that the party in the garden had been the aggressors, the host was satisfied with a small sum from the Colourists, who had broken the trelliswork in getting down; but the others had done considerable damage, and as they had only enough of money to pay the expenses of their dinner, the landlord threatened to send for the guard if he were not paid.

Suddenly Joe heard his name pronounced by a severe voice, and Gabri appeared. Fearing that Joe's inexperience might lead him into a scrape, this kind friend had followed him at a distance during the day, and did not reach the inn until one of the latest guests, and thus was one of the last on the field of battle. "Sir," said he coldly to the innkeeper, "make out your bill; I will pay for these giddy boys, who are acquaintances of mine; we can settle it together afterwards." This affair was soon arranged, and Gabri desiring Francis and the Angerin to help Joe to a coach in waiting, stepped in after him, saluting the troop of young pupils, who were still so stunned by these events, that they did not even think of thanking him.

During the drive, Gabri never looked at or addressed the poor sufferer, notwithstanding his moans from the jolting of the uneasy vehicle. They arrived at Dame Robert's. "Here he is," said Gabri to the terrified woman; "and now good evening; I will see him again when he has reformed his errors," and he walked away without saying another word. Joe was put to bed, his sprained foot and his numerous bruises were dressed; but the wine that he had drunk, and the violent rage which had succeeded an excess so unusual for him, brought on a severe illness for some days, and when he had recovered that, he was unable to move for six weeks with his sprained foot. One may imagine what was his grief and remorse; many circumstances occurred too to increase them. Gabri, softened by his repentance, had consented to see him, but he was melancholy, and Dame Robert uneasy; and Joe's heart was pierced when he saw her one day, when she thought she was unobserved, take a bottle of brandy which happened to be near him and lock it up.

He had another cause for annoyance. The time of trial arrived; Francis was received amongst the candidates for sketching; Joe was only just able to walk, and his studies having been too long interrupted to enable him to put in for the prize, he had the mortification of seeing those far his inferiors pass before him.

Francis, although sincerely afflicted at his friend's misfortune, was fully alive to the advantage of having so dangerous a competitor out of the way. He made great efforts to keep up the honour of the school; but he only gained the second prize, which did not send to Rome. The first was carried off by the chief of the Colourists, who had made game of Joe: thus the poor boy had the bitter reflection of two months' suffering, a triumph lost, and a serious error. We may be disposed to lament his humiliation, but reason tells us that he was only receiving the appropriate punishment of his transgressions. No immoral act, such as the outrage he committed, escapes with impunity.

VIII.

For some time after these events, Joe remained in a prostrated state of feeling. He was heartily ashamed and repentant, and it was only when he became quite well that his courage rallied. Resolving to avoid all such follies in future, he now made up for lost time by redoubled energy. His progress was now so decided, that Mr G—— permitted him to appear as a candidate at the next trial, as well as Francis and Rivol.

The place where the young people at that time worked at their prize pictures was in the upper storey of the museum, which we have already mentioned. It was divided into several little rooms or cells, in each of which a pupil was shut up, without permitting him to have any communication with his comrades, still less with his master, or with strangers. The subject of the picture was chosen by the professors of painting of the Institute; a programme of it was distributed to the candidates; and their sketch being made and received, they were all to commence their pictures at the same time, according to the sketch, and without making any change in it. On their arrival every morning they were carefully searched, in order to make sure that they had neither drawing nor engraving to assist them.

Left thus solely to their own powers, they remained in their cells for two months; the pictures were then publicly exhibited for three days before the prizes were adjudged. Although the pupils were expressly forbidden to see each other's works, lest the more clever should help the unskilful, or that the author alone might enjoy the benefit of any happy idea that might occur to him, the students found means to visit each other undiscovered. The windows opened on the roof, and the giddy boys, at the risk of breaking their necks by a fall from a prodigious height, scrambled along the leads from one cell to another. The most sensible had their windows closed, to prevent visits; but two days before the period fixed for departure, every one allowed his companions to see his work; and the little Areopagus, with remarkable sagacity and impartiality, judged beforehand, like the great, and pointed out the first and second prize; and there was rarely an instance in which this judgment was mistaken.

Joe, for the first time received amongst the sketchers, prepared himself for this difficult trial, so important to him. Mr G—— had recommended the reputation of his studio to his young men; three examinations had passed without his pupils obtaining a first prize; this disgrace must be repaired, and the late success of the Colourists surpassed. Joe, besides two dreaded competitors from the rival school, had also to excel his friends Francis and Rivol, who had already put in for the prize, and had the advantage of him besides in years. Joe was then only fifteen and a half years old; but in nowise daunted by these circumstances, and fired by that true love of art which overcomes so many obstacles, he commenced, not without emotion, the required picture, the subject of which was the death of Hippolitus. Dame Robert, as may be supposed, was in a state of great anxiety with regard to her dear child's undertaking. Certainly, had her opinion been taken, Joe would have had nothing to fear; but her kindness, and Gabri's affection, were now of no avail; they must wait the result with patience. "Even if I could see what they are doing," said the dame, "I am sure I should know if Joe's were the best; but they are like so many cloistered monks; and when my boy comes home in the evening, he will not even tell me a word about it." Gabri's anxiety was equally great, but he asked no questions: if Joe seemed out of spirits, he was grieved, and he rejoiced if the young candidate seemed satisfied.

The good-natured Angerin, who was not yet sufficiently skilled to put in for the prize, most sincerely wished his friend well; but he was less uneasy, for he was convinced of Joe's great superiority to his rivals.

Six weeks passed away; the pictures were advancing; and as the competitors were from different studios, except Joe and his comrades, he had only seen their works, and his own so far surpassed the others, that his heart beat high with hope. The other pupils were all inferior to Francis and Rivol, so his mind was quite at rest about them. He was looking complacently at the group of terrified horses that he had just finished, when Francis, first tapping at the window, jumped into the room, exclaiming with a dismayed countenance that he was in despair, for that he never could succeed with the figure of Aricia, which was required in the programme given for the pictures.

In general, subjects are chosen in which few female figures are introduced, that being the most difficult part for young artists without a model; and this one of Aricia, which they had almost all reserved for the last, had completely made shipwreck of the courage and talent of Francis. He admired the Aricia of Joe, for the latter had quite succeeded in his sketch. Joe, wishing to soothe poor Francis, returned with him by the leads to his cell, to examine the unfortunate figure. Francis had already rubbed it out, and repainted it several times; still it was awkward, badly drawn, and in bad style, and Joe could not deny that it was very bad, which drove Francis into a new fit of despair. He threw down his palette, broke the brushes, and ended with weeping from vexation.

Joe embraced him, consoled him, and pointed out that all was not spoiled, and that he might repair this figure during the remaining eight days. He showed him what he must avoid, and roused his courage by his praises of the rest of the picture. At last, after two hours, he quitted his friend, sufficiently recovered to return to his work. The following days Francis repainted this unlucky figure, but he failed; he effaced it, recommenced, and effaced it again, and finished it at last in so inferior a manner to the other parts, that it injured the general effect of the composition. This was the general opinion of his companions when they visited it according to their usual custom. Four days yet remained; the pictures were not entirely finished; but they were so far advanced, that it was agreed by all that the prize would be gained by Joe if he completed the figure of Aricia as well as the group of Hippolitus and the horses. The second-best was that of Francis; the third was Rivol's; the others were far beneath them, and could not give them the least uneasiness.

Francis, deprived of all hope by the judgment of his comrades and his own, returned to his cell, and shut himself up in it, without allowing Joe to go in. He would not give any answer to his friendly intreaties, and his disappointment made him so unjust, that to avoid seeing Joe, who remained clinging to the narrow window-sill, he hung up a cloth between them. Joe waited for some time, but finding that his perseverance was useless and importunate, he retired, feeling deeply for his friend's grief.

He passed a sleepless night, and the next morning, no sooner had he reached his cell, than he hurried to that of Francis; but he was not there; his picture was on the easel, and it instantly occurred to Joe to touch up the Aricia; but a moment's reflection sufficed for the truth-loving Joe to drop a scheme of such manifest deceit. Besides, Francis would never consent, he was sure, to triumph by so disgraceful an expedient; so Joe replaced the brushes which he had snatched up, and returned sadly to his cell.

Whilst painting the figure which had proved so fatal to poor Francis, he vainly endeavoured to think of some mode of serving him, and his tender friendship led him almost to wish that his Aricia should not surpass his friend's. He worked so negligently, that this would have been the case with any other; but as it sometimes happens to artists, that what is taken least pains with turns out the best, this figure was so successful, that a professed painter would not have been ashamed of it.

Joe's mind was so fixed upon his reflections, that he painted on, scarcely looking at what he was doing; and it was only when he rose after the finishing touch, that he perceived that the last strokes were more from the hand of a master than that of a pupil. His first sentiment was extreme joy, but the remembrance of Francis clouded it immediately. Joe felt that the prize was his, when a noble idea occurred to him. When in Barbe's wareroom, he had heard of an ancient rule of the professors, of which, he was sure, Francis was not aware; namely, that any picture with a figure erased could not compete for the prize. Could he summon courage to take out his figure of Aricia, Francis was without a rival. He gazed upon his work; he thought of the honour of being crowned at the age of sixteen, of the pleasure of going to Italy, of the advantage to his studies. "But," said he, turning his back upon the picture, "Francis wants it as much as I do; his parents are exhausted by their efforts for his education; his mother requires a warm climate; if Francis wins the prize, his family will follow him. He is nearly twenty, and his age will soon prevent his making more trials. Besides, he once spoke of the smallness of his fortune being the only hindrance to a happy marriage, which he might otherwise have hoped to obtain."

Again Joe looked at his charming head of Aricia. "If I were to spoil it a little," thought he; "but even then it would be better than that of my poor friend's."

But his irresolution soon vanished; he remembered how his friend had boldly avowed the truth when he was on the point of being disgracefully driven out of Barbe's establishment. From that moment Joe might date his bright career: all that he is, all that he yet may be, was due to the generous confession of Francis. Joe hesitates no longer; with a firm hand he takes off all that he has just painted, the sketch alone remaining, and thus munificently repays the debt of friendship formerly contracted to Francis.

He kept the secret until the day before the exhibition, and then allowed Francis, who knew nothing of the law of exclusion, to suppose that he had also failed in the figure of Aricia, and had erased it in despair. Francis, who had quite recovered his momentary vexation, pitied and blamed his friend, but still believed him sure of the prize.

IX.

The exhibition of pictures commenced, and they were freely commented upon, even in the presence of the young authors. The pictures of Joe and of Francis were much admired, but the exclamation was often heard of—"A figure erased! What a pity!—what madness!"

The fourth day arrived: the professors, after a secret conference, summoned the candidates to appear; it was not in vain that Joe had made so noble a sacrifice. Francis Enguehard was proclaimed to have obtained the first prize, Rivol the second; and so great was Joe's delight, that he was scarcely conscious of the honourable notice of his own, although the fatal figure excluded it from the competition. He hurried Francis, who hardly knew what he was doing, to his home, and on witnessing the raptures of his parents, felt fully rewarded for what he had done. Leaving Francis with his happy mother, Joe returned home, and perceived at a distance the dame and Gabri watching for him. "Congratulate me, my friends," said Joe, running up to them; "I am happy in my failure; Francis has won the prize!"

"Francis!" exclaimed the dame, her hands falling by her sides; "and thou nothing!—nothing? There must have been some horrid injustice."

"No, my kind mother," answered Joe laughing. "Be comforted: I am neither sad nor discouraged. Next year you will see your child crowned."

"But," asked Gabri in a vexed tone, "who has gained the second?"

"Rivol," answered Joe; "and I should have had it perhaps, if——" he looked timidly at Gabri—"if I had not rubbed out my figure of Aricia."

"Yes!" Gabri muttered to himself, "I was sure of it; I suspected it at the exhibition. Joe, Joe! embrace me, my son, and I will no longer grieve for my three fine boys!"

Gabri was so constantly in the society of artists, that he had easily guessed the motive of Joe's conduct, and his was a heart formed to value it; but Dame Robert, in her ignorance, gave free course to her ill-humour. Joe soon coaxed it away from himself, but she pouted for a long time at Gabri, whose unaccountably triumphant air enraged her. Gabri was far too discreet to divulge the secret; he had no explanation with his young friend; but he multiplied his marks of affection, and repeated frequently, "My son Joe!"

In the course of another month, Francis was on the road to Italy with his parents, and Joe returned to his studies with renewed zeal, and the consciousness of having greatly increased the happiness of three persons.

Another year passed away, and upon again entering his cell for the prize, Joe wrote to his friend to expect him in three months, dating from that day. He was sure of himself; he had improved so much, that notwithstanding the merit of seven competitors, all much older than he was, his picture was unanimously judged the best. It surpassed those usually presented at these meetings to so great a degree, that it was exhibited for some days beyond the time to gratify the crowd of amateurs. Dame Robert fully enjoyed the triumph of Joe, and perhaps still more the satisfaction of telling the story to her neighbours. Gabri would rub his hands, and bow when he heard the praises of his adopted son: even the honest Barbe was proud of having furnished for this boasted picture the finest and best canvas in his wareroom.

The happy Joe departed for Rome, where he was received by Mr and Mrs Enguehard as a second son. He lived in their house, and enjoyed with Francis the pleasures of a life devoted to friendship and study, in that delightful country so favourable to the arts.

Several years have passed since these events. Mr and Mrs Barbe have become rich and old, and have given up their trade to the excellent Gabri, who has removed to a better situation, and has his warerooms filled by a new generation of young artists. Francis Enguehard has become steady, and is happily settled, having married the daughter of a rich antiquary, the object of whose anxiety was to have a man of talent for his son-in-law. Dame Robert has been succeeded by her eldest son in business, and rests her fingers, but not her tongue; for she never ceases relating to any one who will listen, how Joe was a poor orphan, how she took pity upon him, &c. &c. Philip, a good man, but an indifferent tailor, is also comfortably established at the Marnes.

The Angerin, notwithstanding all his efforts, is far from being a first-rate painter, and has returned to Angers, where he has become director of the school which had formerly sent him to Paris. "Poor Joe!" as he was once called, is one of the most distinguished artists in France. He possesses a competent fortune, acquired by his talents; and what is of greater value, he is held in high estimation for his noble disposition and irreproachable conduct.

Faithful to true and delicate friendship, Francis has never been made acquainted with the sacrifice which obtained him his crown. That of Joe is suspended in his fine studio, near his first palette, and his shoe-boy's knife, an object which reminds him of what he has been, and useful in keeping him from being too proud of the success which, under God's blessing, he has honourably achieved.

Such is the story of one of the most eminent painters at present in Paris—once a shoe-black. If it be read by any youth painfully struggling in secret, let him assure himself that by earnest perseverance in the line suitable to his faculties, he can scarcely, like Poor Joe, fail of success.

THE KIDNAPPED BOY.*

A short time ago a respectably-dressed man walked into a working-jeweller's shop. He was about the middle age, of dark, or rather sun-burnt complexion, of easy manners, and of a gentlemanly appearance. The proprietor of the shop was engaged in transacting business with an elderly lady, who was attired in mourning; she had called respecting some repairs to be done to her watch, which was on the counter, and the subject of conversation between her and the jeweller. The strange gentleman, too well-mannered to interrupt the business, amused himself by examining several articles in the shop; but the master, after requesting the lady to excuse his leaving her for a moment, accosted the stranger, and inquired his pleasure. The stranger then drew from his bosom, suspended from his neck by a black ribbon, a small pocket-case, which he opened, and took therefrom an ancient-looking crimson-velvet cushion: this cushion might have formed a model for a Cupid's heart; it was, moreover, encased in silver filigree-work, which traced the outlines of several similarly-shaped hearts, and many other devices. On presenting the cushion to the jeweller, the stranger observed, that although the article appeared a trifle, its value to him was above price, and that, as it had sustained a slight injury, he was anxious to have it carefully repaired. The lady in black had not seen the face of the stranger, but when the jeweller left her to wait upon him, she occupied herself with looking at the *bijouterie* in a glass-case on the counter. While the gentleman was addressing the jeweller, he held out the cushion in his fingers, and as he was about to pass it from his hand, the lady turned round, and instantly fixed her eyes upon the cushion: she seized the gentleman's arm, her whole frame trembling from agitation; she uttered a shriek, and then fell lifeless into the arms of the stranger. She was immediately removed into an adjoining parlour, and in a short time kindness had successfully applied the required restoratives. Now followed exclamations, and questions, and explanations, in rapid succession. In a word, a mother had found a long-lost son! The tale is brief.

Some five-and-thirty years ago, a gentleman and lady, with two children, a boy and girl, took up their residence in a small village in Monmouthshire; the spot was one of those delightful ones for which this county is justly celebrated; the varieties of hill and dale, wood and water, were here beheld in prospects that combined the soft with the picturesque, and were never gazed upon but with pleasurable emotion. The income of this couple was not large, but ample for the exigencies of comfort and even elegance, though inadequate to an ostentatious style of living. The gentleman had a share in a mercantile house in London, in which concern he was a sleeping partner; this establishment was the destination he intended for his son. He had also some property in the funds, with which he purposed portioning off his daughter. After he had thus provided for his children, he would still have sufficiency to insure to him and his wife ease and comfort in their old age. The daughter was now seven years of age, the son five, and the parents were at that time of life when an increase of family is not common. Both boy and girl were educated by the father, whose chief pursuits were of a literary cast. It was usual for the youngsters to have a holiday once a-week, when they either went to spend the day at the house of a neighbour, who had a family of two boys, and a girl of a similar age, or their playmates came and spent the day with them at their father's house. It happened on one occasion the boy made one of those weekly visits alone, his sister having, from some cause or other, been detained at home. It was in the month of September, and the boy left his friend's house at the close of as fine an autumnal evening as ever glowed in the western heavens, and beautified the face of the earth. But the quiet loveliness of the scene was a faithless harbinger to the parents of the boy, for it betokened not the sweet serenity of a contented mind, but the wild fitfulness of despair—they never saw their boy again! Diligent inquiries in every corner of the county, the searching of woods, the dragging of ponds and a river, rewards for restoration, and prosecution for detention: in fine, all that parental love could devise—and what will it not devise in so hapless an emergency?—was put into action; but, alas! without success.

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* The above little story of romance in real life was lately communicated, by a credible authority, to the editor of the Hereford Times, from which paper we copy it, in the words of the writer.

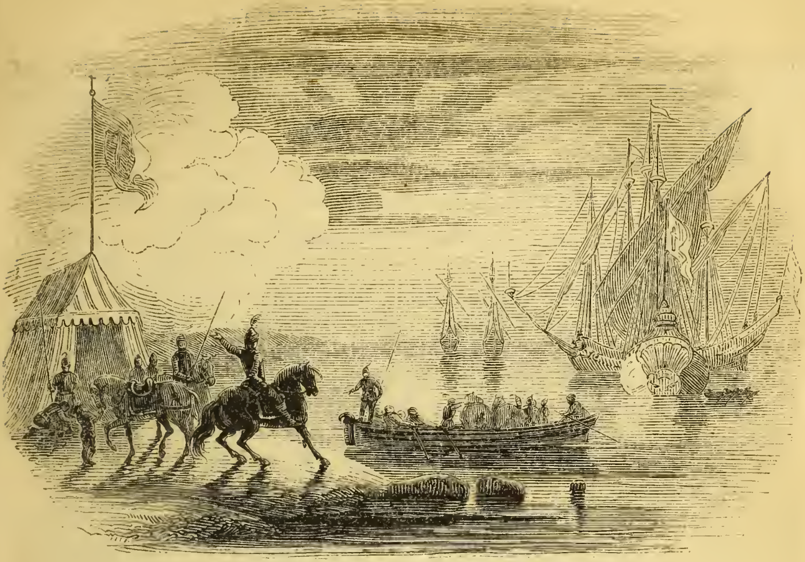
Year rolled after year, but no tidings of the lost child ever reached the ears of the fond and mourning parents. The father was observed always to carry about him an air of abstraction that made him appear solitary in the midst of a crowd, and he never looked upon a child but his eyes were seen reading the lineaments of its face. Ten years after the fatal event, he witnessed the death of his daughter, who died by the hand of that fell destroyer of youth and beauty—pulmonary consumption. This second shock he survived but a few years; but he left behind him a wife who had developed all those virtues of her sex which enable a woman, albeit of keener sensibilities, to comfort and help the husband in the hour of sorrow and of sickness. She survived him, and bore her bereavements with the meekness of a Christian and the gentleness of a woman; she never afterwards appeared but in the sable habiliments of grief, and thus her outward person harmonised with her sorrowing heart. She lived in close retirement, and seldom went beyond the boundaries of her wonted walks, for they wooed her into a musing recollection of the infant days of her children. Her distant friends urged her to forsake Monmouthshire for ever, for their hopes were, that a total change of scene would produce a change of habits, and a more lively enjoyment of life. But no: she loved to linger on the spot sanctified by her endearments as a wife and mother, and she fondly indulged a hope that her boy lived, and would some day be restored to her longing arms. Her hope was attached to the heart by one of those imperceptible threads which the mind almost unconsciously weaves when surrounded by despair; for if that thread were visible, it would appear frail indeed, and quite unable to sustain the slightest shock; nevertheless, its texture is of that elastic tenacity which, while it yields to the severest strain, never breaks, but recovers its wonted position, and retains its firm hold on the heart until death severs the cord that life could not break.

But the boy, now the man—hear his own tale. He has a dim recollection of the events of his childhood. He well remembers the evening when he was returning home from the house of his playmates; he remembers walking along with a man, and a woman in a red cloak, and that when he cried, he was threatened to have his head cut off if he did not keep silent and go along quietly, as he would not be hurt, for he was being taken to see his papa and mamma, who had gone out visiting, and had sent the man and woman for him. Some such narrative is vividly impressed on his remembrance, and has ever been floating in his mind. He also remembers residing for several months in a large seaport town, but was never allowed to go out from the little house where he lived, except at night, and then only in company with the man or woman: he recollects very well the person who saw him frequently in that house, because he was very kind to him, and at length took him on board a ship. The first town he remembers abroad was Kingston in Jamaica, where, he believes, he remained about nine years with the person who took him out. This individual was the owner of a large store, and the lad was employed in its business. During this time his education was not totally neglected, as his patron took some pleasure in improving his reading and writing.

Having frequently expressed a desire for the sea service, our young hero was bound apprentice to a merchant captain, whose vessel traded between the West India Islands and the ports of the United States and South America. In this vessel he remained eight years, and had become so far a favourite of the captain, that the last year he kept his accounts, acted in some manner as his secretary, and was rapidly advancing in his affections, when death broke the connexion. The captain died in New York. He now thought of visiting England, but not with any special intention of seeking his parents, as he had been assured by the person who took him to Jamaica that he was an orphan, but had been taken care of in early infancy by the benevolence of a lady and gentleman, and that he had been sent to sea to get a livelihood as he best could. However, as he could not readily obtain a suitable situation on board a British vessel, for which, moreover, he was not very anxious, as the times had been, and were likely to continue, very troublous, he succeeded in getting into a merchant's office in New York, where he began at a very subordinate post. Being of temperate and persevering habits, he became in five years a corresponding clerk. He was rising high in the scale of advancement, when one of his brother clerks married a daughter of the merchant, and was immediately taken into partnership. His elevation caused the new partner to assume consequential airs, which discomfited the peace of the establishment, and ended in our hero's separation from the house. He afterwards filled another responsible situation in New York, when, after two years' service, he accepted a lucrative offer to superintend a merchant's office in New Orleans, and subsequently he became a partner in the concern, and accumulated a moderate fortune. For these last ten years he had had a growing desire to visit England, and at length he resolved on its gratification. About three months ago he landed in Liverpool; and after sojourning in that town and London some six weeks, he visited Bristol. From the appearance of some of the public buildings in Bristol, particularly the Exchange, he was convinced that Bristol was the port whence he sailed from England. After spending a fortnight at Clifton, he determined on returning to Liverpool, through South Wales, by way of Monmouthshire; and it was in this county that accident threw him in the path of his mother. The recognition has been described; but the history of the means, namely, the cushion, remains to be told.

When the hapless boy was kidnapped from his home, he had the cushion case in his pocket; he knew it was dearly prized by his mother, and he had often heard her say it had been given to her by his grandmother. In the silver filigree-work that enclosed the cushion, was traced in a circle the Christian name of his grandmother, and the words, "Keep this in remembrance of me." The boy managed to preserve the cushion, and as he grew to manhood, his affection for the relic became stronger. This little memento of the days of his childhood perhaps served to fix the remembrance of them more firmly in his mind. Of late years he wore it in his bosom, suspended from his neck by a black ribbon. On ascending the steps of the far-famed Wind Cliff, his foot slipped, he fell against one of the stone steps, and damaged the filigree that encased the cushion.

On his arrival at the first town in his route, he hastened to the shop of a working-jeweller. The reader already knows the sequel; his mother cast her eyes upon the relic, read her mother's name, and the never-forgotten words, "Keep this in remembrance of me." She felt as none but mothers can feel, but as no mortal can describe; and the evening of her old age will be smoothed by the affectionate attentions of a beloved but long-lost son.



THE CONQUEST OF MEXICO.

THE portion of the new world earliest colonised by the Spaniards was the island of St Domingo, Hayti, or Hispaniola, discovered by Columbus in his first voyage in the year 1492. For nearly twenty years this island was the only colony of importance held by the Spaniards in the new world; here alone did they occupy lands, build towns, and found a regular commonwealth. Cuba, although the second of the islands discovered by Columbus, remained long uncolonised; indeed it was not till the year 1509 that it was circumnavigated, and ascertained to be an island. At length, in 1511, Don Diego Columbus, the great admiral's son, governor of Hispaniola, despatched a force of three hundred men, under Don Diego Velasquez, to take possession of the island. Velasquez soon subdued the island, the natives of which offered but little resistance, and he was shortly afterwards appointed governor, subordinate to the governor of Hispaniola. Ambitious of sharing in the glory to be derived from the discovery of new countries, Velasquez fitted out one or two expeditions, which he despatched westward, to explore the seas in that direction. In one of these expeditions, which set out in 1517, commanded by a rich colonist called Cordova, the peninsula of Yucatan was discovered, and the existence of a large and rich country called Culua or Mexico ascertained. Elated with this discovery, Velasquez fitted out another expedition under his nephew, Juan de Grijalva, who, leaving Cuba in April 1518, spent five months in cruising along the newly-discovered coast, and trafficking with the natives for gold trinkets and cotton cloths, very skilfully manufactured. The result of this expedition was the importation to Cuba of gold and jewels to the amount of twenty thousand pesos, or upwards of fifty thousand pounds.

EXPEDITION OF HERNANDO CORTES.

Delighted with his success, Velasquez wrote home to Spain announcing his discovery, and petitioning for authority from the king to conquer and colonise the country which his subordinates, Cordova and Grijalva, had discovered. Without waiting, however, for a reply to his petition, he commenced fitting out a much larger squadron than either of the two former; and this he placed under the command of Hernando Cortes, a respectable Spanish hidalgo, or gentleman, residing in the island, and who was at this time thirty-three years of age.

Cortes proceeded with the greatest activity in making his preparations. "Borrowing money for the purpose," says Bernal Diaz, the gossiping chronicler of the Conquest, "he caused to be made a standard of gold and velvet, with the royal arms and a cross embroidered thereon, and a Latin motto, the meaning of which was, 'Brothers, follow this holy cross with true faith, for under it we shall conquer.' It was proclaimed by beat of drum and sound of trumpet, that all such as entered the service in the present expedition should have their shares of what gold was obtained, and grants of land, as soon as the conquest was effected. The proclamation was no sooner made than, by general inclination as well as the private influence of Cortes, volunteers offered themselves everywhere. Nothing was to be seen or spoken of but selling lands to purchase arms and horses, quilting coats of mail, making bread, and salting pork for sea-store. Above three hundred of us assembled in the town of St Jago." These preparations were likely to be interrupted. Velasquez, ruminating the probable consequences of the expedition, had begun to repent of having appointed Cortes to the command, and was secretly plotting his removal. Cortes, perceiving these symptoms, determined to outwit his patron. Accordingly, on the night of the 18th of November 1518—having warned all the captains, masters, pilots, and soldiers to be on board, and having shipped all the stores that had been collected—Cortes set sail from the port of St Jago without announcing his intention to Velasquez, resolving to stop at some of the more westerly ports of the island for the purpose of completing his preparations, where he would be beyond the reach of the governor. Nothing could exceed the rage of Velasquez at the sudden departure of Cortes. He wrote to the commandants of two towns at which he learned that the fleet had put in for recruits and provisions, to seize Cortes, and send him back; but such was the popularity of Cortes, that both were afraid to make the attempt.

At last all was ready, and Cortes finally set sail from Cuba on the 18th of February 1519. The expedition, which consisted of eleven vessels, most of them small, and without decks, met with no disaster at sea, but arrived safely at the island of Cozumel, off the coast of Yucatan, after a few days' sail. Here Cortes landed, to review his troops. They consisted of five hundred and fifty-three soldiers, not including the mariners, who amounted to one hundred and ten. They possessed sixteen horses, some of them not very serviceable, ten brass field-pieces, four smaller pieces called falconets, and thirty-two cross-bows; the majority of the soldiers being armed with ordinary steel weapons. Attending on the army were about two hundred Cuba Indians, and some Indian women. And as religion in those days sanctioned military conquest, there were in addition two clergymen—Juan Diaz, and Bartholomew de Olmedo.

For nine or ten days the Spaniards remained at Cozumel, making acquaintance with the natives, who were very friendly. Here Cortes, whose zeal for the Catholic religion was one of the strongest of his feelings, made it one of his first concerns to argue with the natives, through an interpreter, on the point of their religion. He even went so far as to demolish their idols before their eyes, and erect an altar to the Virgin on the spot where they had stood. The natives were horror-struck, and seemed at first ready to fall upon the Spaniards, but at length they acquiesced.

While at Cozumel, Cortes had the good fortune to pick up a Spaniard, who, having been wrecked in his passage from Darien to Hispaniola in the year 1511, had for seven years been detained as a slave among the Indians of Yucatan. The name of this poor man was Jeronimo de Aguilar; he had been educated for the church; and as he could speak the language of Yucatan, his services as an interpreter were likely to be very valuable. On the 4th of March 1519, the fleet, consisting of eleven vessels, commanded respectively by Cortes, Pedro de Alvarado, Alonzo Puerto Carrero, Francisco de Montejo, Christoval de Olid, Diego de Ordaz, Velasquez de Leon, Juan de Escalante, Francisco de Morla, Escobar, and Gines Nortes, set sail from Cozumel, and on the 13th it anchored at the mouth of the river Tabasco or Grijalva, flowing into the south of the Bay of Campeachy.

The expedition had now reached the scene of active operations; it had arrived on the coast of the American continent. Cortes does not appear to have been naturally a bloodily-disposed man. He was only what a perverted education and the vices of his times had made him—a man full of mighty notions of the Spanish authority; of its right to take, by foul or by fair means, any country it liked; and not without an excuse from religion to rob and kill the unfortunate natives who dared to defend their territories.

We have now, therefore, to record the beginning of a most unjust and merciless war of aggression. As Cortes, with his followers, sailed up the river as far as Tabasco, he everywhere observed the natives preparing to repel his attack, and at length he was brought into collision with them—of course overpowering them by the force of arms, with immense slaughter. On reaching Tabasco, his soldiers fought their way through dense masses of Indians, who discharged among them perfect clouds of arrows and stones. Pushing through the streets, which were lined with houses, some of mud, and some of stone, the victors reached a large open square in the centre, where temples of large size were erected. Here the troops were drawn up; and Cortes, advancing to a large ceiba-tree which grew in the middle, gave it three slashes with his sword, and took possession of the city and country in the name of his royal master Don Carlos, king of Castile.

Next day another great battle was fought between the Spaniards and the Tabascans on the plain of Ceutla, a few miles distant from the city. For an hour the Spanish infantry fought in the midst of an ocean of enemies, battling on all sides, beating one wave back, only that another might advance—a little islet encircled by the savage breakers. At length, with the assistance of their horse—a terrible sight to the Indians—the Spaniards were victorious. The spirit of the Tabascans was now completely subdued. Their chiefs came to the camp of Cortes with faces and gestures expressive of contrition, and brought him presents of fowls, fish, maize, and numerous gold toys representing many kinds of animals in miniature. For the horses, they brought a feast of turkeys and roses! They also gave Cortes twenty Indian girls to attend the army. To his inquiries respecting the country whence they obtained the gold, they replied by repetitions of the words "Culua" and "Mexico," and pointing to the west. Having obtained all the information the Tabascans could give him, Cortes resolved to proceed on his voyage. Accordingly, after a solemn mass, which the Indians attended, the armament left Tabasco, and after a short sail, arrived off the coast of St Juan de Ulua, the site of the modern Vera Cruz. It was on Holy Thursday (April 20), in the year 1519, that they arrived at the port of St Juan de Ulua, the extreme eastern province of the Mexican dominions properly so called. The royal flag was floating from the mast of Cortes's ship. The Spaniards could see the beach crowded with natives, who had come down to gaze at the strange "water-houses," of which they had formerly seen specimens. At length a light pirogue, filled with natives, some of them evidently men of rank, pushed off from the shore, and steered for the ship of Cortes. The Indians went on board without any symptoms of fear, and, what was more striking, with an air of ease and perfect good-breeding. They spoke a different language from that of the inhabitants of Cozumel or the Tabascans—a language, too, which Aguilar did not understand. Fortunately, one of the twenty Indian girls presented by the Tabascans to the Spaniards was a Mexican by birth. This girl, whose Spanish name of Donna Marina is imperishably associated with the history of the conquest of Mexico, was the daughter of a chief, but, by a singular course of events, had become a slave in Tabasco. She had already attracted attention by her beauty, sweetness, and gentleness, and she had been mentioned to Cortes. Her services now became valuable. The Mexican was her native language; but, by her residence in Tabasco, she had acquired the Tabascan, which language was also familiar to Aguilar. Interpreting, therefore, what the Mexicans said into Tabascan to Aguilar, Aguilar in turn interpreted the Tabascan into Spanish; and thus, though somewhat circuitously, Cortes could hold communication with his visitors.

The Aztec visitors who came on board the ship of Cortes, informed him that they were instructed by the governor of the province to ask what he wanted on their coasts, and to promise that whatever he required should be supplied. Cortes replied that his object was to make the acquaintance of the people of those countries, and that he would do them no injury. He then presented them with some beads of cut glass, and after an entertainment of wine, they took their departure, promising that Teuthlille, the governor of the province under their great emperor, should visit him the next day.

Next day, Friday the 21st of April 1519, Cortes landed with his troops, and had an interview with Teuthlille, who received the visitors with suspicion; and this feeling was not lessened by the parade of mounted dragoons and firing of guns with which the Spanish commander thought fit to astonish him and the other natives. Sketches were taken of the appearance of the strangers, in order to be sent to Montezuma, the king of the country, who was likewise to be informed that the white men who had arrived on his coast desired to be allowed to come and see him in his capital.

Here we pause to present a short account of the Mexican empire, in which Cortes had landed; also of the character and government of this monarch, Montezuma, whom the Spaniards expected soon to be permitted to visit.

THE MEXICANS—THEIR ORIGIN AND CIVILISATION.

If a traveller, landing on that part of the coast of the Mexican gulf where Cortes and his Spaniards landed three hundred and thirty years ago, were to proceed westward across the continent, he would pass successively through three regions or climates. First, he would pass through the *tierra caliente*, or hot region, distinguished by all the features of the tropics—their luxuriant vegetation, their occasional sandy deserts, and their unhealthiness at particular seasons. After sixty miles of travel through this tierra caliente, he would enter the *tierra templada*, or temperate region, where the products of the soil are such as belong to the most genial European countries. Ascending through it, the traveller at last leaves wheat-fields beneath him, and plunges into forests of pine, indicating his entrance into the *tierra fria*, or cold region, where the sleety blasts from the mountains penetrate the very bones. This tierra fria constitutes the summits of part of the great mountain range of the Andes, which traverses the whole American continent. Fortunately, however, at this point the Andes do not attain their greatest elevation. Instead of rising, as in some other parts of their range, in a huge perpendicular wall or ridge, they here flatten and widen out, so as to constitute a vast *plateau*, or table-land, six or seven thousand feet above the level of the sea. On this immense sheet of table-land, stretching for hundreds of miles, the inhabitants, though living within the tropics, enjoy a climate equal to that of the south of Italy; while their proximity to the extremes both of heat and cold enables them to procure, without much labour, the luxuries of many lands. Across the table-land there stretches from east to west a chain of volcanic peaks, some of which are of immense height, and covered perpetually with snow.

This table-land was known in the Mexican language by the name of the plain of Anahuac. Near its centre is a valley of an oval form, about two hundred miles in circumference, surrounded by a rampart of porphyritic rock, and overspread for about a tenth part of its surface by five distinct lakes or sheets of water. This is the celebrated valley of Mexico—called a valley only by comparison with the mountains which surround it, for it is seven thousand feet above the level of the sea. Round the margins of the five lakes once stood numerous cities, the relics of which are yet visible; and on an islet in the middle of the largest lake stood the great city of Mexico, or Tenochtitlan, the capital of the empire which the Spaniards were now invading, and the residence of the Mexican emperor, Montezuma.

The origin of the Mexicans is a question of great obscurity—a part of the more extensive question of the manner in which America was peopled. According to Mr Prescott, the latest, and one of the best authorities on the subject, the plains of Anahuac were overrun, previous to the discovery of America, by several successive races from the north-west of the continent where it approaches Asia. Thus, in the thirteenth century, the great table-land of central America was inhabited by a number of races and sub-races, all originally of the same stock, but differing from each other greatly in character and degree of civilisation, and engaged in mutual hostilities. The cities of these different races were scattered over the plateau, principally in the neighbourhood of the five lakes. Tezcuco, on the eastern bank of the greatest of the lakes, was the capital of the Acolhuans; and Tenochtitlan, or Mexico, founded in 1325, on an island in the same lake, was the capital of the Aztecs.

In the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries the dominant race in the plains of Anahuac was the Acolhuans, or Tezcucans, represented as a people of mild and polished manners, skilled in the elegant arts, and possessing literary habits and tastes—the Athenians, if we may so call them, of the new world. The most celebrated of the Tezcucan sovereigns was Nezahualcoyotl, who reigned early in the fifteenth century. By this prince a revolution was effected in the political state of the valley of Anahuac. He procured the formation of a confederacy between Tezcuco and the two neighbouring friendly cities of Mexico and Tlacopan, by which they bound themselves severally to assist each other when attacked, and to carry on wars conjointly. In this strange alliance Tezcuco was the principal member, as being confessedly the most powerful state; Mexico stood next; and lastly Tlacopan, as being inferior to the other two.

Nezahualcoyotl died in 1470, and was succeeded on the Tezcucan throne by his son Nezahualpilli. During his reign the Tezcucans fell from their position as the first member of the triple confederacy which his father had formed, and gave place to the Aztecs or Mexicans. These Aztecs had been gradually growing in consequence since their first arrival in the valley. Decidedly inferior to the Tezcucans in culture, and professing a much more bloody and impure worship, they excelled them in certain qualities, and possessed, on the whole, a firmer and more compact character. If the Tezcucans were the Greeks, the Aztecs were the Romans of the new world. Under a series of able princes they had increased in importance, till now, in the reign of Nezahualpilli, they were the rivals of their allies, the Tezcucans, for the sovereignty of Anahuac.

In the year 1502 a vacancy occurred in the throne of Tenochtitlan, or Mexico. The election fell on Montezuma II., the nephew of the deceased monarch, a young man, who had already distinguished himself as a soldier and a priest or sage, and who was noted, as his name—Montezuma (sorrowful man)—implied, for a certain gravity and sad severity of manner. The first years of Montezuma's reign were spent in war. Carrying his victorious arms as far as Nicaragua and Honduras in the south, and to the shores of the Mexican gulf in the east, he extended the sovereignty of the triple confederacy, of which he was a member, over an immense extent of territory. Distant provinces he compelled to pay him tribute; and the wealth of Anahuac flowed from all directions towards the valley of Mexico. Haughty and severe in his disposition, and magnificent in his tastes, he ruled like an Oriental despot over the provinces which he had conquered; and the least attempt at rebellion was fearfully punished, captives being dragged in hundreds to the capital to be slaughtered on the stone of human sacrifice in the great war temple. Nor did Montezuma's own natural-born subjects stand less in dread of him. Wise, liberal, and even generous in his government, his inflexible and relentless justice, and his lordly notions of his own dignity, made him an object less of affection than of awe and reverence. In his presence his nobles spoke in whispers; in his palace he was served with a slavish homage; and when he appeared in public, his subjects veiled their faces, as unworthy to gaze upon his person. The death of Nezahualpilli, in 1516, made him absolute sovereign in Anahuac. On the death of that king, two of his sons, Cacama and Ixtlilxochitl, contended for the throne of Tezcuco. Montezuma sided with Cacama; and the dispute was at length ended by a compromise between the two brothers, by which the kingdom was divided into two parts—Cacama obtaining the southern half with the city of Tezcuco, and Ixtlilxochitl the northern half.

Thus, at the period of the arrival of the Spaniards, Montezuma was absolute sovereign of nearly the whole of that portion of central America which lies between the Gulf of Mexico and the Pacific Ocean—the kings of Tezcuco and Tlacopan being nominally his confederates and counsellors, according to the ancient treaty of alliance between the three states, but in reality his dependents. The spot where Cortes had landed was in one of the maritime provinces of Montezuma's dominion.

It is a singular, but well-authenticated fact, that at the time the Spaniards landed in America, a general expectation prevailed among the natives of the arrival of a mysterious race of white men from the East, who were to conquer the country. This was especially the case in Mexico. There was a tradition among the Mexicans that, some ages before the arrival of the Spaniards, and while yet the Aztec empire was in its infancy, there appeared in Anahuac a divine personage called Quetzalcoatl. He was a man of benevolent aspect, tall in stature, with a white complexion, long dark hair, and a flowing beard; and he came from the East. He resided in Anahuac for many years, teaching the Mexicans numerous arts and sciences, and reforming their manners; and under his care the country flourished and became happy. At length some difference arose between him and the Mexicans, and they no longer paid respect to the words of the good Quetzalcoatl. He then announced to them that he was going to depart from their country. Proceeding eastward, delaying a little while at Cholula, a city which ever after was regarded as sacred, he arrived at the sea-shore. Embarking on board a little skiff made of serpents' skins, he pushed out to sea, and as the Mexicans strained their eyes after him, he disappeared in the distance, going, as it seemed, to the East. Before he departed, however, he delivered a prophecy, that at some future time people of his race, with white complexions like his, would come from the East to conquer and possess the country.

The tradition of Quetzalcoatl's prophecy was rife among the natives of Anahuac when Cortes arrived, and it was with a kind of religious awe that Montezuma and his people heard of the arrival of the white men in their "water-houses." Cortes and his men constituted, as we have seen, this body. Teuthlille's messengers, announcing their arrival, had already reached Montezuma; and he was now deliberating in what manner he should receive the strangers. In order to learn his decision, let us return to the Spaniards on the sea-coast.

THE SPANIARDS FOUND A COLONY—MARCH INTO THE INTERIOR.

The Spaniards, supplied by the natives with plenty of everything which they required, were waiting the return of the messengers to Montezuma. After six days they returned, accompanied by Teuthlille. They bore with them a splendid present from Montezuma to the Spanish emperor. It consisted of loads of finely-wrought cotton, ornamented with featherwork; and a miscellaneous collection of jewels and articles of gold and silver, richly carved, of which the most attractive were two circular plates as large as carriage-wheels, one of gold, valued at more than fifty thousand pounds, and intended to represent the sun; the other of silver, and representing the moon. As they gazed on the kingly present, the Spaniards could scarcely contain their raptures. The message which accompanied it, however, was less satisfactory. Montezuma was happy to hear of the existence of his brother, the king of Spain, and wished him to consider him as his friend; he could not, however, come to see the Spaniards, and it was too far for them to come and visit him. He therefore hoped they would depart, and carry his respects to his brother, their monarch.

To this Cortes, thanking Montezuma for his present, replied that he could not leave the country without being able to say to his king that he had seen Montezuma with his own eyes; and the ambassadors again departed, carrying a sorry present from Cortes to Montezuma. After another interval of six days they returned, with another gift little inferior in value to the former, and informed Cortes that the great Montezuma had received his present with satisfaction, but that, as to the interview, he could not permit any more to be said on the subject. Cortes, though greatly mortified, thanked them politely, and returned to Montezuma a second message to the same effect as the former, but couched in more decided language. The Mexicans withdrew in distrust, and ceased to barter with the Spaniards, or to bring them supplies.

Meanwhile differences had been springing up among the Spaniards themselves, the partisans of Velasquez insisting that they ought now to return to Cuba, and that it was folly to think of founding a settlement. Pretending to yield to the clamours of these persons, Cortes issued orders for embarkation on the following day. Immediately the other party, consisting of the friends of Cortes, flocked to his tent, and implored him not to give up the enterprise which had been so successfully begun. This was precisely what Cortes wished. Accordingly, after some delay, he seemed to yield; and revoking the order for embarkation, he announced his willingness to found a settlement in the name of the Spanish sovereign. Forthwith the new city, although not a stone of it had yet been raised, and the site had alone been determined on, was named Villa Rica de la Vera Cruz—"The Rich Town of the True Cross." Magistrates were immediately appointed in the king's name; the two captains Puerto Carrero and Montejo, the latter a friend of Velasquez, being nominated *alcaldes*, and others to different offices. "Thus," says Mr Prescott, "by a single stroke of the pen the camp was transformed into a civil community."

At the first sitting of the new magistracy, Cortes appeared before it, with his cap doffed, and formally resigned his commission from Velasquez into its hands. He then withdrew; but after a short time was recalled, and informed that he had been unanimously appointed by them, in the king's name, "Captain-General and Chief-Justice of the colony." Thus, by a clever stroke of policy, had Cortes shaken off all connexion with Velasquez. He held his command now directly from the king, and could be superseded only by royal authority. The friends of Velasquez were at first furious with rage; but Cortes at length soothed them into acquiescence.

A little before the conclusion of these proceedings, an event of some consequence happened. This was the arrival in the Spanish camp of five Indians, differing in dress and language from the Mexicans. They informed Cortes that they were a deputation sent by the caçique of Cempoalla, a city at a little distance on the sea-coast, the capital of the Totonacs, a nation which had been recently conquered by Montezuma, and was now groaning under his yoke. They were sent by their caçique to beg a visit of the Spaniards to Cempoalla. A light instantly flashed upon the mind of Cortes. He saw that Montezuma's empire was not so firmly compacted as he had supposed, and that it might be possible to divide it against itself, and so overthrow it. He therefore dismissed the ambassadors kindly, and promised a speedy visit to Cempoalla.

Accordingly, as soon as the disturbance which had arisen among his men was quashed, Cortes marched to Cempoalla, a city not rich, but prettily built, and containing a population, as it appeared, of about thirty thousand inhabitants. He was cordially received by the caçique, a large and very corpulent man. Remaining some time in Cempoalla and its neighbourhood, while the city of Villa Rica was being built, the Spaniards soon gained the reverence and good-will of the inhabitants, the Totonacs, who willingly submitted themselves to the dominion of the distant monarch Don Carlos, of whom the Spaniards told them. Here the Spaniards were horrified by the symptoms of human sacrifice, which were perpetually visible in the temples—the blood-stained walls, and the fragments of human flesh which lay about; and, fired with religious enthusiasm, they resolved to put a stop to such practices by tearing down the idols. Cortes informed the caçique of his intention; but although the announcement filled him with speechless dismay, no opposition was offered, and the idols were broken in pieces, and burnt before the eyes of the Totonacs, while the priests went about shrieking like demons. "These priests," we are told, "were dressed in long black mantles, like sheets with hoods: their robes reached to their feet. Their long hair was matted together with clotted blood; with some it reached to the waist, and with others to the feet: their ears were torn and cut, and they smelt horribly, as it were of sulphur and putrid flesh."

The destruction of their idols did not alienate the Totonacs from the Spaniards; on the contrary, it raised their opinion of them, inasmuch as they saw the gods patient under the indignity. The intercourse of the two parties, therefore, continued; and, by his frequent conversations with the caçique, Cortes gained greater insight every day into the condition of Montezuma's empire.

By this time the town of Villa Rica had been nearly finished, and nothing remained to prevent the Spaniards from commencing their march into the interior. Before beginning it, however, Cortes deemed it advisable to send a report of his proceedings to Spain, to be laid before the king, knowing that Velasquez must have represented his conduct in very disadvantageous terms to the home government. Accordingly, Cortes drew up one letter, and the magistrates of the new colony another, detailing the whole of the incidents of the expedition down to the foundation of Villa Rica, and announcing that they were on the point of commencing their march into the heart of the country. To increase the effect of the letters, they were accompanied by nearly all the gold that had been collected, together with the splendid gifts of Montezuma, and such curiosities as might interest the learned of Spain. The business of carrying these letters to the king was intrusted to Montejo and Puerto Carrero, and they were instructed, above all, to endeavour to secure the appointment of Cortes as captain-general of the colony. On the 26th of July 1519, the little ship set sail, freighted with a more precious cargo than had ever yet been packed within the timbers of a vessel from the new world. The pilot was instructed to make direct for Spain, landing at no intermediate station, and especially avoiding Cuba.

The departure of this vessel seems to have raised thoughts of home in the minds of some of those who were left behind. A conspiracy was formed by some of the soldiers and sailors, along with the clergyman Diaz, to seize a vessel and return to Cuba. The conspiracy was discovered; two of the ringleaders were hanged, and the rest whipped or confined. Foreseeing, however, that such conspiracies would be constantly occurring, unless effectual means were taken to prevent them, Cortes came to the resolution, almost unparalleled in the annals of heroism, of destroying the ships which had brought him to Mexico. Accordingly, taking counsel with a few of his most attached followers, he procured a report from the pilots that the vessels were not seaworthy, and caused them to be broken in pieces and sunk, before the majority were aware of his design. When the Spaniards thus saw themselves shut up in a strange and populous country, with no means of retreat, their first impulse was one of rage and despair, and Cortes had nearly fallen a sacrifice. As he foresaw, however, the daring act had the effect of bracing his men to a pitch of resolution all but supernatural. Besides, by the destruction of the fleet, he obtained a reinforcement of a hundred and ten men—the mariners formerly employed in the ships being now converted into soldiers, and very good ones, as it afterwards proved.

All being now ready, Cortes, leaving a considerable force as a garrison to the new settlement of Villa Rica, under the command of Juan de Escalante, set out from the territory of the Totonacs, on his march inland, on the 16th of August 1519. His army consisted of four hundred Spaniards on foot, and fifteen horse, accompanied by thirteen hundred Cempoallan warriors, and a thousand *tamanes*, or Indian body slaves, furnished by the caçique of Cempoalla, who were to carry the heavy burdens, and perform other laborious offices. Advancing through the tierra caliente, they began to ascend the mountains which separate it from the vast table-land of Anahuac. A few days' march across the tierra templada and the tierra fria, brought the Spaniards to the small mountain province of Tlascala, situated about half-way between the sea-coast and the Mexican valley. The Tlascalans were a brave and high-spirited people, of the same race as the Aztecs. They had refused, however, to submit to the empire of Montezuma, and were the only people in Anahuac who bade defiance to his power, preferring poverty and hardship in their mountain home to the loss of independence. The government of Tlascala was a kind of feudalism. Four lords or caçiques held their courts in different quarters of the same city, independently of each other, and yet mutually allied; and under these four chieftains the Tlascalan population, nobles and commons, was ranged as subjects. On the approach of the Spaniards, a consultation was held among the Tlascalan lords and their counsellors as to how the strangers should be received; some being inclined to welcome them, in hopes of being able, by their assistance, to cope with Montezuma; others maintaining that the Spaniards were enemies, who ought to be repulsed by all means. The latter opinion prevailed, and three desperate battles were fought between the Tlascalans, under the command of Xicotencatl, a brave and able young chief, the son of one of the four caçiques, and the Spanish invaders. These engagements were far more serious than the battles which the Spaniards had fought with the Tabascans; and it required the utmost exertion of Castilian valour, directed by all the ability of Cortes, to gain the victory. But Indian courage against the flower of European chivalry—the *maquahuitl*, or war-club, dreadful instrument as it was, with its sharp flinty blades, against muskets and artillery—coatings of war-paint, or doublets of featherwork, against Spanish mail—were a very unequal contest; and, as usual, the losses of the Spaniards were as nothing compared with the apparent fierceness of the struggle. But how could the little army hope to advance through a country where such battles had to be fought at every step? If such were their reception by the Tlascalans, what might they not expect from the richer and more powerful Mexicans? Such were the reflections of the Spanish soldiery. The idea of their ever reaching Mexico, says Bernal Diaz, was treated as a jest by the whole army. Fortunately, when these murmurs were reaching their height, the Tlascalans submitted, and sent ambassadors to beg the friendship of the Spaniards; and on the 23d of September 1519 the Spaniards entered the city of Tlascala, a large and populous town, which Cortes compared to Granada in Spain. Here they were cordially received by the four caçiques, and especially by the elder Xicotencatl; and in a short time an intimacy sprung up between the Tlascalans and the invaders, and a treaty was concluded, by which the Tlascalans bound themselves to assist the Spaniards throughout the rest of their expedition. Here, as elsewhere, Cortes showed his zeal for the Catholic faith by endeavouring to convert the natives; and it is probable that the same scenes of violence would have taken place at Tlascala as at Cempoalla, had not the judicious father Olmedo interfered to temper the more headlong fanaticism of the general.

While in Tlascala, Cortes received various embassies from provinces in the neighbourhood anxious to secure his good-will. About the same time an embassy was received from Montezuma himself, intreating Cortes not to place any reliance upon the Tlascalans, whom he represented as treacherous barbarians; and now inviting him, in cordial terms, to visit his capital, pointing out the route through the city of Cholula as the most convenient. This route was accordingly adopted, and the Spaniards, accompanied by an army of six thousand Tlascalan warriors, advanced by it towards Mexico. Their approach gave great alarm, and Montezuma set on foot a scheme for their massacre at Cholula, which, however, was discovered by Cortes, who took a terrible vengeance on the sacred city. Montezuma, overawed, again made overtures of reconciliation, and promised the Spaniards an immense quantity of gold if they would advance no farther. This Cortes refused, and the Spanish army, with the Tlascalan warriors, left Cholula, and proceeded on their march, met everywhere by deputations from neighbouring towns, many of which were disaffected to the government of Montezuma. The route of the army lay between two gigantic volcanic mountains, and the march, for a day or two, was toilsome, and bitterly cold. At last, "turning an angle of the sierra, they suddenly came on a view which more than compensated their toils. It was that of the valley of Mexico; which, with its picturesque assemblage of water, woodland, and cultivated plains, its shining cities and shadowy hills, was spread out like some gay and gorgeous panorama before them. Stretching far away at their feet were seen noble forests of oak, sycamore, and cedar; and beyond, yellow fields of maize, and the towering maguey, intermingled with orchards and blooming gardens. In the centre of the great basin were beheld the lakes, their borders thickly studded with towns and hamlets; and in the midst, like some Indian empress with her coronal of pearls, the fair city of Mexico, with her white towers and pyramidal temples, reposing, as it were, on the bosom of the waters—the far-famed 'Venice of the Aztecs.'"*

Descending into the valley, the Spaniards halted at Ajotzinco, a town on the banks of the southernmost of the five lakes. Meanwhile Montezuma was in an agony of indecision. When intelligence reached him that the Spaniards had actually descended into the valley, he saw that he must either face the strangers in the field of battle, or admit them into his capital. His brother, Cuitlahua, advised the former; but his nephew, Cacama, the young lord of Tezcuco, was of the contrary opinion, and Montezuma at length sent him to meet the Spaniards, and welcome them to his dominions. Cacama accordingly set out in state, and arrived at Ajotzinco just as the Spaniards were about to leave it. When he came into the presence of Cortes, he said to him, "Malintzin, here am I and these lords come to attend you to your residence in our city, by order of the great Montezuma." Cortes embraced the prince, and presented him with some jewels. After a little while Cacama took his leave, and the Spaniards resumed their march. Travelling along the southern and western banks of Lake Chalco, they crossed the causeway which divides it from Lake Xochichalco, and advanced along the margin of the latter to the royal city of Iztapalapan, situated on the banks of the great Tezcucan lake over against Mexico. To the eyes of the Spaniards, all that they saw in their journey seemed fairyland.

ENTRY INTO MEXICO—RESIDENCE THERE—DESCRIPTION OF THE CITY.

It was on the 7th of November 1519 that the Spaniards arrived at Iztapalapan; and here they spent the night, lodged in magnificent palaces built of stone, and the timber of which was cedar. From this position the eye could sweep over the whole expanse of the Tezcucan lake. Canoes of all sizes might be seen skimming along its surface, either near the middle or close to the banks, where the thick woods came down to the water's edge.

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* Prescott's Conquest of Mexico, vol. ii. p. 47.

Here also, moving slowly along the margin of the lake, might be seen a still stranger sight—the *chinampas*, or floating-gardens—little islands consisting of earth laid on rafts, planted with flowers, shrubs, and fruit-trees, and containing a small hut or cottage in the centre, occupied by the proprietor, who, by means of a long pole, which he pushed against the bottom, could shift his little domain from place to place. But what fixed the eyes of the Spaniards above all else was the glittering spectacle which rose from the centre of the lake—the queenly city of Mexico, the goal of their hopes and wishes for many months past. In a few hours they would be within its precincts—a few hundred men shut up in the very heart of the great Mexican empire! What might be their fate there!

The islet on which Mexico was built was connected with the mainland by three distinct causeways of stone, constructed with incredible labour and skill across the lake, and intersected at intervals by drawbridges, through which canoes might pass and repass with ease. The causeway by which the Spaniards must pass connected the island with the southern bank of the lake, about half way across to which it branched off into two lines, one leading to the city of Cojohuacan, the other meeting the mainland at a point not far from Iztapalapan, where the Spaniards were quartered. This causeway was about eight yards wide, and capable of accommodating ten or twelve horsemen riding abreast. It was divided, as before-mentioned, by several drawbridges; a circumstance which the Spaniards observed with no small alarm, for they saw that, by means of these drawbridges, their communication with the mainland could be completely cut off by the Mexicans.

On the morning of the 8th of November 1519 the army left Iztapalapan, and advanced along the causeway towards the capital. First went Cortes, with his small body of horse; next came the Spanish foot, amounting to not more than four hundred men; after them came the Indian *tamanes*, carrying the baggage; and last of all came the Tlascalan warriors, to the number of about five thousand. As they moved along the causeway, the inhabitants of the city crowded in myriads to gaze at them, some finding standing-room on the causeway itself, others skimming along the lake in canoes, and clambering up the sides of the causeway. A little more than half way across, and at a distance of a mile and a half from the city, the branch of the causeway on which the Spaniards were marching was joined by the other branch; and here the causeway widened for a small space, and a fort or gateway was erected, called the Fort of Xoloc. On arriving at the gateway, the army was met by a long procession of Aztec nobles, richly clad, who came to announce the approach of the emperor himself to welcome the Spaniards to his capital. Accordingly, when the remainder of the causeway had been almost traversed, and the van of the army was near the threshold of the city, a train was seen advancing along the great avenue. "Amidst a crowd of Indian nobles, preceded by three officers of state bearing golden wands, the Spaniards saw the royal palanquin of Montezuma, blazing with burnished gold. It was borne on the shoulders of nobles, and over it a canopy of gaudy featherwork, powdered with jewels, and fringed with silver, and was supported by four attendants of the same rank. They were barefooted, and walked with a slow measured pace, and with eyes bent on the ground. When the train had come within a convenient distance, it halted; and Montezuma, descending from his litter, came forward, leaning on the arms of the lords of Tezcuco and Iztapalapan—the one his nephew, the other his brother. As the monarch advanced under the canopy, the obsequious attendants strewed the ground with cotton tapestry, that his imperial feet might not be contaminated by the rude soil. His subjects, of high and low degree, who lined the sides of the causeway, bent forward with their eyes fastened on the ground as he passed, and some of the humbler class prostrated themselves before him."*

Cortes and the Mexican emperor now stood before each other. When Cortes was told that the great Montezuma approached, he dismounted from his horse, and advanced towards him with much respect. Montezuma bade him welcome, and Cortes replied with a suitable compliment. After some ceremonies, and the exchange of presents, Montezuma and his courtiers withdrew, the Spaniards following. Advancing into the city, wondering at all they saw—the long streets, the houses which, in the line along which they passed, belonged mostly to the noble and wealthy Mexicans, built of red stone, and surmounted with parapets or battlements; the canals which here and there intersected the streets, crossed by bridges; and the large open squares which occurred at intervals—the Spaniards were conducted to their quarters, situated in an immense square in the centre of the city, adjoining the temple of the great Mexican war-god. Montezuma was waiting to receive them; and the Spaniards were surprised and delighted with the princely generosity with which he supplied their wants.

Next day Cortes paid a visit to Montezuma in his palace, attended by some of his principal officers. In the conversation which ensued, Cortes broached the topic of religion, and informed Montezuma "that we were all brothers, the children of Adam and Eve, and that as such, our emperor, lamenting the loss of souls in such numbers as those which were brought by the Mexican idols into everlasting flames, had sent us to apply a remedy thereto by putting an end to the worship of these false gods." These remarks seemed to displease Montezuma, who, however, made a polite reply.

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* Prescott's Conquest of Mexico, vol. ii. p. 67.

Day after day the intercourse between Cortes and Montezuma was renewed; the Spanish soldiers also became gradually familiar with the Mexicans. Bernal Diaz, the old soldier of Cortes, to whom we are indebted for the most minute and interesting account of the Conquest, thus describes Montezuma and his household. "The great Montezuma was at this time aged about forty years, of good stature, well-proportioned, and thin; his complexion was much fairer than that of the Indians; he wore his hair short, just covering his ears, with very little beard, well arranged, thin, and black. His face was rather long, with a pleasant countenance, and good eyes; gravity and good-humour were blended together when he spoke. He was very delicate and clean in his person, bathing himself every evening. He had a number of mistresses of the first families, and two princesses, his lawful wives. He had two hundred of his nobility as a guard, in apartments adjoining his own. They entered his apartment barefooted, their eyes fixed on the ground, and making three inclinations of the body as they approached him. In addressing him, they said, 'Lord; my lord; great lord.' His cooks had upwards of thirty different ways of dressing meat, and they had earthen vessels so contrived as to keep it always hot. For the table of Montezuma himself above three hundred dishes were dressed, and for his guards above a thousand. It is said that at times the flesh of young children was dressed for him; but the ordinary meats were domestic fowls, pheasants, geese, partridges, quails, venison, Indian hogs, pigeons, hares, and rabbits, with many other animals and birds peculiar to the country. At his meals, in the cold weather, a number of torches of the bark of a wood which makes no smoke, and has an aromatic smell, were lighted; and, that they might not throw too much heat, screens ornamented with gold, and painted with figures of idols, were placed before them. Montezuma was seated on a low throne or chair, at a table proportioned to the height of his seat. The table was covered with white cloths and napkins, and four beautiful women presented him with water for his hands. Then two other women brought small cakes of bread; and when the king began to eat, a large screen of wood gilt was placed before him, so that people should not, during that time, see him. He was served on earthenware of Cholula, red and black. While the king was at table, no one of his guards, or in the vicinity of his apartment, dared for their lives make any noise. Fruit of all the kinds that the country produced was laid before him; he ate very little; but from time to time a liquor, prepared from cocoa, and of a stimulative quality, as we were told, was presented to him in golden cups. At different intervals during the time of dinner there entered certain Indians, hump-backed, very deformed and ugly, who played tricks of buffoonery; and others who, they said, were jesters. There was also a company of singers and dancers, who afforded Montezuma much entertainment. During the time Montezuma was at dinner, two very beautiful women were busily employed making small cakes with eggs, and other things mixed therein. These were delicately white; and when made, they presented them to him on plates covered with napkins. After he had dined, they presented to him three little canes, highly ornamented, containing liquid amber, mixed with an herb they call *tobacco;* and when he had sufficiently viewed and heard the singers, dancers, and buffoons, he took a little of the smoke of one of these canes, and then laid himself down to sleep; and thus his principal meal concluded."

After describing other parts of Montezuma's household, including a great aviary or collection of birds, and a menagerie, the chronicler gives us an account of Cortes's first tour through the city, accompanied by Montezuma. They first visited the great bazaar or market, held in the western part of the city. "When we arrived there, we were astonished at the crowds of people, and the regularity which prevailed, as well as at the vast quantities of merchandise which those who attended us were assiduous in pointing out. Each kind had its particular place of sale, which was distinguished by a sign. The articles consisted of gold, silver, jewels, feathers, mantles, chocolate, skins, dressed and undressed, sandals, and other manufactures of the roots and fibres of nequen, and great numbers of male and female slaves, some of whom were fastened by the neck in collars to long poles. The meat market was stocked with fowls, game, and dogs. Vegetables, fruits, articles of food ready dressed, salt, bread, honey, and sweet pastry made in various ways, were also sold here. Other places in the square were appropriated to the sale of earthenware, wooden household furniture, such as tables and benches, firewood, paper, sweet canes filled with tobacco, mixed with liquid amber, copper axes and working-tools, and wooden vessels highly painted. Numbers of women sold fish, and little loaves made of a certain mud which they find in the lake, and which resembles cheese. The makers of stone-blades were busily employed shaping them out of the rough material; and the merchants who dealt in gold had the metal in grains, as it came from the mines, in transparent tubes, so that they could be reckoned; and the gold was valued at so many mantles, or so many xiquipils of cocoa, according to the size of the quills. The entire square was enclosed in piazzas, under which great quantities of grain were stored, and where were also shops for various kinds of goods. Courts of justice, where three judges sat to settle disputes which might arise in the market, occupied a part of the square, their under-officers, or policemen, being in the market inspecting the merchandise."

Proceeding from the market-place through various parts of the city, the Spaniards came to the great *teocalli*, or temple, in the neighbourhood of their own quarters. It was a huge pyramidal structure, consisting of five storeys, narrowing above each other like the tubes of an extended spy-glass (only square in shape), so as to leave a clear pathway round the margin of each storey. The ascent was by means of a stone stair, of a hundred and fourteen steps. Arrived at the summit, Cortes and his companions found it to be a large flat area, laid with stone; at one end of which they shuddered as they saw a block of jasper, which they were told was the stone on which the human victims were laid when the priests tore out their hearts to offer to their idols: at the other end was a tower of three storeys, in which were the images of the two great Mexican deities Huitzilopochtli and Tezcatlipoca, and a variety of articles pertaining to their worship. "From the top of the temple," says Bernal Diaz, "we had a clear prospect of the three causeways by which Mexico communicated with the land, and we could now perceive that in this great city, and all the others of the neighbourhood which were built in the water, the houses stood separate from each other, communicating only by small drawbridges and by boats, and that they were built with terraced tops. The noise and bustle of the market-place below us could be heard almost a league off; and those who had been at Rome and Constantinople said that, for convenience, regularity, and population, they had never seen the like." At the request of Cortes, Montezuma, though with apparent reluctance, led the Spaniards into the sanctuary or tower where the gods were. "Here," says Diaz, "were two altars, highly adorned with richly-wrought timbers on the roof, and over the altars gigantic figures resembling very fat men. The one on the right was their war-god, with a great face and terrible eyes. This figure was entirely covered with gold and jewels, and his body bound with golden serpents; in his right hand he held a bow, and in his left a bundle of arrows. Before the idol was a pan of incense, with three hearts of human victims, which were burning, mixed with copal. The whole of that apartment, both walls and floor, was stained with human blood in such quantity, as to cause a very offensive smell. On the left was the other great figure, with a countenance like a bear, and great shining eyes of the polished substance whereof their mirrors are made. The body of this idol was also covered with jewels. An offering lay before him of five human hearts. In this place was a drum of most enormous size, the head of which was made of the skins of large serpents: this instrument, when struck, resounded with a noise that could be heard to the distance of two leagues, and so doleful, that it deserved to be named the music of the infernal regions."

This state of things could not last. Cortes, of course, had no intention of leaving Mexico, now that he had made good his quarters in it; but as it was not to be expected that Montezuma and his subjects would continue their friendly intercourse with him if they supposed that he purposed to remain, he saw the necessity of taking some decided step to secure himself and his men against any outbreak which might occur. The step which he resolved upon in his own mind was the seizure of Montezuma. By having him in their power, he would be able, he imagined, to maintain a control over the whole population of the city—amounting, it is believed, to nearly three hundred thousand. Nor was a pretext wanting to give an appearance of justice to the daring act which they contemplated. Cortes had just received intelligence that a battle had been fought between the garrison which he had left at Villa Rica, and a body of Mexicans under the command of the Mexican governor of a province adjacent to the Spanish settlement. Although Cortes cared little for this occurrence, he resolved to avail himself of it for his purpose; so, after a night spent in prayer for the blessing of God on what he was about to do, he proceeded with five of his officers and the two interpreters, Donna Marina and Aguilar, to Montezuma's palace. The monarch, as usual, received him kindly; but when Cortes, after upbraiding him with being the cause of the attack made on the Spanish garrison of Villa Rica, as well as with the attempt made by the Cholulans to arrest his own progress towards Mexico, informed him that he had come to make him prisoner, he could no longer contain himself, but gave full vent to his rage and astonishment. But the rage of an Indian prince was impotent against the stern resolution of the European general; and as the helpless monarch gazed on the unyielding countenances of his visitors, whose fingers were playing with the hilts of their swords, his anger changed into terror: he was seized with a fit of trembling, and the tears gushed into his eyes. Without any resistance, he was removed in his royal litter to the Spanish quarters, giving it out to his nobles and subjects that he went voluntarily, on a visit to Cortes, and desiring them to remain quiet.

Another degradation awaited the unhappy monarch. He was obliged to surrender the governor and three other chiefs, who had led the attack on the garrison of Villa Rica; and these were burned alive, by the orders of Cortes, in front of Montezuma's palace, the emperor himself being kept in irons while the execution was going on.

All this took place within ten days of the arrival of the Spaniards in Mexico; and for three or four months Montezuma continued a prisoner in the Spanish quarters. Here he was attended with the most profound respect, Cortes himself never approaching him without taking off his cap, and punishing severely every attempt on the part of any of his soldiers to insult the royal captive. Such instances, however, were very rare; for the kindly demeanour of Montezuma, his gentleness under his misfortunes, and, above all, his liberality to those about him, won the hearts of the Spaniards, and made him a general favourite. Nor did Montezuma make any attempt to regain his liberty. Attended by his officers as usual, he received deputations, and transacted business; amused himself by various Mexican games, and appeared to delight in the society of some of the Spaniards, for whom he had contracted a particular partiality.

The Spanish general was now absolute in Anahuac; Montezuma acted under his instructions; and officers were sent out in different directions to survey the country, and ascertain the situation and extent of the gold and silver mines, as if all belonged to the king of Spain. Nor was the formal cession of the kingdom by Montezuma long delayed. Assembling all his nobles at the instigation of Cortes, the Indian monarch addressed them, desiring them to concur with him in surrendering their empire to the Spaniards, who were to come from the rising sun. "'For eighteen years,' he said, 'that I have reigned, I have been a kind monarch to you, and you have been faithful subjects to me; indulge me, then, with this last act of obedience.' The princes, with many sighs and tears, promised Montezuma, who was still more affected, that they would do whatever he desired. He then sent a message to Cortes, telling him that, on the ensuing day, he and his princes would tender their allegiance to his majesty, our emperor. This they accordingly did at the time appointed, in the presence of all our officers and many of our soldiers, not one of whom could refrain from weeping on beholding the agitation and distress of the great and generous Montezuma."

Montezuma accompanied the surrender of his kingdom with the gift of an immense treasure, which he had concealed in an apartment within their quarters, desiring it to be sent to Spain, as tribute-money to King Charles from his vassal Montezuma. The sight of this treasure roused the avaricious passions of the Spanish soldiers, and they clamoured for a division of the wealth which had been collected since their entrance into Mexico. Cortes was obliged to yield to their demand. The whole wealth amassed during their residence in Mexico amounted, according to Mr Prescott's calculation, to about one million four hundred thousand pounds of our money, including not only the gold cast into ingots, but also the various articles of jewellery, which were of too fine workmanship to be melted down. The mode of division was this:—First, his majesty's fifth was set aside; next, a fifth of the remainder was set aside for Cortes; after that, all the debts of the expedition were to be discharged, including the amount vested in the expedition by Velasquez, the payment of agents in Spain, &c.; then the losses incurred in the expedition were to be made good, including the expense of the ships sunk off Villa Rica, the price of the horses killed, &c.; and lastly, certain individuals in the army, as the clergymen and the captains, were to receive larger allowances than the rest. "By the time all these drafts were made," says Bernal Diaz, "what remained for each soldier was hardly worth stooping for;" in other words, instead of amounting to two or three thousand pounds, as they had expected, each soldier's share came only to about three hundred pounds. Many refused to take their shares, complaining of injustice in the division, and it required all the skill and management of Cortes to soothe the spirits of the discontented. Not a few, it appeared in the end, were no richer for all the prize money they had obtained than when they left Cuba; for, as Bernal Diaz tells us, "deep gaming went on day and night with cards made out of the heads of drums."

Only one source of discomfort now remained to Cortes. This was the continuance of the idolatrous worship of the Mexicans. This subject occupied his thoughts incessantly; and he could not persuade himself that his efforts would be meritorious in the eyes of God, or even that he could hope for permanent success, until the false gods of the Mexicans had been shattered in pieces, and their temples converted into Christian sanctuaries. Not only as a devout Catholic did he abominate the existence of a false worship in a country over which he had control, but, as a man, as a native of a civilised country, he shrunk in abhorrence from the bloody and sickening rites which formed part of the religion of the Mexicans—their human sacrifices—accompanied strangely enough, among a people so polished and so advanced in ingenious arts, by the practice of cannibalism. At length Cortes announced to Montezuma that he must allow at least a part of the great temple to be converted into a Christian place of worship. Montezuma had been a priest, and the proposal was perhaps the most shocking that could have been made to him. He gave his consent, however, and one of the sanctuaries on the top of the temple was purified, and an altar and a crucifix erected in it.

This last act filled up the measure of Mexican endurance. To see their monarch a prisoner, to surrender their kingdom and its treasures—these they could submit to; but could they sit tamely under an insult offered to their gods? Hither and thither through the city ran the priests, with haggard faces, and hair clotted with blood, stirring up the zeal of the inhabitants, and denouncing woes unless the Spaniards were expelled. The crisis was imminent, and every possible precaution was used to prevent a sudden surprise by the excited Mexicans.

It was now the month of May 1520, and the Spaniards had been six months in the Mexican capital. Suddenly the little army was thrown into consternation by intelligence of an unexpected kind received by Cortes.

ARRIVAL OF A NEW SPANISH ARMY—DIFFICULTIES OF CORTES—HIS TRIUMPH.

It will be remembered that, before advancing into the interior of the country, Cortes had despatched a vessel to Spain with letters to the emperor, Charles V., and a quantity of treasure. Contrary to the instructions of Cortes, the vessel touched at Cuba on its voyage; and a sailor escaping, conveyed to Velasquez an account of all that had taken place in the expedition, down to the foundation of Villa Rica. The rage of Velasquez exceeded all bounds. He wrote letters to the home government, and also to the court for colonial affairs established in Hispaniola; and not content with this, he instantly began to fit out a second expedition, which was to proceed to Mexico, depose or decapitate Cortes, and seize the country for the Spanish sovereign in the name of the governor of Cuba. The fleet was larger, with one exception, than any yet fitted out for the navigation of the seas of the new world. It consisted of nineteen vessels, carrying upwards of a thousand foot soldiers, twenty cannons, eighty horsemen, a hundred and sixty musketeers and cross-bowmen, besides a thousand Indian servants—a force sufficient, as it seemed, to render all resistance on the part of Cortes hopeless. Velasquez at first intended to command the expedition in person; but, as he was too old and too unwieldy for such a laborious task, he intrusted it to Don Pamfilo de Narvaez, described as a man "about forty-two years of age, of tall stature, and large limbs, a full face, red beard, and agreeable presence; very sonorous and lofty in his speech, as if the sound came out of a vault; a good horseman, and said to be valiant."

The fleet anchored off the coast of Mexico, at St Juan de Ulua, on the 23d of April 1520. Here Narvaez received information which astonished him—that Cortes was master of the Mexican capital; that the Mexican emperor was his prisoner; that the country and its treasures had been surrendered to the Spanish sovereign; and that at present his rival was as absolute in it as if he were its monarch. This information only increased his anxiety to come to a collision with Cortes; and, with singular imprudence, he went about among the Indians, declaring, in a blustering manner, that Cortes was a rebel against his sovereign, and that he had come to chastise him, and to set Montezuma free.

Narvaez's first step was to send three messengers, one of them a priest, to the garrison of Villa Rica, to summon them to surrender. The commandant of the garrison, appointed shortly after the death of Juan de Escalante, was Gonsalvo de Sandoval, a young officer, a native of the same town as Cortes, and who had already won the esteem of his general and of the whole army by his valour and services. When the messengers of Narvaez, arriving at Villa Rica, presented a copy of Narvaez's commission, and summoned the garrison to surrender, Sandoval, without any ceremony, caused them to be seized, strapped to the backs of Indian porters, and instantly sent across the country to Mexico in charge of one or two soldiers, who carried a note to Cortes, informing him of what had happened. Cortes, after thoroughly gaining them over by kind words and presents, sent them back to sow the seeds of dissension in Narvaez's army. At the same time he entered into a correspondence with Narvaez, which led to no definite result. As there was great danger that Narvaez would succeed in alienating the Cempoallans from Cortes, if he were permitted to remain in his present position, Cortes resolved to leave Mexico with a part of his men, march to the sea-coast, and, if necessary, give battle to Narvaez. This was a perilous step; but, in the circumstances, it was absolutely necessary.

Leaving a garrison of a hundred and forty men in Mexico, under the command of Pedro de Alvarado, who appeared by far the fittest person for so responsible a post, Cortes set out with the rest of his force, amounting to less than two hundred soldiers, only five of whom were cavalry, and by rapid marches reached the Totonac territories, where he was reinforced by Sandoval and his small body of men. Altogether, Cortes's army did not amount to more than a fifth part of that of Narvaez. They were veterans in service, however, and, under such a leader as Cortes, were prepared to attempt impossibilities. Narvaez, in the meantime, was in close quarters at Cempoalla, aware that his rival was on his march, but little suspecting that he was so near. On the night of the 26th of May 1520, Cortes and his brave little band, crossing with difficulty a swollen river which lay between them and their countrymen, advanced stealthily towards Narvaez's quarters, surprised the sentinels, and shouting the watchword, "Espiritu Santo!" dashed in among the half-awakened, half-armed foe. The struggle did not last long; for Sandoval, with a small body of picked men, springing up the stairs of the house where Narvaez was lodged, succeeded, after a hand to hand fight with the general and his followers, in making him prisoner, after he had lost an eye, and been otherwise severely wounded. On learning the fall of their leader, the rest yielded; and when daylight came, Cortes, "seated in an arm-chair, with a mantle of an orange colour thrown over his shoulders, and surrounded by his officers and soldiers," received the salutations and the oaths of allegiance of all the followers of Narvaez. In his treatment of these new friends his usual policy was conspicuous: he plied them with flatteries, and loaded them with gifts, till his own veterans began to be envious. Thus, by a single bold stroke, which cost him but a few men, Cortes had crushed a formidable enemy, and increased his own force sixfold. Fortune favours the brave! His army now amounted to thirteen hundred men, exclusive of the garrison he had left in Mexico; and of these thirteen hundred nearly a hundred were cavalry. With such a force, he might now prosecute his designs in Mexico with every prospect of success, and bid defiance to all the efforts of the Mexicans to regain their independence.

He was disagreeably roused from these self-congratulations by intelligence from Mexico. Some difference had occurred between Pedro de Alvarado and the Mexicans, in consequence of which the latter had risen *en masse*, and were besieging the Spaniards in their quarters. Without loss of time he commenced his march towards the capital, leaving a hundred men at Villa Rica. At Tlascala he was joined by two thousand of his faithful mountain allies; and the whole army then pushed on for the Mexican valley, anxious to relieve Alvarado, whom the Mexicans were now trying to reduce by blockade. On the 24th of June they reached the great lake, and marched along the causeway without opposition, but amidst an ominous stillness. Alvarado clasped his general in his arms for joy; and now for the first time Cortes learned the origin of the revolt. Alvarado, suspecting some conspiracy among the Aztec nobles, had treacherously massacred a number of them collected at a religious festival, and the inhabitants had risen to take vengeance for the injury. Cortes sharply rebuked his officer for his misconduct; but the evil was already done, and to punish Alvarado would have been attended with no good effect. Moodily and bitterly, therefore, Cortes expended his vexation on the unhappy Mexican monarch, accusing him of being concerned in the insurrection, and calling upon him to check it, and procure provisions for the Spaniards. Montezuma complied as far as lay in his power: Cortes also used his best endeavours to allay the storm; and for a while it appeared as if their efforts were successful.

INSURRECTION OF THE MEXICANS—EXPULSION OF THE SPANIARDS.

The calm was only temporary. The day after the arrival of Cortes, a soldier, who had been sent on an errand by Cortes, returned breathless and bloody to the Spanish quarters. He had been fallen upon by a multitude of Mexicans, who endeavoured to drag him away in their canoes for sacrifice, and he had only escaped after a desperate struggle. The whole city, he said, was in arms; the drawbridges were broken down; and they would soon attack the Spaniards in their stronghold.

The news was too true. The Aztecs poured along the streets like a flood, approaching the square where the Spaniards were lodged, while the terraced roofs of all the houses in the vicinity were crowded with slingers and archers, ready to shower their missiles upon the besieged. And now commenced a struggle which lasted seven days, and to which there is no parallel in history. Day after day the fighting was renewed, the Spaniards either making a sally upon the besiegers, or beating them back when they advanced to storm or set fire to their quarters. The only relaxation was at night, when the Mexicans generally drew off. The Spaniards were always victorious; but their losses were considerable in every action, and the perseverance of the Mexicans alarmed them. Instead of yielding to their first defeats, they seemed to act on the conviction that they must be defeated continually until the Spaniards were all slain. This resolution astonished Cortes, who till now had undervalued the courage of the Aztecs. His soldiers, especially those who had come into the country with Narvaez, heaped reproaches upon him; although, when they saw his conduct in the fray—the bravery with which he would spur his horse into the thickest of the enemy, the generosity with which he would risk his own life to rescue a comrade from the hands of a crowd of Aztecs—their reproaches were lost in admiration.

Wearied out by his incessant efforts, and perceiving the hopelessness of continuing a contest against so many myriads of enemies—for recruits were flocking in from the neighbouring country to assist the Mexicans against the common foe—Cortes resolved to try the effects of negotiation, and to employ Montezuma as his intercessor. At his request, therefore, Montezuma, dressed in his imperial robes, appeared on a terraced roof, where he was visible to the multitude gathered in the great square. A silence ensued, and Montezuma was parleying with four nobles who approached him, when suddenly a shower of stones and arrows fell on the spot where he was standing. The Spanish soldiers tried to interpose their bucklers; but it was too late; Montezuma fell to the ground, his head bleeding from the effects of a blow with a stone. He was immediately removed, and every means used for his recovery; nor was the wound of itself dangerous. But his kingly spirit had received a wound which no words could heal; he had been reviled and struck by his own subjects, among whom hitherto he had walked as a sacred being: he refused to live any longer. He tore the bandages from his head, and rejected all nourishment; and in a short time the Spaniards were informed that their unhappy prisoner was dead. Cortes and many of the men could not refrain from weeping; and the body was surrendered to the Mexicans with every testimony of respect.

The fighting was now recommenced with greater fury, and prodigies of valour were performed by the Spaniards; but all to no purpose. Another attempt was made to induce the enemy to come to terms. The only answer was the threat that they would all be sacrificed to the gods, and the appalling information, "You cannot escape; the bridges are broken down." At last, as death was before their eyes, it was determined by Cortes, and all the officers and soldiers, to quit the city during the night, as they hoped at that time to find the enemy less alert.

Towards midnight, on the 1st of July 1520, they left their quarters secretly, most of the soldiers loading themselves with the gold which remained over and above the royal share, and proceeded as silently as possible towards the western causeway leading to Tlacopan, by which, as being the shortest of the three (two miles long), they thought it would be easiest to effect a passage. In this causeway there were three drawbridges, separated by intervals nearly equal; and aware that these had been destroyed by the Mexicans, Cortes had provided a portable bridge, made of timber the carriage of which he intrusted to forty picked soldiers. The van of the army was led by Sandoval, with two hundred foot and a body of horse under his command; the baggage, large guns, and prisoners came next, guarded by Cortes and a band of veterans; and the rear was brought up by Pedro de Alvarado and Valasquez de Leon, commanding the strength of the infantry.

The night was dark and rainy. The Spaniards reached the causeway without being interrupted. The portable bridge was laid across the first moat or gap, and a great part of the army had gone over it in safety, and were already approaching the second gap, when, through the stillness of the night, there was heard the boom of the great drum from the top of the Mexican war temple, the rushing of myriads of pursuers along the causeway from behind, and the splashing of the oars of thousands of canoes full of warriors, which were advancing through the lake on both sides of the causeway. Showers of arrows fell on the rearguard as they were passing over the portable bridge; and the Aztecs, clambering up the sides of the causeway, grappled with the soldiers, and tried to drag them into the water. Throwing off these assailants by main strength, Alvarado and his men steadily and expeditiously moved on. Meanwhile the vanguard under Sandoval having reached the second gap, were waiting until the portable bridge should be brought up to enable them to cross it. Goaded with the arrows which were discharged upon them in clouds from the Aztec canoes, they grew impatient of the delay, and began to cast anxious glances backward along the causeway for the appearance of the bridge. Suddenly the appalling news was passed along that the bridge had stuck so fast at the first opening that it could not be pulled up. The weight of the men and heavy baggage crossing it had fastened it into the earth so firmly as to defy extrication. When this awful intelligence reached the vanguard, order and command were at an end; uproar and confusion ensued; and, seized with the instinct of self-preservation, each man tried to shift for himself. Flinging themselves headlong into the gap, they struggled with the Mexican warriors in the water, upsetting their canoes in their drowning agonies. Rank after rank followed, each trampling upon the bodies of its predecessors, and floundering among the canoes which lay between them and the opposite side. Sandoval and a few of the cavalry swam their horses across; some of the foot also were able to reach the side of the causeway and climb up; but of the vanguard, the great majority were drowned, or slain, or carried off wounded in the Mexican canoes. Meanwhile on came the rest of the army; men, carriages, guns, baggage, all were swept into the trench, which was soon choked up by the wreck. Over this bridge of broken wagons, bales of cotton, and the dead bodies of their companions and enemies, Cortes and his veterans were able to reach the other side of the trench with less difficulty. Here, joining Sandoval and the few survivors of his band, they dashed along the causeway towards the third and last opening, regardless of the darts and arrows which the Mexicans discharged among them from their canoes. Reaching the third trench, they crossed it in the same manner as the last, but without so much loss, and were rapidly approaching the mainland, when, looking back through the dim morning twilight, they saw Alvarado and his rearguard pent up on the causeway between the second and third bridges, and almost overborne by the Mexicans who surrounded them. Cortes, Sandoval, and a few of the horse instantly wheeled round to the rescue; and, recrossing the third gap, shouted their battle-cry, and interposed between the Spaniards and their pursuers. This timely succour enabled most of the infantry to escape; and at length all had crossed the opening except Cortes, Sandoval, Alvarado, and a few others. Cortes, Sandoval, and the rest soon followed, carried through by their horses; and only one man remained on the Mexican extremity of the causeway. It was Pedro de Alvarado: his horse was slain; and he was standing on the brink, surrounded by enemies ready to drag him off, should he plunge into the trench. Five or six warriors were already advancing from behind to seize him, when, casting one glance at the opposite edge where his countrymen were waiting him, he planted the end of his long lance among the rubbish which choked up the gap, and, rising in the air, cleared it at a bound. The spot where this tremendous feat was executed still bears the name of *Alvarado's Leap.*

The Mexicans now desisted from the pursuit; and the relics of the Spanish army, advancing along the remainder of the causeway, entered Tlacopan. Here they did not remain long, being anxious to place themselves beyond the reach of the Mexicans, and to arrive at Tlascala, the city of their faithful allies. They were now able to count the losses which they had sustained during the night. About four hundred and fifty Spaniards, and nearly four thousand Tlascalans, had been drowned, slain, or made prisoners during the passage along the causeway; a loss which, added to the numbers killed in the battles within the city, reduced the army to little more than a fourth of what it had been when it entered Mexico ten days before. But the most deplorable part of the calamity, in the eyes of Cortes, was the loss of all the artillery, firearms, and ammunition, not so much as a musket remaining among the five hundred who survived. Still, under this accumulation of misfortunes, his heart did not sink; and his resolution was taken not to leave the country till he had regained his former footing in it, and annexed it as a province to the dominions of his sovereign.

His first object was to reach Tlascala, where he might recruit the strength of his men—almost all of whom were stiff with wounds—and arrange his future proceedings. After many difficulties, and another great battle, in which he defeated the Mexicans, he reached it on the 9th of July 1520. They were kindly received by the generous mountaineers, who withstood all the solicitations of the Mexican sovereign, Cuitlahua, Montezuma's brother and successor, that they would assist him in driving the Spaniards out of the country.

It was early in autumn before Cortes left Tlascala. His intention was first to punish several states of Anahuac which had revolted during his absence in Mexico, especially the districts of Tepeaca and Cachula; and then, after having reduced the whole country east of the Mexican valley, to return to the capital itself, and take it by storm. With a force so reduced as his, without cannons or other firearms, this was an apparently hopeless enterprise; but *hopeless* was a word of which Cortes did not know the meaning. Fortunately, while engaged in subduing the eastern districts of Anahuac, he received reinforcements which he never anticipated. Velasquez, ignorant of the fate of the expedition which he had sent under Narvaez, and supposing that Cortes was by this time a prisoner in the hands of his rival, had despatched a ship with stores, arms, and ammunition to the colony of Villa Rica. The vessel touched at the port; the captain and his men disembarked, suspecting nothing, and were instantly seized by the officer of Cortes; nor did it require much persuasion to induce the whole crew to enlist under the standard of a man of whom they had heard so many eulogies. A second vessel sent by Velasquez soon afterwards shared the same fate; three ships sent by the governor of Jamaica to prosecute discoveries, and plant colonies in central America, chancing also to land at Villa Rica, their crews joined the army of Cortes; and lastly, a merchant vessel, loaded with provisions and all the necessaries of war, arrived at the Mexican coast, and was purchased by Cortes—sailors, cargo, and all.

Having completely subjugated all Anahuac to the east of the Mexican valley, Cortes resolved to found a second Spanish colony in the interior of the country, which should form a halfway station between Villa Rica and the city of Mexico. The site chosen was Tepeaca, and the name given to the settlement was Segura de la Frontera. From this spot Cortes wrote a second letter to Charles V., giving an account of the expedition from the date of the last letter down to the foundation of Segura, and announcing his intention of marching immediately to reconquer Mexico.

SIEGE AND SURRENDER OF MEXICO.

It was five months after the date of their expulsion from Mexico before the Spaniards were in a condition once more to march against it. Part of the necessary preparations consisted, as we have seen, in the subjugation of those parts of Anahuac which adjoined the Mexican valley on the east; but another cause of delay was the construction of thirteen brigantines at

Tlascala, under the direction of Martin Lopez, a skilful shipwright, who had accompanied Cortes. These vessels were to be taken to pieces, and transported, together with the iron-work and cordage belonging to the ships which Cortes had destroyed off Villa Rica, across the mountains to the great Mexican lake. At length all was ready, and on the 28th of December 1520 the whole army left Tlascala on its march towards Mexico. It consisted of about six hundred Spaniards, with nine cannons, and forty horses, accompanied by an immense multitude of native warriors, Tlascalans, Tepeacans, and Cholulans, amounting probably to sixteen thousand men, besides the *tamanes*, who were employed in transporting the brigantines. Garrisons had of course been left at Villa Rica and Segura.

No opposition was offered to the invaders on their march, the Mexicans fleeing at their approach; and on the 1st of January 1521 they took possession of the city of Tezcuco. Cuitlahua, Montezuma's successor on the throne, was now dead, and his place was occupied by his nephew, Guatemozin, yet a young man, but the most heroic and patriotic of all the Mexicans. The policy of Cortes was first to subdue all the states and cities on the margin of the five lakes, so as to leave Mexico without protection or assistance, and then to direct his whole force to the final reduction of the capital. For four months, therefore, Cortes, Sandoval, Alvarado, and his other officers were employed, sometimes separately, sometimes in concert, in reconnoitring expeditions into various parts of the Mexican valley—from Chalco, on the banks of the southernmost, to Xaltocan, an island in the northernmost lake. Scarcely a day of these four months was passed in idleness; and it would require far more space than we can afford to do justice to all the engagements in which the Spaniards were victorious, or to all the feats of personal valour performed by Cortes, Alvarado, Olid, Sandoval, and other brave cavaliers. Passing over these, as well as the account of a conspiracy among his men, which the prudence and presence of mind of Cortes enabled him to quash, and of the execution of the Tlascalan chief, Xicotencatl, for deserting the Spaniards, we hasten to the concluding scene.

On the 10th of May 1521 the siege commenced. Alvarado, with a hundred and fifty Spanish infantry, thirty cavalry, and eight thousand Tlascalans, took up his station at Tlacopan, so as to command the western causeway; Christoval de Olid, with the same number of cavalry and Indians, and a hundred and seventy-five infantry, commanded one of the branches of the southern causeway at Cojohuacan; and Sandoval, with a force nearly equal, the other branch of the same causeway at Iztapalapan. Cortes himself took the command of the flotilla of brigantines. For several days the three captains conducted operations more or less successfully at their respective stations, one of Alvarado's services having consisted in destroying the pipes which supplied the Mexicans with fresh water, so that, during the rest of the siege, they had no other way of procuring a supply than by means of canoes. The brigantines, when they were launched, did immense service in overturning and dispersing the Mexican canoes, and also in protecting the flanks of the causeways on which the other detachments were pursuing their operations. At length, after much resistance on the part of the Mexicans, the two causeways, the western and the southern, were completely occupied by the Spaniards; and Sandoval having, by Cortes's orders, made a circuit of the lake, and seized the remaining causeway of Tepejacac, the city was in a state of blockade. But so impatient were the Spaniards of delay, that Cortes resolved on a general assault on the city by all the three causeways at once. Cortes was to advance into the city from Xoloc, Alvarado from his camp on the western causeway, and Sandoval from his camp on the northern, and the three detachments, uniting in the great square in the centre of the city, were to put the inhabitants to the sword. The plan had nearly succeeded. The vanguard of Cortes's party had chased the retreating Mexicans into the city, and were pushing their way to the great square, when the horn of Guatemozin was heard to sound, and the Aztecs rallying, commenced a furious onset. The neglect of Cortes to fill up a trench in one of the causeways impeded the retreat of the Spaniards in such a way as to cause a dreadful confusion, and it was only by efforts almost superhuman that they were able to regain their quarters. Their loss amounted to upwards of a hundred men, of whom about sixty had been taken alive.

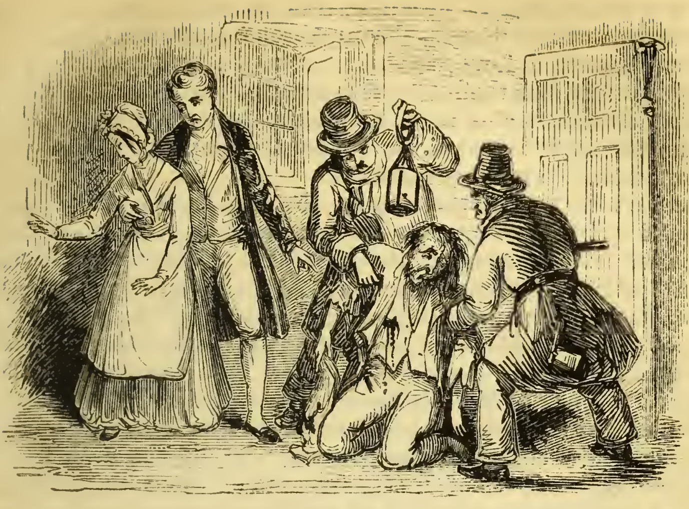
This triumph elated the Mexicans as much as it depressed the Spaniards and their allies. It was prophesied by the Mexican priests that in eight days all the Spaniards should be slain; the gods, they said, had decreed it. This prediction, reported in the quarters of the besiegers, produced an extraordinary effect on the allies. They regarded the Spaniards as doomed men, refused to fight with them, and withdrew to a little distance from the lake. In this dilemma Cortes showed his wonderful presence of mind, by ordering a total cessation of hostilities for the period specified by the Mexican gods. When the eight days were passed, the allies, ashamed of their weakness, returned to the Spanish quarters, and the siege recommenced. These eight days, however, had not been without their horrors. From their quarters the Spaniards could perceive their fellow-countrymen who had been taken prisoners by the Mexicans dragged to the top of the great war temple, compelled to dance round the sanctuary of the gods, then laid on the stone of sacrifice, their hearts torn out, and their bleeding bodies flung down into the square beneath.

Famine now assisted the arms of the Spaniards; still, with that bravery of endurance for which their race is remarkable, the Mexicans continued the defence of the city, and it was not till it had been eaten into, as it were, on all sides by the Spaniards, that they ceased to fight. On the 14th of August a murderous assault was commenced by the besiegers. It lasted two days; and on the evening of the second some canoes were seen to leave the city, and endeavour to reach the mainland. They were chased, and captured; and on board of one of them was found Guatemozin, with his family and his principal nobles. Guatemozin's capture was the signal of complete defeat; and on the 16th of August 1521 the city was surrendered to the Spaniards. The population was reduced to about forty thousand, and in a few days all these had disappeared, no one knew whither. The city was in ruins, like some huge churchyard with the corpses disinterred and the tombstones scattered about.

CONCLUSION.

Thus was the ancient and beautiful city of Mexico destroyed, and its inhabitants slain or dispersed. A monstrous act of unjustifiable aggression had been completed. Following up this great blow, Cortes pursued the conquest of the country generally; and in this, as well as in organising it into a colony of Spain, he did not experience any serious difficulty. On proceeding to Spain, he was received with honour by Charles V. He returned to Mexico in 1530; and again revisiting Spain in 1540, for the purpose of procuring the redress of real or alleged grievances, he died in 1547, in the sixty-third year of his age. It is very much to be lamented that, in the execution of his purposes of colonisation, the monuments of Mexican civilisation were everywhere destroyed, leaving nothing to future generations but the broken relics of palaces, temples, and other objects of art, scattered amidst the wilderness. Some of these ruined monuments, recently explored by Stephens and other travellers, show that the ancient Mexicans had made remarkable advances in social life as well as in the arts, more particularly architecture; and what renders all such relics the more interesting to the archæologist, is the growing conviction, that the old Mexican civilisation was of an original type — a thing noway derived from, or connected with, the civilisation of Egypt, or any other nation in the eastern hemisphere.

It is consolatory to know that the Spaniards have not succeeded in making Mexico a perpetual tributary of their rapacious monarchy. The cruelties they committed seem to have contained in themselves the elements of retribution. After a career of indolence, oppression, and bigotry, extending to comparatively recent times, their yoke has been thrown off; and their feeble and ignorant successors may be said to be in the course of coming under the thraldom of their Anglo-Saxon neighbours. It is difficult to compassionate the fate which appears to await the slothful and proud race whose ancestors laid the ancient empire of Mexico in ruins.



THE DESERTERS.

I.

IN the summer of 1812, a fine ship was holding her course in solitary pride through the blue waters of the South Atlantic. Though her sides were lofty, and she carried a heavy battery of guns, with a numerous crew, neither had her canvas the cut, nor her yards the squareness, of those of a man-of-war. She was, in truth, one of the richly-freighted barks belonging to those merchant princes of the East, of whom it may be truly said that few monarchs rival them in power, and fewer still in wealth. Every sail was set below and aloft, with studding-sails on each side, to take advantage of the favourable breeze which was sending her along at the rate of nine knots an hour from the shores of England. Her course was towards that surge-beaten rock which rears its lofty summit, dark, rugged, and alone, from amid the ocean depths—the island of St Helena—a spot which was afterwards to become famous throughout the world as the prison and the tomb of the great wonder of his age, Napoleon.

It is difficult clearly to describe the scene which the Indiaman presented, with her crowded cabins supplied with every article of luxury: the rich merchandise below; the stores of provisions; the dark berths of the seamen; the carpenters, blacksmiths, and tailors' shops; the cow-house; the sheep-pens and hencoops; the kitchen, with its ever-active cook; the butcher and baker following their avocations; people moving in all directions; and the hum of voices heard from every part; these, with the dark line of guns lashed to her bulwarks on each side, the snowy hammocks in the nettings, the numerous boats, the clean decks, the ropes fastened down, the tall masts, the outspreading yards, the white sails, and the intricate tracery of the rigging, the whole forming a defined and familiar picture to a seaman's eye; but to a landsman, who has never beheld the like, appears an almost incomprehensible mass of confusion.

The glowing sun of the tropics, now approaching the horizon, was casting his burning rays from an unclouded sky in a shower of golden refulgence upon the dark blue waters which rose and fell in gentle undulations, merely rippled over by the playful breeze, but unbroken save where they curled and leapt round the bows of the majestic ship as calmly she parted them asunder, or where her steady track was marked by a lengthened line of snowy whiteness. Her decks were crowded with people: the after-part with the officers and cabin passengers, while on the forecastle were collected the greater part of the crew; a few women—some natives of India, servants of the cabin passengers—and a considerable number of soldiers, mostly fresh recruits, for the service of the Company. The latter were raw youths, collected from all parts of the United Kingdom, of every sort of character and disposition, possessed of various degrees of education, and intended originally for different trades and professions, which many opposite motives had induced them to quit for the profession they had now adopted; and it was the duty of the older soldiers to amalgamate these very incongruous materials—a task not easy of accomplishment without the strictest discipline, firmness, and discretion, which latter quality was too often neglected, with the most fatal results, as the following narrative will show.

In those days it was the custom of the Company frequently to disembark their newly-levied troops at St Helena, both to drill and discipline them, and to inure them to a tropical climate, before they were exposed to the hardships of actual warfare, as well as to make them take their turn in garrisoning the island; a duty which appears always to have been distasteful and irksome to the young soldiers, from the unvaried routine, the constant parades, and rigid subordination to which they were subjected, instead of beholding the wonders of the East, which they had been taught to expect.

II.

Two young men were pacing together the short space afforded them for a walk on the top-gallant forecastle—a small deck raised above what is called the upper deck, at the fore-part of a ship. They wore the military cap and undress uniform of the other recruits, though the manner in which they trod the deck showed that they were accustomed to the sea, and there was that in their air and appearance which distinguished them from the rest of their comrades, and betokened them to be possessed of superior education. There appeared to be a slight difference in their ages, and the eldest therefore claims the first description. His figure was about the middle height, strongly built, with well-knit limbs, which gave promise of great bodily activity; his complexion was florid, with light closely-curling hair, while his features were not only well-formed, but would have been considered decidedly handsome and pleasing, had not fierce and unrestrained passions already stamped them with their indelible traces. His full gray eyes, when his feelings were unexcited, looked so calm and soft, that they appeared beaming with almost a woman's tenderness, but on the slightest opposition to his will, they instantly flashed with the angry blaze of his fiery temper; and his mouth, that more certain index of the disposition, betokened him to be a firm and fearless character, more likely to attempt leading others, than tamely to submit to dictation. The physiognomist examining his countenance would at once have pronounced him to be possessed of qualities which, if well-directed, might raise him to the most elevated position, but which, were he left to his own devices, would too probably prove the cause of his complete destruction. Such was William Halliday.

He was the second son of a wealthy farmer in the north of England, whose property bordered the sea-coast. He had been sent to various schools, as well as to one of the northern universities, but had, although possessed of good abilities, been expelled from each on account of his determined resistance to all authority. At the same time that young Halliday was pronounced an incorrigible reprobate by his masters, he was beloved by his companions of the same age as himself for his kind and generous disposition. He was at all times the champion of those who were oppressed and unable to defend themselves: often, too, would he bear the punishment due to the faults of another boy, rather than betray him to his superiors. He was always the first to be accused when no other culprit could be found. The behaviour of his masters by degrees hardened his temper, and made him alike indifferent to punishment or applause. How little did his instructors imagine the ruin they were working in a noble fabric! whereas, by judicious management from the first, his faults would have been corrected, and his disposition unimpaired. Notwithstanding his general idleness, he had contrived to gain a considerable amount of information, and his indulgent father had hopes of his reformation. He listened calmly and leniently to his son's excuses for his behaviour, forgave him, and told him that he must henceforth make amends for his former wildness by assisting him diligently in his business. William promised, and intended to perform his promise, but the dull routine of a farmer's life was not at all to his taste; and though for a time he attended with tolerable regularity to his duties, he gladly flew to other pursuits on the slightest pretext. Living close to the sea-shore, he had from his boyhood been accustomed to pass much of his time upon the ocean, and had become, by constant practice, a bold and dexterous boatman. His delight was to steer a light skiff he claimed as his own, at early dawn, far out to sea, where, miles from land, he would remain all day, delighting in the wild solitude of the ocean, nor return till the sun warned him that evening was approaching. And often would he, in mere sport, dart through the heaviest breakers, where few would venture to follow. By his courage and experience, indeed, the crew and passengers of a large ship wrecked on the coast were preserved—a gallant act, which gained him the applause and respect of all who heard of it, as well as the gratitude of those whose lives, at the risk of his own, he had preserved.

As yet, William Halliday, with all his errors, had been free from crime. His trials had not yet come. He was not to escape the fiery ordeal of temptation; and who, without firm principles—guardian angels, ever watchful by his side—can hope to escape unscathed. Unhappily he possessed not these; yet his thirst for excitement, and his love of enterprise, were the primary causes of his fall, rather than a vicious disposition. Had his father, instead of attempting to bring up one of his ardent temperament to the regular routine of his own profession, sent him at an early age to sea—where, while his peculiar failings would have been corrected by strict discipline, his desire for change would have been fully satisfied before it had gained overpowering strength—he might have escaped the peculiar temptations to which he was subjected. But such was not to be. Let his example prove a warning to others; and let other fathers and masters remember his fate, when they discover similar dispositions in their sons or pupils.

His love of the excitement to be found on the ocean caused young Halliday to become acquainted with all the seafaring men in the neighbourhood, some of whom were very bad characters. At that time the loose enforcement of the revenue laws gave encouragement to an extensive system of smuggling along all the coasts of England, and with many of the persons engaged in this illegal traffic he was consequently thrown in constant contact. Among the worst was a man of the name of Derrick, the owner of several smuggling craft. This man had long fixed his eye on young Halliday, calculating that he would be, from his intrepid character and social position, an able coadjutor in his plans. It was not long before he had an opportunity, of which he failed not to make use, of enticing the young man on board his cutter, and offering him a cruise to the coast of France. This offer was too willingly accepted, and frequently repeated; so that, although

Halliday took no part in their business, he was completely committed with the smugglers, and very soon not only forgot the lawlessness of their proceedings, but by degrees, from assisting, he lent a hand in landing the goods from the vessel.

Young Halliday knew he was doing wrong, but he tried to persuade himself that, as he did not take any of the profits of these illegal transactions, he was not distinctly implicated. In this delusion, he continued to associate with the contrabandists, and, as may be expected, was led from one thing to another, till he brought himself within the direct grasp of the law.

Early one morning the party, in landing a cargo of goods, were attacked by the revenue officers; a scuffle ensued; blood was shed; several were wounded on both sides; and one man was cut down by Halliday, who forthwith fled from the fray—a murderer. Hurrying from the scene, he crossed the country on foot, met the mail going northward, and taking a seat on it, was carried to York. From this place he found his way to Hull, where he intended to ship as a seaman on board the first vessel about to sail; to what part of the world he cared not. As it happened, not one foreign-bound ship was likely to be ready for sea. He, however, found a vessel ready to sail for London, and in this he took his passage. The voyage lasted several days, during which young Halliday became acquainted with a person of indifferent character, who introduced him to parties still worse in London. Once put on a wrong track, it is inconceivable how quick is the progress to destruction. Halliday could not be called deliberately bad; but his impulses and his heedlessness had been equally injurious. Ere he had entered life, in the ordinary sense of the term, he was a ruined man. The consciousness of being a homicide, and that his character was altogether gone, impelled him to sink the deeper in guilt. He scarcely cared what came of him. In this state of mind, it is not to be wondered at that he took part in an enterprise which had for its object to rob a gentleman on his way home at night, and who was known to carry a considerable amount of valuable property on his person. This affair proved less advantageous than had been reckoned on. The gentleman to be waylaid was well armed, and on being suddenly set upon, shot one of the robbers in the breast. The others immediately fled. The wounded man was taken into an adjoining cottage, which, strange to say, proved to be one inhabited by his wife, whom he had cruelly deserted; and the scene which ensued may be more easily imagined than described.

The now doubly guilty Halliday felt that his life hung by a single hair. Perhaps the wounded man, if able to speak, would reveal his name and residence. In this conjuncture he did what is probably done in many similar circumstances. Having exchanged his apparel for a common working-dress, and otherwise disguised himself, he enlisted into the army, or, as it chanced to be, the East India Company's service. In those days few questions were asked about previous character, and a fine youth was not to be rejected. He was at once enlisted under a feigned name, and before many days elapsed, had joined the depôt of the Company's regiments, whence in a few weeks he embarked for India.

III.

The young man whom we have mentioned as being Halliday's companion on board the ship had enlisted about the same time, but from different causes. Of a much less robust frame than Halliday, his figure would have conveyed the idea of activity, and no small power of endurance. Henry Hastings, as this youth was called, was the son of a clergyman, the rector of a small living on the south coast of England. Mr Hastings, after taking a high degree at Oxford, became a fellow of his college, where he continued to reside for some years, till he accepted the first living which fell in. Naturally of retiring manners, and possessing a poetical temperament, he had at no time mixed much in the limited society of the university, and with the world at large he was unacquainted. On his entering on the duties of his profession he married an amiable young lady, who died in a few years, after giving birth to two children—a son and a daughter. So completely were the thoughts of Mr Hastings occupied with his scientific and literary pursuits, and with what he considered the duties of his calling, that he appeared totally to forget the necessity of attending to his worldly affairs, and to the education of his children. Fortunately for them, on the death of his wife a widowed sister came to reside with him, and by her judicious management so corrected their failings, and excited their best qualities, that few more amiable or engaging children could be found. Julia Hastings grew up in time to be a lovely and charming girl, endued with good sense and talent, and a firmness of character which neither her father nor brother appeared to possess. Henry, though her senior by a year, had not, unfortunately, the settled principles, nor the determined spirit of his sister, though equalling her in amiability and a desire to do right, with even a more enthusiastic and romantic temperament. He had no vices, and many virtues, but they were all of a passive rather than of an active nature. Though books were his delight, his reading was too desultory and irregular to lead to any useful results; nor did any great improvement take place during the short time he was at the university. The only amusement in which, like most men of his age, he indulged, was sailing; and from his boyhood he had been accustomed to steer his light skiff over the dancing waves, and to manage her with considerable dexterity. It suited his romantic disposition. He loved to make excursions along the beautiful shores of his native county, to sail up its rivers, and visit its sheltered bays, till he almost fancied himself the explorer of new regions fertile and wealthy.

On Henry's return home after keeping his first university term, he brought with him to the vicarage a friend, whom he had known from his boyhood; and certainly Lionel Ravenhurst did full justice to his discrimination of character, for a more attractive person in mind, manner, and appearance could scarcely be met with. He came to enjoy a few days' yachting, which Henry had promised him, but his visit was prolonged for several weeks. Each day that the weather was favourable, the friends spent upon the water, when Julia was their frequent companion; nor did her beauty and amiability fail to make a deep impression on the heart of their guest. At last he was compelled to leave them, to join his family abroad; and Julia only then began to discover how essential his presence was to her happiness.

Scarcely had young Ravenhurst gone, when Mr Hastings was taken alarmingly ill, and before many days had passed, he died, bestowing a blessing on his children, and expressing a hope that they would be in some manner provided for. What a blow was this to Henry and his sister! Both were thrown suddenly on new resources, and with little hope of successfully overcoming the difficulties that presented themselves. One of the first things which Henry did was to examine into the state of his father's affairs. To his consternation they were found in a very confused and embarrassed condition. His father had not consulted a rigorous prudence in giving him an expensive university education; and it would have been greatly more judicious, in the circumstances, had he placed his son in some useful profession. But regrets on these points were now useless. All that could possibly be realised for the family, including the aged aunt, was fifty pounds a-year. Henry was overwhelmed with grief on his sister's account. For himself he felt not; but to leave one of so gentle a nature, and so gently nurtured, to the indifference of the world—to compel her to seek for subsistence in the capacity of a governess, to the irritating annoyances of unmannered children—the very thought was misery.

For some days his mind was in a state of anguish and uncertainty. At last his resolution was taken. He would devote all that remained of their father's property to the support of his sister, and he would seek his fortune in the world, and perhaps soon restore to her the luxuries she had lost. She, with her aunt, might thus in the meantime exist with some little comfort and independence.

The next morning, having packed up his clothes, he left a letter to his sister on the table in the sitting-room of the little cottage to which they had removed, detailing his intention, and what he had done for his support, and bidding her and his aunt farewell. He then, with an almost breaking heart, hurried from the door. Carrying his portmanteau on his shoulder, he walked some way to meet a coach going to London, where he purposed first to look out for employment. Weary and tired, he arrived there the next day, and then began to consider what he should do. He had already written to the few friends he possessed for introductions to people who might be of service to him in the metropolis. Some paid no attention to his request, others forwarded the introductions to the address he fixed on, but few expressed any great regret at his loss. At last, having received the letters, he set out to deliver them, but most of the people on whom he called were from home, and the rest asserted they had no means or influence to assist him. He then offered his services in various directions, and in various capacities for which he thought himself fitted; but from all those to whom he applied he received the same answer—the truth being, that in London there are always thousands of young persons needing situations, so that a new-comer cannot, or ought not, to expect an opening for his services merely on making himself known. Besides, Henry had never been previously employed; and this of itself was enough to prevent him from being taken into any house of business.

At length, driven to desperation, and too proud to descend, as he considered it, to any humble kind of employment, he did that which was worse—he enlisted as a soldier in the service of the East India Company. A hurried and half-frantic note to his poor sister only informed her that he was about to leave the country for some time, and that she must not be alarmed if she did not hear from him for several months.

It appears to be customary for lads to change their names when they enlist. According to the feelings of educated Englishmen, there is a degradation in becoming a common soldier—a being sold, it may be said, for the best years of life to a state of privation, and with the most slender hopes of improvement in circumstances. Following this practice of entering the army under a feigned name, young Halliday called himself Hall, and Hastings adopted the name of Hardy.

IV.

Such were the two youths whom circumstances had degraded from their position to be soldiers, bound for a foreign clime. We left them walking on one of the higher decks of the vessel. What was their conversation?

“A day or two more, and we shall reach St Helena,” observed Hardy; “and our next move will be glorious India. Think of that, my dear fellow. Then for our first campaign, when we may hope to plant our feet on the steep ladder which leads to fame. Does not your heart beat quick in anticipation of the moment when, called from the ranks, an ensign's commission is the reward of some gallant deed? How better far it is to feel that you have the power to carve out your own fortunes, instead of being beholden to the ungracious assistance of relations, or the cold charity of strangers!"

Hall looked earnestly at his friend for some time. "Hardy, I envy you," he said at last. "You always contrive to conjure up some bright vision of the future, while I can never look beyond the dark realities of the moment. I have sometimes thought that I should like to tear aside the thick veil which shrouds my fate, but no sooner has the idea occurred, than an indescribable horror has seized me, and, shuddering, I have plunged into some scene of excitement to drown the dreadful thought."

"I am too little versed in philosophy to account for the feelings you describe," returned Hardy; "but I should think it is one you might by determination conquer."

"Conquer it! I do. I trample it under foot. I defy its suggestions. But in spite of me, it will rise again and again during the moments of solitude or inaction, till I feel a fierce delight in dwelling on it."

"Such are the freaks fancy often plays us," replied his friend. "You are suffering from some cause you are not aware of, which affects your spirits. To-morrow will dissipate it probably."

"To-morrow!" muttered Hall. "It is the to-morrow I dread. Sometimes I fancy that I shall never see our land of promise—India. Hardy, I would give thousands to know that I was to die bravely fighting amongst a host of enemies. But that I scarcely expect. I am a victim of despondent feelings. However, no more of that. We shall see what to-morrow brings forth."

The morrow came. The glowing sun arose from his ocean bed, and directly ahead of the majestic ship appeared St Helena's lone rock, rearing the lofty heads of its rugged peaks high above the blue waves, which now leapt joyously at its base. To those long accustomed to gaze alone on the wide expanse of sea and the canopy of heaven, the dark rock, towering above the tall masts of the ship, appeared like some dreadful monster ascending from the ocean's unfathomed depths to destroy them. First rose to view the barren slopes and crags of the north side of the island, with the great Barn Rock and the cone of Flagstaff-hill, cold, rugged, and bare; but on a nearer approach, green fields, trees, and plantations showed that the land was not quite a desert. Next were descried the church and houses of James Town, in their narrow valley, flanked on every side by strong batteries, and backed by a dark mass of woods. Coasting close in with the wall-like side of the island, a few tacks were made to reach the harbour, and the Indiaman dropped her anchor before the town, under the guns of the forts. Scarcely had they arrived, when an order came on board to disembark the troops and their baggage, and to march them up to the barracks.

"What can this mean?" inquired Hardy of his friend as they were buckling on their knapsacks.

"Mean!" exclaimed Hall; "that we are doomed to remain on this horrid rock till some other dupes come out to relieve us. I feared it would be so, but I hoped we might escape the punishment."

This information was correct. The recruits took up their quarters in the barracks, and in three days their place on board the Indiaman being supplied by a few companies of well-disciplined and fully-accoutred troops, she sailed on her voyage, to the great indignation of a considerable number of the young men. That ship never reached her destination. Whether she sunk beneath the ocean waves, was stranded on some distant shore, or was destroyed by fire, was never ascertained, for not a soul remained alive to tell her fate. Had the catastrophe been known, it might have proved an important lesson to those who murmured at their lot; but such was not to be. Constant drills, parades, mounting guard, and other military duties, was the daily routine, while the most rigid discipline was maintained among the men. The slightest fault was punished with unwavering severity; the halberts were in constant requisition; and too many were exposed to the ignominy of the lash. Hall and Hardy had hitherto escaped punishment. Their good conduct and attention to their duties seemed to place them above the chances of it; but this very circumstance seemed to excite the animosity of their captain more particularly against them.

It is to be hoped that there are not many such beings in the world as Captain Pieman; but some few there are, unhappily, both in the navy and army—the blight of those who serve under them—who take an actual delight in spiting the best men. "Eh, eh," said Captain Pieman one day to Hardy on parade, "you think yourself a fine fellow, I know; a bit of a gentleman, eh? but I'll catch you tripping one of these days, and your dainty skin shall smart for it—so look out, my lad." Hardy bit his lip, but he knew his duty too well to answer a word to this brutal speech. Hall, who was near him in the ranks, heard the words; his eye flashed with fury, and he looked as if he would have sprung from his post and destroyed the petty tyrant. The captain, as he glanced along the ranks, observed the expression of his countenance. "I mark you, sirrah," he cried; "take care, or you will find the cat and your shoulders acquainted before long." Hall answered with a look of defiance, and from that moment he and his captain knew each other as deadly foes.

Week after week passed away; the cat did its work, and the recruits learned their drill; whether or not the punishment made them better soldiers, was afterwards to be proved. At length they began to look forward to being quickly relieved, and complaints became general at their long delay on the island. This feeling was still further increased by seeing several ships with soldiers pass on to India, and by a rumour that the regiment was to be detained permanently on the island. Not long before this, the troops in St Helena had broken out into open mutiny, when some of the men, led on by a sergeant, attacked the castle, a building on the sea-wall, where the governor was residing, and entering his apartments, hewed him to pieces with their swords. As soon as they had perpetrated the murder, they embarked in some boats they had secured, and succeeded in getting on board an American ship, which conveyed them safely to the United States, where they were numbered among the citizens of the republic. Notwithstanding this dreadful circumstance—for the mutiny originated from the same cause as the present dissatisfaction—the like system was pursued, the only difference being a stricter discipline and more constant watchfulness than had hitherto been exercised.

Some months thus passed wearily and grudgingly on, and the tyranny of Captain Pieman became insupportable. He had succeeded in his diabolical vow of bringing most of the men under his command to the halberts, but the two friends had hitherto escaped his malice. At last Hall, grown discontented and unhappy at the state of inaction in which he was kept, resorted to the dangerous expedient of drowning his cares in liquor, and was before long detected by his captain in a state approaching to intoxication. Condemnation to be flogged soon followed. Hall bore the infliction of his sentence with unflinching fortitude, but the feeling of his degradation entered into his soul. He could not recover his spirits; the gaiety of his manner had gone for ever. He became sullen and morose; nor could his comrades, who were hardened to the punishment, and could not comprehend his feelings, rouse him to activity. In the meantime Hardy, who, by his excellent conduct and rapid progress towards a perfect knowledge of all military duties, had won the respect of all his officers except Pieman, was to have been made a corporal, and his future advancement was prognosticated by many, when an event occurred which blasted all his brightening prospects.

V.

One day when Hardy's turn to relieve guard was not to come round till the evening, he left James Town, to enjoy a short ramble over the island. He wandered on for miles, thoughtless of how time sped. The sun and the surrounding heights served him for landmarks, and he felt certain that he could not lose his way; but unexpected circumstances combined against him. His watch had stopped, so he mistook the hour; suddenly clouds collected round the summit of Diana's Peak; the sky was overcast, deluges of rain came down; he ran for shelter beneath a rock; his landmarks were obscured, and he lost his way. He wandered about without being able to find it; darkness came on, increasing his difficulties; and it was not till late at night that, hungry and tired, he reached the town. The first person he encountered on approaching the barracks was Captain Pieman, who was returning tipsy from a party.

"What soldier is out of bounds at this hour?" asked the captain in his usual harsh tones. Hardy gave his name, and explained the cause of his irregularity.

"Oh, that's the reason, is it—eh? Let me tell you, my fine fellow, these excuses will not go down with me. Here, sergeant of the guard, keep this man under arrest," he called out.

"I speak the truth, Captain Pieman," urged Hardy in a respectful tone.

"What! You dare contradict me?" exclaimed the exasperated officer. "You shall pay for this to-morrow, depend on it."

Hardy uttered not another word, but, as he was marched off by the guard, he heard the captain vowing vengeance on his head. He passed the night in a miserable state, but his conscience was clear of wrong, and he hoped that, on giving an explanation of the circumstances, he should be acquitted. With the morning, however, came an aggravation of the difficulties of his position; for a report reached his ears that a robbery had, during the evening, been committed on a farm-house in the neighbourhood of James Town by a party of men, among whom a soldier of the garrison had been observed. The result of the investigation may have been anticipated. The charges of neglect of duty, insubordination and insolence to a superior, were proved. The lofty-minded, romantic, and delicately-nurtured Hardy was condemned to receive a hundred lashes; and though no proofs of his having been concerned in the robbery could be adduced, the stigma of suspicion remained attached to his name. The following morning was to see the consummation of his misery and disgrace, and as he lay on his rough pallet in the dark room which served as the prison of the barracks, how bitter were his thoughts, how acute the anguish of his mind! "Have all my bright aspirations come to this?" he mentally exclaimed. "Do thus end all my hopes of glory? From henceforth to be pointed at as a disgraced man, whose back is scored with the lash: to be suspected of theft! Death were surely preferable! Can I possibly endure it, and live?"

His spirit and frame were both alike exhausted by the contention going on within, and he sunk at length into a disturbed slumber. He had not slept long, when he started, from feeling a hand placed on his shoulder, and looking up, he beheld the face of Hall gazing earnestly at him, his features stern and fierce. An officer's cap was drawn over his eyes, and a cloak was thrown over his shoulders, beneath which appeared his side-arms and a brace of pistols, while in his hand he carried a dark lantern. Placing his fingers on Hardy's lips, to impose silence, he made signs to him to follow. Hardy mechanically obeyed; for so confused were his senses, that he had no time to reflect on what he was about to do. As he passed the door, he saw no sentinel to oppose his progress, nor at a second post did any one appear. At the end of a passage a window stood open, looking over the edge of a cliff. Hall now, for the first time addressing him, whispered in his ear that a rope-ladder was secured to the sill, by which he must descend. "Hold on tightly, and never let go till you find your feet on firm ground. There's not a moment to lose, as you value my life and your own; if you do not, you destroy me, for I can tell you I will never be taken alive."

Hardy felt the appeal, and did as he was desired. Descending the rope-ladder through the pitchy darkness, his hands knocking against the rough cliffs, not knowing where he was to find himself, with the risk every instant of discovery, he reached the bottom, where he was soon afterwards joined by Hall, who hurriedly informed him that they were outside the fortress, with a path before them leading down to the water's edge.

"I have no time for explanations," answered Hall to Hardy's eager inquiries. "Trust to me, and you are safe. A boat is in readiness to carry us beyond the reach of our enemies. Come on."

With these words he seized his comrade's hand, and led him rapidly onwards. They proceeded thus for half a mile or more along a narrow track by the side of the cliff, till, descending, they heard the ripple of the water on the rocks close to their feet, and turning an angle of the cliff, perceived a boat, with several men in her, in a little bay on the shore of which they stood.

"All's right," said Hall. "And now, Hardy, I have done my duty to you. I have an affair of my own to attend to; I would not miss it for the wealth of India, which was once to be ours." And he uttered a low laugh. "It will cause some delay, but that cannot be avoided. The men cannot go without me, for they do not know how to navigate the boat: you, therefore, Hardy, must act as their captain. If I do not return within an hour, stand off in a south-westerly course, till you calculate you have run out of sight of the island: the others will explain the rest. Now step into the boat: keep all silent. Good-by."

Saying this, he made Hardy take his seat in the stern-sheets of a large boat, and hurrying off, was immediately lost sight of in the darkness.

A few words must serve to explain the cause of Hardy's liberation. Some evenings before, while drinking in a tavern with some of his comrades, Hall had encountered the master of an American merchantman, who persuaded him and the rest to run off with a boat, promising to pick them up in his brig when out of sight of land, at an appointed spot, and to carry them to America. Hall, determining not to leave his friend behind, made arrangements to free him, which, as we have seen, were thus far successful. He then hurried back, at the risk of his life, to wreak his vengeance on Captain Pieman, who he knew was living in a remote part of a barrack by himself. What were the nature of the injuries he inflicted, may perhaps be afterwards mentioned. It is sufficient here to say that he added another to his already accumulated transgressions.

VI.

Some time had elapsed after Hardy found himself seated in the boat before his senses were sufficiently collected to enable him to consider, with any approach to calmness, the act he was about to commit. He was on the point of becoming the character which of all others a soldier detests the most—a deserter. True, he was a prisoner, unjustly condemned to suffer an ignominious punishment, and suspected of a crime from which his soul revolted; but notwithstanding all this, he doubted whether he had a right to desert his colours, to abandon his country, and to become the citizen of another, often at enmity with his own. He could no longer console himself with the reflection that, happen what might, he had performed his duty; from henceforth he would be ashamed to meet the eye of a Briton; no more could he see the land of his birth and his dearly-loved sister, but he was an exile wanderer among strange people. The thought was anguish. After waiting some time, the other men began to be alarmed at the non-appearance of Hall, and to express in low murmured tones their dissatisfaction at the delay. Chagrined at the detention, they had already made a pull from the shore, when Hall made his appearance, and they returned to take him on board. As soon as the boat touched the rocks, Hall sprang into her.

"The last time my feet shall touch that sterile shore; and now give way. When we are clear of the land, we will make sail. I am sorry for having detained you, but I am avenged;" and with a low hysterical laugh he threw himself back in the stern-sheets of the boat, and grasped the helm. "Give way!" he cried; and the men bending to their oars, the boat turned again from the shore.

The night was most lovely. There was no moon, but myriads of stars glittered in the dark-blue firmament, and reflected their light upon the mirror-like waters, while, sheltered by the lofty cliffs, the north-westerly wind which blew scarcely rippled their shining surface, and as the boat clove her way through them, urged on by the fear-impelled arms of the soldiers, her track was marked by a bright phosphorescent light, which played also round the bows, and on the oar-blades as they were dipped in beneath it, scattering a shower of drops, sparkling like diamonds, as they rose above it. Ahead of the boat was the boundless expanse of ocean; behind her arose, dark and frowning like some mighty demon of the waters, the towering cliffs of St Helena.

For some time not a word had been uttered. "What are we about?" said Hardy, at last breaking silence.

"We are escaping from slavery and tyranny, and going towards a land of freedom."

"I wish I could persuade myself that we had done right," said Hardy.

"Nonsense!" answered Hall in an angry tone. "Regrets are ill-timed. Think what you would have had to undergo this very morning had you remained."

Hardy was silenced, but not convinced that he was acting rightly. The other six men whom Hall had persuaded to desert with him were discontented characters, most of whom had undergone frequent punishment—men with little or no education or sensitive feelings, but daring and fearless, and fit for any hazardous exploit. They had all come provided with arms, determined, should any boat be sent in chase of them, to resist to the last. They knew the danger of their undertaking, and every instant they fancied they could distinguish some vessel in pursuit, but each time the sail they conjured up faded from their sight. Then they declared they could hear the splash of oars in the distance, and redoubled their efforts, Hall encouraging them; for he knew full well the hot pursuit that would be made when their escape was discovered.

A fresh breeze springing up, they hoisted their lug-sail—the only one with which the boat was furnished—and laying in their oars, ran quickly down towards the spot where the American captain had undertaken to pick them up. As the morning broke, the rock of St Helena appeared like a speck on the ocean; while shortly afterwards, between them and the land, the white canvas of a tall ship glanced in the beams of the rising sun.

"We are fortunate," exclaimed Hall, as his eye caught the welcome sight. "Our friend is better than his word. He promised to be up with us by mid-day, and we shall be on board him long before that."

"He must have got under weigh before daylight to be where he is," observed Hardy, who had been intently watching the sail.

"Mayhap she is some craft sent to look after us?" said Jackson, one of the most intelligent of the party.

"No, no; she's the American, depend on it," persisted Hall.

Hardy had for some time kept his eye on her. "She is not standing this way at all," he exclaimed; "she is beating up for the island, depend on it."

"Well, then, we shall have to wait rather longer than we expected," said Hall.

"No matter, we've plenty of food on board; and so, shipmates, to breakfast say I," exclaimed Jackson. "My pull has sharpened my appetite I can tell you."

The proposal was acceded to without a dissentient voice, and the deserters set to work on their slender stock of provisions, and feasted merrily.

"We've enough for three or four days," observed Jackson; "and as the American skipper undertook to find us in victuals, I see no use in hoarding it up."

"The brig may possibly be detained for a day," said Hall, who had his reasons for not wishing to expend their provisions too rapidly. "The captain told me so the last time I saw him; but if it were to come on thick, you know he might be some time in picking us up."

The rest of the men, without inquiring further, promised to be more economical in future, and stretched themselves as well as they could along and over the thwarts to go to sleep. But neither Hall nor Hardy could rest. They pondered on the hazard of their present undertaking, their punishment and disgrace if captured, the hardships they must endure should the American miss them—perhaps their complete destruction. Should they even succeed in reaching the United States, could they hope to be received by honourable men in the rank of society to which they aspired? Their eyes were constantly turned towards the small speck in the horizon from whence the friendly ship was to come, but not a sail appeared. The sun rose high in the sky, his burning rays darting down on their unprotected heads; he reached the meridian, and gradually again descended towards the west, but no succour appeared. The men awoke one after the other, and lazily lifting up their heads, inquired if there were any signs of the American, but hearing that not a sail had appeared, again went to sleep. Thus passed the day; but when the sun was seen to dip beneath the waves, the whole party roused up, and again attacked the provisions, wondering what cause could have delayed the promised succour. Hall's statement, however, satisfied them, and they prepared to pass the night in the best way they could. He and Hardy were now at length overcome with fatigue and anxiety, and Jackson undertaking to keep a look-out, they threw themselves down to snatch a few hours' sleep.

Hardy slept soundly, and awoke refreshed; but as Jackson watched his comrade's features by the dim light of the stars, they appeared frightfully distorted, as if in agony: his hands frequently clutched convulsively at the air, and deep groans and broken exclamations escaped his bosom. Jackson was a brave fellow, but when Hardy awoke, he told him that he was frightened to look any longer at Hall, and could not go to sleep for thinking of what he had seen and heard. Again the glorious sun arose, and once more the deserters' eyes were gladdened by the sight of a sail about three miles off between them and the land. "Here she is at last!" cried Jackson. The exclamation aroused Hall from his sleep. He sprung up on the after-thwart, and looked anxiously out. His gaze was long and steady; then dropping his hand, he sunk down again into his seat. "No!" he exclaimed; "she is a schooner, and beating up for the island. She must have passed us in the night."

Disappointment sat on every brow, and groans burst from the lips of some, at their ill luck. "Not the brig!" ejaculated Hardy. "The American has played us false," cried one. "The villain! to entice us out here to let us starve," exclaimed another. Such were the expressions which went round from mouth to mouth for some time, till as the sun, rising higher in the sky, cleared away the mists of the early morn, the man who first made her out uttered a shout of joy, "The brig—the brig!" he exclaimed.

"If she is the brig, she is more lofty than the American," observed Hall, after watching her attentively for some time. "I suspect she's the Firebrand brig of war, which came into harbour two days ago, and that she is sent to look after us."

On hearing this opinion, consternation took possession of the hearts of most of the men.

"Well, what are we to do, Hall?"

"Keep out of her sight in the best way we can," he answered. "There is no great difficulty in doing so. If we stand away to the northward till the brig of war passes this, and then if we lie close when she comes anyway near us, a hundred to one she steers within a mile of us without making us out."

"But suppose the American should not find us, what is to become of us?" urged one.

"For my part I'd rather the man-of-war picked us up than run the risk of starving," observed another.

"And be shot for deserters!" exclaimed Hall. "Mark me! you said you would stand by me if I would assist you to escape. I have kept my word; and the first man who attempts to signalise the king's ship, I will shoot him dead. I care not what happens, for I have determined never to fall alive into the hands of our tyrants. You know me, my friends, by this time, and may guess that I am likely to keep my word."

This speech silenced for a time the open discontent of the five men; for neither Hardy nor Jackson had made any complaint, and were rather inclined to side with his propositions. The lug was accordingly hoisted, and, close-hauled, they stood away to the north, increasing the speed of the boat with the oars. Hall had taken the precaution on the night of starting to have the boat painted on the outside with white, so that she might appear at a little distance to be merely the sparkling foam on the summit of a wave—a device to which he had often seen the smugglers resort to escape detection. Onward came the ship, her topsails and courses appearing one after the other, as if rising from the waves. She steered a course directly for the spot where they before had been. Hall and Hardy watched her movements with intense anxiety. Should she be looking for them, what chance had they of escaping the vigilance of her active crew; and probably, they thought, her boats would be sent out to scour the ocean in every direction round. "We must lower the sail, and keep ourselves close, or we shall be seen," said Hall. "Now remember my hint!"

The sail was accordingly lowered, and the men, sitting down at the bottom of the boat, peered over the gunwale towards the man-of-war. For some time she stood steadily on, then suddenly altered her course to the northward. They gave themselves up for lost; but she might not yet have seen them. Hall drew his pistols, and examined their priming. Hardy endeavoured, speaking in a low whisper, to deter him from his purpose of not surrendering with life; but in vain. His proposals drove him almost to madness. Hardy himself felt almost resigned to his fate. He wished not to live, but his religion taught him to fear to lift his hand against himself. As the last moment of liberty seemed to approach, all held their breath in an agony of suspense. In an instant there was a revulsion of feeling. The brig of war suddenly altered her course; her sails were braced sharp up on the larboard-tack, and away she stood to the eastward.

VII.

The retreat of the vessel, which, going before a fresh breeze, was soon out of sight, caused the deserters to congratulate themselves on their narrow escape. They now took their morning meal, for they had been too much occupied to think of eating; and then again hoisted their sail, and ran back to the spot where they expected the American brig to pick them up. Their eyes followed the ship as she stood away to the eastward, till she was lost in the distance; but whether she was in search of them or not, it was impossible to say. All day they watched eagerly, scanning the line of the blue sea, which seemed to cut across the peaks of the far-distant rock, but no sail appeared above it to cheer their hearts. Slowly the day dragged on; the deserters attempted to lighten the time by conversation, but a few sentences only were exchanged: they were too anxious to talk. The evening closed like the former one—in bitter disappointment. The night passed in anxious doubts and fears, and another sun rose over the heads of the misguided men. In vain, as soon as light came over the world, they scanned the horizon for the wished-for ship: not a sail dotted the sea. All was blank and dreary. The eyes of the rest were turned towards Hall with reproving glances. He knew their thoughts, and felt the silent and merited reproof. He saw that some strong measure must be taken, or they would remain there till almost starved; and then they would be compelled to return to the island.

"Comrades!" he said, "I can no longer doubt that some accident has prevented the American from sailing. Perhaps some one has given information to the governor that the captain was to pick us up, and if so, when he does sail, his movements will be watched, and we shall be taken to a certainty if we remain longer here. What say you?"

"What Hall says is very likely to be true," observed some of the men to each other.

"Why, it is likely enough; but where shall we go?" they asked.

"I have already said that I, for one, would never return alive to St Helena: but I have to make a proposition, to which I hope all will agree. Some distance from this there is, to the north-west, an island called Ascension (he was afraid to say how many hundred miles). It is very small, but as it rises high out of the sea, it can be observed at a long distance off. The shores abound with fine turtle, which are very easy to catch, and we shall be able to procure all sorts of food to recover our strength, for we must live on short commons till we get there; and we shall there also be able to lay in a store of provisions to carry us over to America, if we cannot find a ship bound in that direction. Are all agreed?"

The men consulted for some time together, and at last came to the resolution of agreeing to what Hall proposed. It must be remarked that, from the first, both Hall and Hardy had taken that position which their superior education and intelligence claimed, and had been looked on by the rest in the light of officers, though no formal respect was paid to them as such. Before shaping their course for Ascension, they examined into the state of their provisions, when they found that, with the strictest economy, eating merely enough to sustain life, they should have sufficient to last them for a week or ten days, by which time Hall calculated they would reach Ascension.

"Now remember the risk we run should it come on to blow!" said Hall. "I don't want to conceal it from you, but for my part I prefer death to slavery."

"So do we all," exclaimed the rest. "Then on to Ascension!"

The sail was hoisted, Hall took the helm, and shaping their course, the ill-fated boat stood away for Ascension. The weather proved uncommonly fine, and the wind shifted round more to the westward, so they made good way through the water. Besides Hall, Hardy and Jackson were the only ones who could steer by compass, so that they were obliged to relieve each other; and this giving them occupation, prevented them from dwelling so constantly on their condition. The other men passed most of their time asleep at the bottom of the boat; but it was dreary work, and soon they began sensibly to feel the want of their accustomed food and the scarcity of water; for Hall, who well knew that their only chance of living was by maintaining the strictest discipline, kept all the provisions in the after-part of the boat, serving out the daily rations with the greatest care. Day after day was the same: around them the heaving, sparkling sea; above, the deep blue sky and the hot sun, which, darting his fierce rays on their heads, seemed to scorch up their very life's blood.

Six long days had thus passed. The seventh came, and Hall asserted that on the morrow Ascension would be in sight. The dawn of the eighth day arrived: every eye, bloodshot with the heat and glare of the sun, was strained to the utmost, as the light increased, to catch sight of the wished-for shore; but they looked in vain—no land was to be seen; and with cries of disappointment, they sunk down in their seats.

"We must have come along slower than I thought we had," said Hall, anxious to encourage the rest, though dreadful misgivings crossed his own mind.

"Can we have passed it?" said Hardy to him in a whisper.

He answered with a look which showed that in his own bosom he thought the suspicion correct. "To-morrow we must reach the island," he exclaimed aloud. "We will run on all day, and lay to at night."

They did as Hall proposed, but no appearance of land cheered their sight that day; and the scanty remainder of their provisions would only support their lives three or four days longer. That night passed as many others had done: some of the men lay groaning at the bottom of the boat with hunger; others blamed Hall for leading them into this dreadful predicament; while he, when he closed his weary eyes in slumber, appeared visited by the most appalling dreams. With a terrible shriek he awoke, and starting up in the boat, gazed around with looks of the wildest horror.

"What has alarmed you, my friend?" asked Hardy, taking his hand.

"Nothing—nothing!" he answered unconsciously. "Did I say nothing? Was it a mere sleeping vision, or some dreadful reality? Oh, Hardy! tell me, my friend, did you see no one? Did you hear no words of terrific import? Oh no, you could not, or you would have felt, like me, inclined to leap beneath the dark waves, and so end my ill-fated life and all my woes together! But what am I talking about? I am wandering in my mind—speaking sheer nonsense;" and he broke forth into a wild hysterical laugh.

Hardy endeavoured to calm him, and as the dawn appeared, his spirits became more tranquil; but with the returning light, despondency took possession of the bosoms of the rest, for all around was the boundless sea and the blue vault of heaven. No signs of land appeared on either side. They sailed on till noon, in the faint hope of yet reaching the island, when Hall, after consulting with Hardy, announced to his comrades his conviction that they must have missed it altogether. This information was received with sullen apathy by some, and fierce anger by others, each throwing the blame of what they had already suffered, and what they might have to undergo, on Hall. He bore their rebukes manfully.

"Of your own free will you came, and nothing have I done without consulting you," he answered. "If you suffer, so shall I; and in no way have I fared better than you; bearing, too, all the care and responsibility on my own shoulders. I will not conceal the perilous condition we are in, but we have still a chance of falling in with a ship from some part of America, or we must endeavour to reach the coast of the new world in the best way we can. I put it to the vote. If anybody can propose a better plan, let him say so."

"I agree with Hall; such is our only chance," said Hardy.

"And I," said Jackson.

"And I—and I—and I," exclaimed the others; and their course was once more altered in the proposed direction.

VIII.

The most indifferent could not but feel the hazard of their position. Were they to the eastward of Ascension, they might still have some hopes of falling in with it; but if not, a run of many hundred miles was before them, with provisions barely sufficient to sustain life for the space of two days longer. Hall assured the rest that they were likely to fall in with some ship which would at all events supply them with provisions; but his tones contradicted his words. The severe privations to which they were subjected had begun to tell upon all the party except Hall, whose bold unflinching spirit seemed to defy their power; his mental energies and physical strength both remained unimpaired. He had provided himself with a small map of the world, by which he found that, steering due west, they should reach near some of the Portuguese settlements, either Pernambuco or Bahia, from whence he proposed that they should find their way to the United States. "Only let us get somewhere," said one of the men, "and then we'll talk of what we will do afterwards."

The men had become fretful and sullen for want of food, and of water they had barely sufficient to wet their parched tongues, for not a drop of rain had fallen to replenish their store of that precious article. What a scene of misery did the boat with its forlorn crew now present! Placed in the midst of the wide Atlantic, a world of unbroken waters all around, provisions and water gone, no friendly hand to save, and perhaps, worst of all, each of the sufferers was less or more oppressed with remorseful feelings. The sophistry which led them to desert, was now seen in all its deformity. They felt that, having undertaken a duty by a solemn engagement, they were bound to have fulfilled it at all hazards. In short, the greater number wished they had never quitted St Helena. But such wishes came too late.

Another day came, and as the provisions were served out, the men saw that, before many hours more had passed, there would be nothing wherewith to satisfy their gnawing hunger. But why dwell longer on what must have been long foreseen? At last the day arrived when they were *without food.* Slowly, and in silence, they ate their last mouthful; every man shared alike; and then they gazed vacantly into each others' eyes, and thought of *the morrow.* That dreadful morrow came. The sun rose red and hot, scorching up the remnant of moisture which existed in the emaciated frames of the wretched men. There they sat in their places more like spectres than living men, while the boat ran buoyantly and gaily over the dancing waves, conveying them whither they scarcely knew, except yet deeper into the vast expanse of the desert ocean, where food there was none. Yes; they felt that it was conveying them to death —death in its most appalling form—death by famine. What mockery it seemed as the boat bounded onward, as the glorious sun shone from out of the pure blue sky, and the clear sea sparkled brightly in his beams! Hope itself became faint within the breasts of all.

Towards the evening of that day one of the men, with his dim staring eyeballs, observed something dark floating ahead of the boat; they steered towards it. "A turtle—a turtle!" was the cry. Eagerly they hung over the side of the boat to grasp it in their arms, while one attempted to strike it on the head, for they had no other means of catching it; but, like the phantom of a dream, ere they reached the spot it sunk from their sight, and with a cry of bitter disappointment they fell back in the boat. Another and another appeared to tantalise their hopes; while now a troop of porpoises, with curved backs, would leap from the water, to remind them that abundance was on every side, but not for them. Then a flight of tropical birds would pass over their heads, but none approached within their reach. Their eyes were hollow and grim; their tongues were parched; their voices sounded faint; they glared at each other with a strange and terrific expression. What dreadful thoughts were now passing through their minds! Each man looked at his fellow in silence ominous of ill. The day ended with groans, and in tears passed the sad night. Hall's strength seemed unabated; Hardy also bore up, supported by a courage he knew not that he before possessed. Some of the men had been whispering together during the night. It was scarcely day. The cold pale light of dawn threw into deeper shade the hollows of their sunken cheeks and eyes; these gave tokens of their sufferings. They sat upright. A sepulchral voice called Hall by name. He started up from the slumber into which he had lately fallen while Hardy was steering: he looked wildly around.

"Who calls me?" he asked.

"Food—food!" was uttered by several of the men.

"There is none!" was the disheartening reply. Every one knew that this was the case. Again there was a prolonged silence.

"We must eat!" exclaimed one.

"There is no food!" again answered their leader.

"Then some one must die to feed us!" shrieked forth a soldier with accents almost supernatural. No one answered this dreadful proposal. Each man seemed to be conning it over in his thoughts. Their hearts sunk within them—their breath grew thick. Suddenly an unearthly cry arose of "Lots—lots!" They said no more; each man fully comprehended the resolve of his neighbour. Again they sat staring at each other.

"I protest against it," cried Hardy. "Heaven may yet send us aid."

"And I too," said Jackson.

"The majority are for it," exclaimed the rest.

"Be it so," said Hall in a solemn voice. "We might yet exist another day, but I will not vote."

"Food—food!" cried the others, glaring at those who opposed them. "If we cannot have it by fair means, we will by foul;" and they seemed as if they were about to rush on Hardy.

"You will not consent to wait?" said Hall.

"Food—food!" was the dreadful response.

Without again speaking, Hall cut a piece of rope into eight uneven lengths, and throwing them into a hat together, the dreadful ceremony began. Who could venture to paint the countenances of those wretched men?

"I suppose," said Hall, "he who draws the *shortest* piece of rope must suffer for the rest? Shall it be so?"

"Agreed—agreed!" cried the men.

The lots were accordingly drawn, each man looking away as he dipped his hand in the hat. A loud cry escaped from Hall's lips—he had drawn the shortest length. An awful silence ensued. Then starting up, and drawing a pistol from his belt, Hall broke into a hysterical laugh. The true, the haughty spirit of the man showed itself.

"Fools!" he exclaimed, "do you think I, who am the strongest, with more of life in me than all together possess, will die to save your worthless lives? He who moves, that instant dies!" Then he stood firm and strong in the stern-sheets of the boat, his weapons pointed towards the heads of his comrades. They cowered before him. Suddenly a new temper came over him. Hurling his pistols from him into the deep ocean, he sunk down into the bottom of the boat, and hiding his face in his hands, his bosom heaved convulsively. Oh with what bitter anguish was his mind racked! No one disturbed him. It might have been a kindness had they then slain him. Perhaps he expected it. He thought of his misspent youth, his wild and vicious career in early manhood, the anguish he had caused his father's heart, the crimes he had committed, the murder which was on his soul. Then the slaying of his captain appeared in its true light. "And must I die with all these follies and crimes unatoned for?" he exclaimed to himself. "Must I leave the bright world I enjoyed so much—to go where? Oh God, I know not! And for what? To enable these men to prolong their dull lives for a few hours. Oh Heaven, give me strength to bear my lot!" He prayed for mercy. "And yet," he continued, "it was I who led them hither: had it not been for me, they would not have embarked; had it not been for me, they would have given themselves up to the ship of war. Then Heaven's retributive justice has overtaken me, and I must bow to his stern decrees. I am the guilty one. It is right that I should suffer; and God's hand was in it when the fatal lot fell to my share."

Earnestly he prayed. Hardy knelt by his side, and petitioned Heaven to send them aid. He offered up prayers for the life of his friend, and registered a vow that, should his be spared, he would deliver himself up into the hands of the authority from whom he had escaped, and undergo the punishment to which he was sentenced.

Hall at length rose. "Hardy," he said, "I have determined to bear my fate as a man. Should you escape, and something tells me you will, visit my father. Tell him I died repentant, and petitioning for Heaven's forgiveness and his. Comfort the old man, but say not how or why I died. This is my last will and testament. Comrades, your pardon for what I have brought on you; and now, Hardy, I will show you how a noble Roman died. I learnt it at school, and little thought I should have to practise it myself. 'Tis all I remember." And he laughed faintly. "Take my hand, Hardy. Farewell! Who would think that, in a few minutes, I shall be the inhabitant of another sphere? It is a dream too frightful to dwell on; and madness will seize me if I dispel it not with the reality."

Tears started from Hardy's dim eyes; and while he was yet vainly intreating the rest to defer the fatal moment till another day, Hall drew forth a nail from one of the seats, and throwing off his coat, he opened the veins of both his arms. Hardy sickened at the sight, and hid his face with terror. Drop by drop the ruddy stream gushed forth, and soon the strength of their youthful leader grew as weak as the rest. Hardy saw not what followed. A convulsive sob struck his ear. It was the departing spirit of his friend.

IX.

The reader must picture the scene which now ensued: no pen could describe its horrors. Jackson had taken the helm. The boat sailed on as before. The sun arose in glorious brightness; and some of those who then lived were never to see it set, for death in other forms was busy with those hapless beings. Madness had seized one, and ere his comrades could save him, with a loud shriek he leaped into the waves, and sank for ever. Another lay down, and never rose again. Their numbers were thinning fearfully. Still the rest clung to life. Never had Hardy or Jackson passed a day and night of more acute suffering and wretchedness: gnawing hunger was tugging at their vitals; anguish of heart; dark forebodings of what the future might produce.

The dawn was approaching, when, as Hardy was seated at the helm steering, his eyes, from weariness, scarcely able to distinguish the compass, he was aroused by a cry from Jackson, who had just then risen from the bottom of the boat, to relieve him from his dreary watch. He looked up, and his eyes piercing the gloom ahead, a dark object rose directly before them.

"Land—land! A high rock directly ahead of us!" shouted Jackson with a hysterical laugh. "Land—land—land!" and he almost leaped into the ocean in his eagerness to reach it. The cry aroused the rest from their brutal lethargy, and lifting up their heads, they gazed at the dark mass which towered above them.

"Stand by to haul aft the sheet, if we should have to bring the boat up in the wind," said Hardy. "Out with your oars, ready to pull her round in case we find ourselves among reefs."

Onward sailed the boat towards the wished-for object, when Hardy, who was keeping his eyes intently fixed on it, exclaimed, "That is no land—it is a ship!"

"A ship! Where are her sails, then?" exclaimed Jackson. "It looks to me like a rock."

"It is the hull of a large ship, but completely dismasted," answered Hardy. "I can see her rising and falling in the waves. We must be careful when we approach her, to avoid the spars and masts probably towing overboard."

"Ay, ay; we shall have time enough for that," said Jackson. But he was deceived in the distance by the uncertain light; for scarcely had he spoken, when the boat passed close under the counter of a large ship, without a mast standing, though free from any of the wreck of spars which Hardy expected to find. He and Jackson, uniting their feeble voices, hailed the ship; but no answer was returned. He then intreated the other men to assist in calling for aid; and all joining in reiterated shouts, endeavoured to call the attention of any who might be on board, but without eliciting any responsive hail from the crew of the ship. All was silent as death.

"We must get on board without assistance," said Hardy. "Are there no ropes hanging over her sides by which we may clamber on board?"

"I can scarcely make out in this light," answered Jackson; "but if we run close alongside we shall find out."

"We shall be swamped if we attempt it, without great care; we have not strength to fend off as she rolls over," observed Hardy. And this was apparent to a person of any nautical knowledge; for though, with an active crew, there would have been no difficulty in boarding the ship, to persons so completely exhausted as were all in the boat, in the uncertain light of the break of day, it was a hazardous and difficult experiment. The sea, however, was tolerably tranquil. At each return of that long swell which continually agitates the bosom of the Atlantic, the vessel rolled from side to side, till her ports almost reached the water.

"Has she any drink on board, I wonder?" exclaimed one of the men in a voice husky from want of water.

"She may have, probably," answered Hardy; "and if you follow my directions, we may be able to procure some; but if not, I will not venture alongside, for we should all be drowned to a certainty. Now listen to me; get out your oars, boat-hook, and stretchers, to push off as she rolls over. Do you, Jackson, go forward, and endeavour to hook on to the main chains; and remember, let only one at a time attempt to spring on board."

Without further delay, Hardy steered the boat alongside the ship, while Jackson, with a rope ready in his hand, made it fast to the main chains. Climbing up the lofty side, he was not long in finding ropes to assist the rest. Hardy, seizing one, with difficulty hauled himself on board; but one of the other men, in his eagerness to spring forward, missed his hold as the boat receded from the side, and with a shriek of despair, fell head foremost into the dark water. The boat and the ship again met; his late companions looked for him in vain: he rose not again. The remaining two were safely drawn on board, and the boat being allowed to fall off at the end of a long rope, the party, reduced to four, stood on the deck of the ship.

The light of day was appearing in the east, but, exhausted with their exertions, the hapless beings had scarcely strength left to crawl in search of the food they hoped to find. Not a living being appeared on the deck; not a sound broke the solemn silence, except the never-ending splash of the waves as they washed the sides of the ship. Shattered spars, bales of goods, rigging, and sails, lay about the deck, over which it was difficult to find their way in the dark, and with one accord they threw themselves down amid the confused mass, to wait till daylight should enable them to commence a search for food. At last the light fleecy clouds which floated in the sky became tinged with red, and Hardy, raising himself up, crawled, as well as his strength would allow him, to the after-part of the deck. As he passed on, he saw more than one ghastly human form pressed down beneath the superincumbent wreck, destroyed evidently by the falling spars. Others, then, had been sufferers like themselves on the desert ocean—perhaps guiltless, too, of crime. But hunger urged him to proceed in his search, though it was with a feeling of awe that he descended the companion-ladder leading to the main cabins. What might he there expect to see? Perhaps forms like those on deck dissolving into corruption. The cabin door was closed: he opened it. No one was there. It was large and handsome, richly ornamented with a shrine and the figure of a saint at the after-part, which at once betokened her to be a Spanish or Portuguese ship; but what attracted his eager gaze more than all the signs of wealth which surrounded him, was a red clay jar slung in one corner of the cabin. He eagerly clutched it: it was icy cold to the touch: and tilting it up, he poured a draught of pure cold water down his parched throat. Oh what delicious nectar it seemed! With a cry of joy he called on Jackson to partake of the reviving fluid, as the latter entered the cabin; and then discovering an open locker, he drew forth a basket of broken biscuit and a piece of salt meat, which, dry and mildewed as they were, appeared delicious morsels to the starving wretches. Scarcely had they commenced eating, when the two other survivors found their way below. Hardy pointed to the water-jar; both rushed to it at once, and, maddened by their burning thirst, one struck the other a blow which felled him to the deck, while he, placing his lips to the brim, drank till, with a deep groan, he sank down by the side of his comrade.

Hardy and Jackson seeing what had occurred, without the power of preventing it, dragged themselves to the spot where the two men lay, to render them assistance; but it was useless: the lives of both were ebbing fast away, one senseless from the blow, and his murderer suffering excruciating torment from the quantity of cold water he had swallowed. The two survivors, taking warning from their fate, partook but sparingly of the food; and then, unable to move from the cabin, they lay down, and a deep slumber fell over them. It was towards the close of evening when they awoke, with their burning thirst unassuaged; and on returning to the water-jar to drink, the fate of their two comrades was recalled to their minds by seeing them lying where they had fallen, both with life extinct. They drank and ate again; and then, overcome by excessive drowsiness, threw themselves into berths on either side of the cabin; nor did they again awake till the sun of another day was rising from his ocean bed. Hardy arose with his mental and bodily faculties strengthened and refreshed, and collecting his thoughts, he felt how ungrateful to Heaven he had been; then kneeling down, he offered up his thanksgiving to that Almighty Power who had thus far preserved him.

Along with Jackson, he again partook of the provisions they had discovered; and then, with renovated strength, set out on a tour of inspection through the ship. They first clambered on deck, where such a scene of havoc and confusion met their eyes as they had rarely witnessed. On further examination, it was evident that the vessel had been dismasted in a gale, either at sea or on a lee-shore, where she had been deserted by her crew. That the last was the case, they discovered afterwards when going forward, from seeing the remains of two cables hanging out of the hawse-holes: so it was clear that after the crew had left her, a strong wind had come off the land, and driven her out to sea.

The individuals whose bodies they saw had been killed by the falling spars, and the condition in which they were in, was another proof of the length of time she had been floating untenanted on the ocean; for not a particle of flesh remained on their bones, and it was their ghastly skulls which had first, in the uncertain twilight, caught Hardy's eye. At first it struck Hardy that they might be able to navigate the ship to shore, or till they fell in with another vessel; but, unaccustomed to a seaman's resources, he soon found that this was beyond their power, and as probably she would scarcely be able to weather another gale, they prepared to resume their voyage in their own frail, but easily-managed craft. The boat, which had fortunately escaped injury by knocking alongside for such a length of time, was now hauled up, and they set to work to prepare her better for sea, by nailing planks round her gunwale, and decking over a considerable part forward, to shelter their stores from the spray, covering it tightly over with canvas. They then fitted fore and aft sails, and filled all the smaller casks and jars they could find with water, of which there was an abundance on board, stowing them at the bottom of the boat. Over this they placed several casks of salt beef and pork, with others of biscuits, covering all up with canvas, filling up the spare room with wood for firing—having discovered some iron work in the caboose, in which a fire could safely be lighted. They also collected a supply of clothes, carpenter's tools, and numerous other things which they thought might be necessary. Having cooked some food, sufficient to supply them as long as it could last good, they shoved off from the ark which had proved their preservation.

Three days had passed since they first stepped on board the ship, for in their weak state all these preparations took up a considerable time; but as the weather gave every promise of continuing favourable, they felt it was better to complete everything which might be necessary to encounter any heavy gale to which they might be subjected. How fearfully had their numbers decreased! Of the eight who left St Helena, two alone remained alive. Before leaving the ship, they wrapped the bodies of the dead in a torn sail, and with some heavy shot attached, launched them in their common coffin into the deep. What a contrast was there now between their condition four days ago and their present one! A fine breeze carried them onward; they had abundance of all the necessaries of life, and were daily recovering strength; but many days passed before their eyes were gladdened by a sight of land; and when at length their feet once more touched dry ground, they found that their trials were not yet over. After returning thanks to the Almighty Being who had thus far preserved them, they were walking towards a fort which they observed along the coast, when they found themselves surrounded by a party of Portuguese soldiers, who, roughly seizing them, dragged them before the commandant of the fort. Here they were unceremoniously consigned to a miserable dungeon, to await an investigation of their character.

X.

We now shift the scene of our story to St Helena. On the occasion of the desertion which has been narrated, the fate of the unhappy men was not believed to be doubtful. No sooner had the authorities notice of their disappearance, than an embargo was laid on all the ships in the harbour, with the hopes of compelling them to return; and this it was which prevented the American from keeping his promise. As, however, they did not return, they were supposed to have perished miserably. A new governor had been appointed, by whose enlightened, though strict management, a spirit of perfect subordination had been introduced among the troops under his orders. One day, about a year after the dismal events narrated, he was walking on a terrace overlooking the sea, in front of his residence, when a young man, in the costume of a sailor, presented himself before him.

"What is it you want, my good man?" said the governor.

"I come, your excellency, to fulfil a duty I owe to my country, and to accomplish a vow," answered the young man in a deep voice, slightly trembling with agitation.

"What is this? I do not understand you," replied the governor, thinking his visitor was affected in his mind.

"You see a man who has deserted from his colours, and has returned to deliver himself up to justice," said the stranger.

"A heavy offence, young man, and one which must be severely punished," said the governor.

"I am ready to undergo any punishment the laws of the service may inflict," said the stranger.

"You! What are you talking about? There have been no desertions since I came to the island, full ten months ago," answered the governor mildly. "But stay, young man," he continued, regarding him earnestly; "I never forget a countenance I have once seen, and those features of yours I know well. What is your name?"

"Hardy was the name under which I enlisted," answered the stranger.

"But not the one you always bore?" answered the governor, eyeing him still more attentively. "You say that you enlisted: in what corps, then? and how do I see you with the appearance of a seaman?"

"I assumed the dress because I acted as one to work my passage here," answered Hardy; and then, as rapidly as the governor would allow him with his frequent interruptions, he narrated all his adventures. How he had escaped from the Portuguese fort with Jackson; how he had reached Pernambuco; and from thence, with numerous hardships, had arrived at Rio de Janeiro, from whence he worked his passage in an English ship to the Cape of Good Hope, and so back to St Helena.

When he had concluded, the governor, instead of ordering him into instant confinement, calmly addressed him. "Your fault in deserting was a heinous one for a soldier; but in your case there are many extenuating circumstances, and you have already been most severely punished. Your conduct, too, in returning as soon as you had the power, in spite of all difficulties, and with the uncertainty of how you might be treated, is worthy of all commendation. This should be a set-off against all your previous faults, had we not the acknowledgment of that unhappy man, Captain Pieman, on his deathbed, that he had treated you most unjustly. I now remember all the circumstances, for I made full notes of them on my arrival. He even intreated that Hall might be pardoned, for he recovered from the wound inflicted by that unhappy man, and died only a few months ago from another cause. So far, I may congratulate you, young man, on your providential preservation; and now, tell me the name you bore before you enlisted—I have my reasons for wishing to know?"

"I would rather it were never heard till every stain of dishonour had been washed from it," answered Hardy in a faltering tone.

"You are right; and if I mistake not, it is one as noble as any in the land. Your accents betray the station to which you were born. Do I mistake you?"

"Your excellency is, I firmly believe, correct: my name is Hastings."

"I thought so. Your father was my earliest friend, and often have I seen you during his lifetime. For his sake, as well as for your own, the first commission I can bestow shall be yours."

"Pardon me," exclaimed Hardy, scarcely able to express himself from emotion; "I am not ungrateful for the kind interest you show; but after what has occurred, I cannot accept your offer. I must win my way to the rank you would bestow, and not receive it as an undeserved gift. Then may I be able to lift my head among my equals, and defy the malice of my enemies."

"I applaud your determination, and it shall be as you wish. The eye of those with more power than I have shall be upon you; and if the chances of war allow it, your fortune shall be in your own hands. Farewell, Mr Hardy; my heart is with you, though from henceforth you must assume the station you have chosen. A ship is expected shortly, to convey troops to India. You shall join them. In the meantime enlist again, and do your duty here under the name you have chosen."

The kind governor made a sign to Hardy to leave him; and the latter, with feelings of heartfelt gratitude, and a firm resolve to deserve his good fortune, forthwith went about the duties he had been ordered to perform. Hardy's return, and many of the circumstances connected with the fate of his companions, were well known at the time in St Helena, though his real name never transpired.

XI.

Several years after these events, as Mr and Mrs Ravenhurst were seated one lovely evening in summer in the drawing-room of their beautiful villa on the coast of Devonshire, with their lovely children playing round them as they gazed forth on the moonlit dancing waters of the ocean, the servant announced a visitor.

"Who did you say?" asked Mrs Ravenhurst. But before an answer could be returned, a stranger entered, and bowing to the master and mistress of the house, took the seat which was offered him.

"My intrusion at this hour may appear strange," he observed; "but I am anxious to make inquiries respecting a dear friend, a near relative of yours, I understand—Henry Hastings—Colonel Hastings, I ought to say."

A deep sigh escaped the bosom of the lady. "I once had a brother of that name," she answered; "an affectionate, noble brother. But he, we have too much reason to fear, has long been dead."

"And yet I can scarcely be mistaken," observed the stranger, as if musing. "We were in India together but a few months ago, and quitted it at the same time. He himself assured me of the relationship."

"Sincerely do I wish you are not mistaken," said Mrs Ravenhurst. "It would indeed be an unspeakable increase to my happiness to have my long-lost brother restored to us."

"Did he tell you the reasons for keeping us so long in ignorance of his existence, sir?" said Mr Ravenhurst, wishing to ascertain the truth of the stranger's statements.

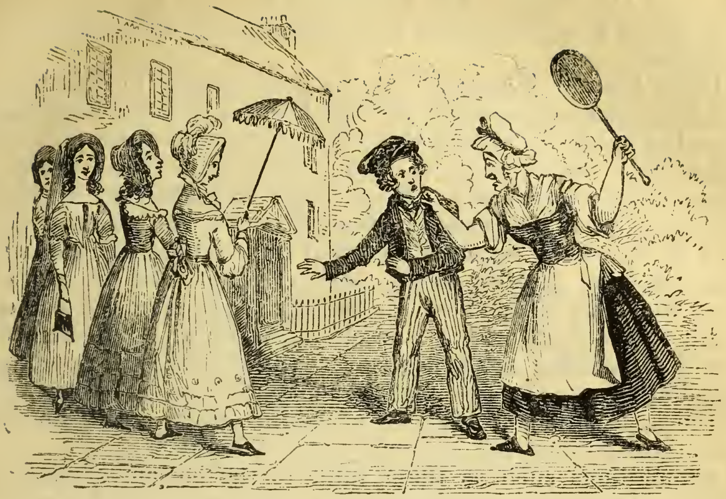
"His adventures were romantic in the extreme, and having already given his sister cause to mourn his death, while every day the reality was so likely to occur in the chances of war, he was unwilling to give her the additional grief should he fall. That she was happily married to the man of her choice, he had heard, and he therefore determined to remain unknown till he had won the station and name for which he panted. You have seen, probably, the name of Colonel Hardy mentioned in the accounts of the late wars in India?"

"Frequently—one of the most gallant and fortunate officers in the service!" exclaimed the husband and wife in the same breath.

"Such was the name your brother assumed," said the stranger in an agitated tone. Just then the servant entered with lights. Both Mr and Mrs Ravenhurst started, and gazed earnestly at the stranger.

"Henry!" exclaimed the husband, hastening towards him.

"My brother!" cried the lady, throwing her arms round his neck, and bursting into tears—but they were tears of joy. It was Colonel Hastings, once the deserter from St Helena—the sole survivor of the misguided party; and few can tell the agony of mind and the physical suffering he endured before he once more trod the pathway to honour.



A PRESENT TO APPRENTICES.

GEORGE MACQUEEN.—A STORY.

A NUMBER of years ago there lived a respectable widow lady in an old-fashioned court in the Lawnmarket of Edinburgh. Her name was Mrs Grinton. She was the widow of a magistrate in the town, and her means of subsistence were chiefly drawn from a moderate annuity settled on her for life. Fortunately, her family was not large, consisting of only a son and daughter, who engaged her attentions, and to whom she looked for comfort in her old age. Nothing particular marked the character of young Charles Grinton in his early years; but on his approaching the age at which it is usual to make choice of a profession, it was found that he was disinclined to settle steadily to any line of life. He was fond of trifling away his time on the Castle Hill, gazing at the soldiers on parade, or playing on the streets with any idle lads who were as inconsiderate as himself.

Among his various juvenile acquaintances, there was a boy, George Macqueen by name, whose character was really worthy of serving as an example. George was the son of persons in exceedingly humble circumstances. His father had been a gardener in the employment of a nobleman in Fife, and having been dismissed when past the prime of life, to make room for one who was younger, and more able to endure fatigue, he removed to Edinburgh, and gained a livelihood by dressing the flower plots and small gardens of gentlemen's houses in the outskirts of the town. His residence was in the cellar floor of the same tenement in which Mrs Grinton and her family occupied an upper storey; and hence a slight degree of intimacy grew up between their children.

Little George Macqueen, on his first coming to Edinburgh, and being put to the school at which Charles Grinton was already placed, was much laughed at for his country manners and peculiar accent; but, luckily, he did not much regard the shouts or sneers of his companions. He was told frequently by his father and mother that he must soon depend on his own exertions, and that if he were scrupulously careful in acquiring all the useful knowledge he possibly could, both at school and from books, there would be no doubt of his gaining a respectable livelihood, and perhaps of advancing himself in the world. "Remember," would his mother sometimes say, "although we are poor, your grandfather was for seven-and-twenty years a respected elder of the kirk, and you are come of honest people. See that you do nothing to hurt the good name of the family."

Admonitions such as these sunk to the bottom of George's heart. He pursued learning with avidity, and stored his mind with what might afterwards prove useful to him in life. As a humble acquaintance of Charles Grinton, he derived an advantage which could scarcely have been anticipated. Charles's father had left a tolerably good selection of books, and occasionally, by the permission of Mrs Grinton, one of these was lent to George Macqueen, a boon which was repaid by his assisting Charles in mastering his lessons at school. In this way our young hero read through the greater part of a voluminous Encyclopædia before he was fourteen years of age, and treasured up a mass of information on many useful subjects.

Now came the time for George doing something for himself. As the age of fourteen approached, the nature of his future employment was the cause of much cogitation. Applications were made to the heads of divers establishments, mechanical as well as mercantile; and at last an opening was found at Mr Cairnie's, a respectable dyework, where an apprentice was required. George at once prepared himself for entering the situation. The occupation of a dyer was not by any means cleanly, but that he did not mind. He wished to earn a wage, and when he carried home to his mother, at the end of the first week of his engagement, the sum of half-a-crown, the first money he had ever realised by his labour, there was not a happier boy betwixt the Castle Hill and Holyroodhouse.

It was some time before George was of much use to his employer, who, however, esteemed him for his diligence and trustworthiness. When put in charge of anything, he was conscientiously careful of his trust; and when sent on errands, he executed them with despatch and satisfaction; and nothing would tempt him to spend his master's time in his own gratifications. For all such excellent moral qualities, he was greatly indebted to the advices and hints of his mother, a woman who well knew that her boy's means of living would depend on the manner in which he exerted himself. "If George be honest and steady," she would sometimes observe to her friends, "I do not fear for what may happen to him. He may never be anything else than a workman; but he may be as happy in that condition as in any other, provided he do his duty, and that I hope he always will; at least it shall not be my fault if he do not." Would that every boy in humble life had so good a mother!

Let us now leave George for a while, till we give a view of Charles Grinton's outset in life.

When Charles heard that his late schoolfellow, George Macqueen, was turned dyer, and that he was now seen going to and from his work with a coarse blue woollen apron, and that his hands and nails were as dark as indigo could make them, he thought he had done a low thing; though, as his parents were poor, he considered that hardly anything better could have been expected from him. From this time, therefore, a coolness sprung up between the two acquaintances; and as their walk in life was different, they forthwith had no communication with each other. The choice of a profession formed an exceedingly difficult matter of consideration for Charles. His mother frequently importuned him to settle upon some line of life; and at length he decided on becoming a bookseller, which he was informed was a genteel, easy profession. His mother, therefore, made interest with a gentleman in that business to take her son as a junior apprentice, and with him he was immediately installed behind the counter. A few days, however, saw the termination of Charles's career in this profession. He was disgusted with the duty of sweeping out the shop, a thing he had not calculated on, and so threw up his place, and came home once more to his mother. What was now to be done?

Another kind of shop business was thought of. He took a fancy to be an ironmonger, because ironmongers sold gunpowder, and clasp-knives, and other articles that boys are fond of; and also because ironmongers keep shop-porters, who do all the dirtiest and heaviest work. So he was placed with an ironmonger in the High Street, and here he seemed more inclined to remain. But, alas! here he also foundered on his pride or false shame. One day he was ordered by his master to carry home a frying-pan to the house of a customer in George's Square, an order which he could by no means shift from his shoulders, for the porter had gone to dinner; all the other lads were engaged; and there were strict injunctions given that the frying-pan should be home at the customer's by a certain hour now near at hand. Seeing there was no help for this misfortune, Charles plucked up courage, and tucked the culinary utensil under his arm; and to save the risk of meeting with any of his Lawnmarket acquaintances, slunk away on his errand by one of the least frequented lanes of the city.

By this precaution, and a degree of good luck, he escaped the observation of any one who knew him till he was within a few yards of the house to which he was proceeding; when, oh horror of horrors! out there poured, from an adjacent pleasure-ground, a long string of young ladies composing a boarding-school, to many of whom he and his family were well known. The approach of a wild beast ready to devour him could not have been more appalling to the poor distressed genteel young apprentice than this band of harmless young women. In an agony of pride and confusion, he hastened to conceal the luckless frying-pan, by thrusting the flat part up between his back and his coat, leaving the long handle to project out below, but in a way he hoped would not be observed, especially as he calculated on sidling along with his face to the ladies as they passed him. Had Charles not shuffled in this ineffectual manner to conceal what he had no reason to be ashamed of, he might have escaped detection—for who heeds an apprentice boy whatever he be carrying? As the case was, his gestures caused some of the ladies to look towards him; and one seeing who he was, stopped with her companions to inquire how his mother was in health, as she heard she had been poorly.

While Charles was mumbling out some sort of answer to this interrogatory, the time had elapsed when the utensil he carried should have been home, and the cookmaid, losing all patience, ran to the head of the area steps to see if she could discover any appearance of its approach. What a blow to Charles's gentility! As he was making a stiff bow to the ladies, the enraged cook came up, and seizing the handle of the frying-pan, which stuck out like a tail behind, flourished it aloft with one hand, while with the other she gave the luckless apprentice a shake which almost deprived him of his senses. At the same time a laugh from the ladies, who were amused with the incident, made him ready to die of shame, and taking to his heels, he fairly fled down one of the walks of the Meadows. So ended Charles's experience as an ironmonger.

No persuasions could cause this infatuated youth to return to what was in every respect an eligible employment. It was in vain that his mother added threats to admonition to move him from his purpose; and as she was, like many mothers, foolishly over-indulgent to her children, and wanted firmness to compel obedience, her son was permitted to grow up without any settled pursuit. By the exertions of a friend of the family, he was taken into the employment of an accountant, who gave him some occupation as a clerk; but this was a precarious means of subsistence, and he had to depend in a great measure on his mother for his clothing, board, and lodging.

It is a true saying that idleness is the mother of all mischief.

It was so in the case of young Grinton. He had too much idle time on his hands, and this he spent chiefly in two ways. During the day he frequented stable-yards and repositories for the sale of horses; in the evening he attended clubs and glee-singing societies. It is instructive to mark his declension from this point. He had long been anxious to make the acquaintanceship of the famous Ralph Petersham, a young gentleman of first-rate abilities as a horse-jockey. Ralph was the only son of a wealthy and respectable clergyman, and, we believe, had been bred to the profession of a writer or attorney; but this was a business not at all to his liking. Nature seemed to have intended him for a groom; and he therefore, at an exceedingly early age, showed his love for horses, saddles, whips, spurs, and all the other furniture of the stable-yard. Instead of applying himself to the legal profession, he devoted nearly the whole of his time to shows and sales of horses, and thus became acquainted with many of the nobility and landed gentry in various parts of the country. Being light in weight, he also used to ride a horse at the annual races, and hence was enrolled one of the most celebrated characters in the sporting world.

Charles's career in folly was pretty hurried after he had been initiated into the craft of jockeyship by the well-skilled Mr Petersham. Even now, however, he was not past being saved from the effects of his behaviour, had he made an effort to free himself from the trammels of his idle associates. This effort he never made; and sinking into intemperate habits, was finally lost to all the decencies of life, notwithstanding the prayers and intreaties of his broken-hearted mother. That mother, alas! did not live to witness the concluding scene in her son's career. Her decease shot a pang through his heart which the deceitful glass could not assuage. His sister having some time previously been established in a distant part of the country as a governess, Charles now found himself not only deprived of the means of consolation, but without the means of support; for, as may be supposed, he had already been dismissed from the situation in which he had latterly earned a pittance of wages.

In this condition, and under the loss of Mr Petersham's friendship, which soon followed, we behold the conceited and impoverished Charles Grinton reduced to a state verging on destitution. To procure employment in Edinburgh was impossible, for his character was known to be bad. No one would trust him, notwithstanding his professions of amendment. Nobody would employ a being who had behaved with such heedlessness, when young men of the best character could be procured. As a last resource, therefore, and on the strength of a small subscription, he was compelled to go forth to seek bread as an emigrant beyond the Atlantic. While he is pursuing his voyage on board of a vessel bound from Greenock to New York, let us take up the history of the industrious youth who had seven or eight years before been his humble and despised acquaintance.

George Macqueen, in the course of his apprenticeship, was not less distinguished for his laborious exertions than his shrewd intelligence on points connected with his profession. He had the tact to perceive that there are two ways of fulfilling the duties of a workman at the employment in which he was engaged: the first, he observed, consisted in pursuing the business by habitual routine, without a single thought as to principles, and which leads to unvarying manual labour through life; the second, he remarked, consisted in a close attention to the principles upon which the craft is founded, and which, when attended to practically, as well as theoretically, will have the tendency to lead the artisan to superior modes of working, and consequently to honour and profit. He therefore devoted a certain portion of his spare time, during the evenings, to the study of different branches of natural philosophy, and particularly chemistry, often practising experiments at home, in order to render himself perfect in the elementary principles of that exceedingly important science. And how much to be commended were these rational pursuits, in comparison with those of the infatuated Grinton! While the one was gaining a knowledge of some of the grandest operations of nature, the other was most likely engaged in the undignified occupation of worming the tongue of a dog, or trimming a horse's tail.

Whatever was the character of George's studies, it is certain they proved advantageous to him in a pecuniary sense. He acquired the regard and confidence of his master, which in itself was a great point gained; and on the expiry of his seven years' apprenticeship, was considered one of the most expert and valuable workmen in the trade. He had not wrought more than twelve months as a journeyman, cheering the declining years of his parents by his filial attentions to their comfort, when an opening occurred for him of a lucrative description at an extensive dyeing and calico-printing establishment in the neighbourhood of one of the large manufacturing towns in the west of Scotland. Here, by the recommendation of his master, he was installed chief superintendent, a situation which he held for about two years, when a still higher promotion awaited him.

His intelligence and professional skill having been noticed by a gentleman from New York, who was proceeding on a tour through the different manufacturing districts, with the view of picking up a knowledge of some of the principal branches of the cotton and silk trade, and of procuring some good hands, in order to improve the manufacture of these fabrics in his own country, George received from him the handsome offer of being made manager in a large concern in New York, which was already set on foot, and in a flourishing condition. "We only require a few skilful individuals, and the knowledge they would bring," said Mr Vanderlin to George, "in order to rival British fabrics; and to such men as you we do not hesitate to offer the most liberal terms. Name your price, and we shall endeavour to meet your wishes."

To so gracious an offer, other circumstances concurring, George, or, as we should now call him, Mr Macqueen, gave his willing consent. He sailed from Scotland under auspices the most flattering to his feelings; and what was equally pleasing, was conscious of carrying along with him the respect and esteem of all who knew him. How unlike all this was to the expatriation of the wretched Grinton! How different were the prospects of each, on seeing before them the wide-spread world of waters which intervene betwixt the brown hills of their native land and the fertile shores of the states of New England!

We have not now much to tell of our two heroes; but in the little which remains to be mentioned, lies not the least striking part of the moral which the story unfolds. Mr Macqueen could hardly fail in the enterprise in which he had engaged. To a thoughtfulness and activity, which few exhibit in combination at his years, he joined a perfect knowledge of his business, both theoretically and practically. He modelled the establishment in which he was placed on the plan of that of the extensive concern he had formerly superintended in Britain; introduced a number of those extraordinary mechanical processes which formerly were almost entirely confined to some of the great Glasgow and Manchester factories; and finally, as we are told, raised the character of the goods produced to very nearly a level with that of the productions of England and Switzerland. For these great services Mr Macqueen was duly rewarded. From being manager, he was elevated to the condition of master, being given a share in the business; while a liberal allowance was still made to him for his continuing to exercise the functions of director.

Thus, from less to more—from being a poor toiling boy at a wage of no more than half-a-crown a-week—did this persevering young man rise, before he was thirty years of age, to be one of the first and most respected men in New York, now one of the most populous and wealthy cities in the world. And you will perceive there was no witchery, no magic, in the manner of his elevation. His success, under the blessing of God, was undeniably owing to his own conduct. Other young men who had started in life at the same period, in the same profession, and who had had precisely similar opportunities, still remained in almost their original condition. They had neither cultivated their moral nor intellectual faculties, nor resisted the petty temptations which on all sides assail the youth on his entrance into the busy scenes of life.

But where was the luckless Charles Grinton, that he did not appear to congratulate his fellow-townsman upon his good fortune? He had, as we have mentioned, sailed for New York in quest of employment, however abject it might happen to be. Where, then, was he now?—how had he fared in this new theatre of exertion? A word or two will explain. From New York, where he landed, he had proceeded along with a band of emigrants to Canada. At Montreal, by a singular piece of luck, he had received employment as a clerk in the office of a merchant, one of whose assistants had the previous day met with an accidental death when bathing in the St Lawrence. Charles's appearance was not prepossessing; but there was no choice. Here, then, was he once more in the way of well-doing. But it was useless. He subsided into irregular habits—was dismissed from his situation—wandered into the agricultural settlements, where he occasionally wrought at different kinds of severe manual labour—and at last pushed down to New York, with the hope of procuring employment in that quarter.

By a remarkable coincidence, the house in which Mr Macqueen had become a partner at this time required a person to act as truck-porter, and the advertisement announcing the fact brought Charles Grinton to seek it. The humiliation of feelings which agitated the miserable applicant, when, in one of the masters of this flourishing concern, he recognised his old associate George Macqueen, can be more easily imagined than described. George's heart, however, overflowed with tenderness towards his early companion. He interested himself to the extent of procuring him a situation somewhat superior to that which had been applied for; and we are glad to say that, by the exercise of proper discipline, and now and then a word of advice, he at length produced the happy effect of leading his prodigal friend from thoughts and deeds of folly to those of sober well-doing.

FRIENDLY HINTS TO YOUNG PEOPLE.

THE preceding story, showing the advantage of industry over idleness, cannot but suggest to the minds of youth the necessity for self-exertion and self-dependence, along with a spirit of well-doing. On these, and some other points, we propose offering a few hints.

SELF-DEPENDENCE.

Limited as your experience may have been, you can hardly have failed to learn the important truth, that nothing is to be obtained, no comfort procured, no luxury or convenience possessed, *without being previously purchased by exertion.* Young as you are, you will have noticed that your parents do not get money wherewith to purchase the necessaries of life, without giving something in return. Your father has fed and clothed you from infancy, he has given you an education suited to his means, he has bestowed upon you an infinite degree of attention, in order to fit you for the busy scenes of life; and when he has done all this, at a great expense both of his substance and his feelings, he cannot be expected to do more, farther than to give his best advice for your welfare.

Being now nurtured up to that point at which you are able to endure to a certain extent the withdrawal of parental support, you must not think it hard to be obliged to begin to do something for yourself. You only find yourself placed in the condition of every living creature. By a universal law of nature, the young of all animals are thrust forth from the parental nest on attaining sufficient strength to glean their own livelihood. Such, modified by human feelings and human customs, must likewise be the conduct of rational parents in pushing forth their families into the world, and so must young men commence the process of depending on their own faculties for subsistence. Judging from what we see around us, too little regard is paid to the moral lesson demonstrated by nature for our guidance in this respect. We find parents committing the error of allowing their families to hang about them long past the time at which they should have seen them placed out in the world in some honest calling or profession—a course of policy calculated to produce lasting regret even among the tolerably opulent classes of society.

But we much more frequently see the young endeavouring to avoid incurring the responsibility of self-dependence, and inhumanely leaning for support on those parents whose means have already been in a great measure exhausted both by misfortunes and the unavoidable expenses incurred in feeding, educating, and clothing their children. It must always be considered an exceedingly mean thing for a young man to continue exacting support from parents, after he was fully able to think and act for himself. There is, besides, an unfeeling cruelty in such conduct, for it is working on the benevolent affections of those who gave him birth, and committing a robbery, with the knowledge that its perpetration will not be visited either by rebuke or punishment. It seems to be difficult to convince the young of the urgent necessity for dependence on themselves. Long after they are placed in a way of earning a livelihood, they often think it all little enough that they can take from the parental home. As long as a mother or father exists, and retains a dwelling for the junior or female branches of a family, they are apt to suppose that there can be no harm in taking a little of that which is required by others less capable of ministering to their own necessities. Even although the burden of supplying the general wants should have devolved upon an elder brother, who has been prematurely invested with the character of guardian of the family, there are instances in which young men think lightly of exacting subsidies and assistance, in various ways, from a household so circumstanced, for no other apparent reason than that they happen to be connected with it by birth, or because their demands cannot, without indelicacy, be withstood.

We earnestly and affectionately warn you against lapsing into a line of behaviour so ungenerous and unbecoming as that here hinted at. You are now called upon to exert all your faculties in the noble object of self-dependence. You are endowed with a power to think, hands to work, and a frame to endure labour—why, then, depend on any one but yourselves? You will not suppose that we wish you to be thrown all at once on your own resources. That would most likely be only abandoning you to certain moral destruction and much painful suffering. What we propose is, that you should make up your mind to enter on some trade or profession, and follow up your inclinations by a steady attention to whatever calling you may attach yourselves. You may not be able at first, or for a little time, to do much in the way of supporting yourselves, but then you are in the fair way of well-doing. There is a pleasure in knowing that the money which we spend has been earned by our own exertions. One shilling gained by our own industry is always said to be worth twenty procured from friends. What we get for nothing is thought lightly of; but we know well the value of what has come in the shape of a remuneration for our labour.

CHOICE OF A PROFESSION.

Some young persons entertain ridiculous notions as to the choice of a profession. Carried away by the glitter of uniforms and the splendid pageantry of the soldier's life, nothing will please them short of entering the army; or, perhaps, carried away by the narration of maritime adventures, they resolve on following the hazardous profession of the sailor. But a very little experience of the realities of life generally banishes these idle dreams. Others pitch upon the clerical profession as most suitable to their ideas of living an easy and dignified existence, and enjoying the reverence of those around them, without reckoning on whether their parents or guardians are able in the first place to procure them the necessary course of education, or if they would subsequently have the good fortune to find a benefice. Many more equally delude themselves with regard to what are called professions. As a matter of course, they must be something better, though only in appearance, than their father; and so they frequently turn their attention to occupations which to them look remarkably genteel, but which all the world besides know to be superficial and unprofitable. The young in the middle and lower ranks of society should by all means be governed in these matters by their seniors, for they are certainly the best judges with respect to what particular department of industry they should attach themselves.

From our own experience of the world, it does not appear that it is of much consequence what the trade or business is to which the young may be put after leaving school. The main thing to be acquired consists in habits of industry and self-denial; and if these be secured by a certain course of probation, all other advantages follow naturally. It is by diligence and integrity alone that fortune and fame arise, and both can be exerted upon a thousand different objects of pursuit. It is nevertheless certain that many boys have a peculiar turn or genius for particular businesses. One displays a mechanical turn; another is inclined to a mercantile pursuit; and a third is of a studious disposition. These, and other similar tendencies, will of course govern both yourselves and your parents in the choice of professions; all that we can do here is to give you a few hints for your consideration. In the first place, try to attach yourself to a business that is of extensive application, and promises to last long. Avoid professions that will fasten you to a spot, or to a country. Let it be one that will give you support wherever you may chance to proceed. Avoid also sinking professions: catch the tone and tendency of society, and seek to float down the stream of general utility. You can never go far wrong in following a trade, the assistance of which all mankind require; for instance, every branch of business connected with education and literature is at present rising, and will still farther be extended all over the world. All the useful arts are likewise extending themselves; while those of a contrary nature are becoming more limited. The two least promising professions which can now be followed, it will be allowed, are the clerical and legal. It is clear that there will very soon be a complete reformation in the law both of England and Scotland; and what now costs us many pounds, will most likely by and by be executed for a few shillings. We therefore consider the law a very bad profession, and that not only prospectively, but at the present moment; for it is greatly overdone, and too limited in its scope. The profession of a clergyman is still worse. No one can foresee how this profession is in time to be regulated: that is to say, on what footing an aspirant is to stand in relation to his settlement in a charge. But allowing that there will be no change in this respect, please to remember how many probationers are in a state approaching to destitution. It is calculated that in Scotland there are seven or eight hundred young men educated for the church, and ready for situations in it, while the vacancies are somewhere about thirty in the year. In England, there is a similar disparity between the number of church aspirants and livings.

WILLINGNESS.

We shall suppose that at the age of fourteen or fifteen you are at length fixed in some line of business. Your situation is now exceedingly critical. You are the servant of a master; and it is necessary you should go through this course of servitude, to fit you for being some day a master yourself. You will perhaps be called on to perform some unpleasant, it may be undignified work, not agreeable to your pride. But go through all with alacrity and cheerfulness. Show *willingness* to do what you are bid; for, next to honesty and steadiness, there is nothing which masters like so much as willingness. If ever you show unwillingness, you are undone. If you be honest, steady, and willing, there is no fear of your success. We often hear a great many complaints about people not being able to find employment. A number of these complaints are certainly too well-founded; but rest assured of the fact, that masters have usually greater difficulty in getting trustworthy servants and assistants, than servants and assistants have in getting good masters. Men in business in large towns generally prefer apprentices from the country. The reason for this is, that country boys are considered to be more honest and steady than town boys. They possess at least greater self-denial. They have not the misfortune to be known by genteel people, and therefore they do not "think shame" to be seen doing their masters' work. This gives country boys an immense advantage over town boys; for an acquaintance with the higher ranks is often as dangerous to a boy as association with the dregs of the community. On the critical subject of acquaintances we must say a few words.

ACQUAINTANCES.

One of the most important concerns of young people is the management of themselves in respect of what are called "acquaintances." To have many friends is desirable, in a world where men are generally thrown so much upon their own resources. But there is a distinction between the friendship of a certain number of respectable persons, who are only ready to exert themselves for us when called upon, and the acquaintance of a circle of contemporaries, who are perpetually forcing themselves upon our company for the mere purpose of mutual amusement. Taking the words in their usual signification, a young man ought to wish for many friends, but few acquaintances. There is something in the countenance of a companion that cheers and supports the frailty of human nature. One can speak and act more boldly with a friend by his side than when alone. But it is the good fortune of men of strong character, and it ought to be the object of every one, to act well and boldly by himself. One thing young people may be assured of; almost all the great services which enlightened men have done for their race were performed alone. There was but one man, not two, at the discovery of the compass, of the Copernican system, of the logarithms, and of the principle of vaccination. To descend to lesser things, ask any man who has risen in worldly fortune, from small beginnings to great wealth and honour, how he contrived to do so, and you will find that he carved it all out for himself with his own hand. He will in all probability inform you that he has reached the honourable station in society which he now maintains, chiefly by narrowing the circle of his "private acquaintances," and extending that of his "public relations;" most likely adding, that had he on all occasions "consulted" the persons with whom he happened to be acquainted as to his designs, he would, by every calculation, have been still in the same obscure insignificant situation he once was. The truth is, it is only when alone that we have the ability to concentrate our minds upon any object; and it is only when things are done with the full force of *one mind* qualified for the purpose, that they are done well.

It is the misfortune of young people, before they become fully engaged in the relations of life and business, that they look too much to "acquaintances" for encouragement, and make the amusement which "acquaintances" can furnish too indispensable. The tender mind of youth is reluctant or unable to stand alone; it needs to be one of a class. Hence, the hours which ought to be spent in the acquisition of that general knowledge which is so useful in after-life, and which can only be acquired in the vacant days of youth, are thrown away in the most inglorious pursuits; for "acquaintances" are seldom the companions of study, or the auxiliaries of business, but most generally the associates of a debauch, the fellow-flutterers upon the Mall, the companion-hounds in the chase of empty pleasure.

There is a possibility, however, that the "acquaintance" may be no worse than his fellow, and yet the two will do that together which they could not do singly. Virtue is, upon the whole, a thing of solitude; vice is a thing of the crowd. The individual will not dare to be wicked, for the responsibility, he knows, must be concentrated upon himself; while the company, feeling that a divided responsibility is hardly any responsibility at all, is under no such constraint. There is much edification to the heart of the thoughtless and wicked in the participation of companions; and even in large associations of honourable men for honourable purposes, there is often wanting that fine tone of feeling which governs the conduct of perhaps each individual in the fraternity. Thus an excessive indulgence in the company of "acquaintances" is to be avoided, even where these "acquaintances" are not inferior in moral worth to ourselves. There is an easy kind of morality much in vogue among a great body of people, that "what others do *we* may do," as if higher standards had not been handed down by God himself from heaven, or constructed in the course of time by the wise and pure among men. This morality comes strongly into play among youth in their intercourse with contemporaries; and as it is always on rather a declining than an advancing scale, it soon leads them a great way down the paths of vice.

It will be found, in general, that a considerable degree of abstinence from this indulgence is required even to secure the most ordinary degree of success in life. But if great things be aimed at, if we wish to surpass our fellows by many degrees, and to render ourselves honourably conspicuous among men, we must abjure "acquaintances" almost entirely. We must, for that purpose, withdraw ourselves from all temptation to idle and futile amusement—we must, in the words of a great poet, "shun delights, and live laborious days."

INTEGRITY.

Another guiding principle is *integrity*. Be perfectly honest, neither abusing your employer's time nor his property, and avoiding everything like deceit. Dishonesty, you must understand, can be practised in various ways besides stealing. The property of others, though not taken by violence, as in the case of theft and robbery, may be taken fully as fraudulently by lying, cheating, or overreaching. To lie or to cheat is therefore as bad as to steal: you may commit as great a sin the one way as the other. We regret to say that many people whom you are likely to come in contact with in society think very lightly of either lying or cheating. Every day we hear persons of respectable exterior, and who are living in good houses, or keeping fine shops, deliberately telling falsehoods to their friends, and servants, and customers, in taking advantage of them by a thousand shabby tricks. Now, all this is highly blameable. Although the people who practise such vices often escape punishment from magistrates, still their crime is not the less heinous on that account. They have a conscience within them which will sooner or later sting them for their unworthy conduct.

Acts of honour and honesty, which add so much grace to life, though not attended with any special reward, are in themselves productive of the highest satisfaction. The way of transgressors is bitter—very bitter. But the life of the virtuous man, who has manfully resisted temptations, is even sweet in adversity. He who habitually squares his actions by the moral and divine law, is rewarded with the delightful glow of self-approbation: he feels he has done his duty; he knows his hands are clean; no one can accuse him of doing wrong; he has cherished no cankering care to gnaw him at the heart, and for ever spoil his efforts at happiness. Surely in these pleasurable sensations there is a reward far transcending mere pecuniary gifts.

SPENDING MONEY.

Study to be economical and self-denying. What money can be spared, let it be deposited in a savings' bank till it has accumulated to a sum sufficiently large for some useful purpose. It is inconceivable what a deal of money is thrown away by young people in what are called "trifling sums"—in shillings, sixpences, and even pennies. Much more, indeed, is expended by them in this small way than in sums of larger amount; mostly, too, in a way that tends to no real good, generally on mere superfluities, sight-seeing, things which might by the least possible exertion of self-denial be dispensed with, and never missed.

Spending money uselessly is, in some, merely a bad habit; in others it is matter of vanity. In all, however, it originally proceeds chiefly from thoughtlessness and want of calculation as to the amount of all the little items spent when added together; and how deeply, though almost imperceptibly, they eat into the amount of a weekly wage or annual revenue. The sums, viewed separately, appear very insignificant; yet how fast they run up to something of consequence! Truly might Poor Richard say—"Take care of the pence, and the pounds will take care of themselves."

It is very important for all persons in humble circumstances to remember, that if they spend all they earn, laying by nothing, they can scarcely expect to be ever in better circumstances than they now are. Opportunities may occur for their bettering their condition; but if they have nothing, they may not be able to take advantage of these circumstances. For want of a small sum to buy respectable clothing, they may lose a good situation. For want of a few pounds, which they might have saved, they may be fixed to a place where there is little means of improvement, while others possessing more self-denial and foresight are able to embrace that advantage.

ECONOMY OF TIME—SELF-IMPROVEMENT.

There may be economy in employment of time as well as in spending of money. Time, in fact, is money, or money's worth. Few reflect deeply on this truth. Young persons, in particular, throw away a vast deal of leisure time in a way often worse than useless. Much they spend in silly gossip with acquaintances, much on frivolous amusements, much in perfect vacancy of thought. In many country towns, an incalculable amount of time is spent in lounging at doorways or on the street. If all this idle time, exclusive of what should be properly enough devoted to open-air exercise, were spent in the acquisition of some kind of useful knowledge, what a difference there would be in the lot of many young persons!

We say to the young, devote your leisure hours to some useful purpose. And what are your leisure hours? Spare hours in the winter evenings, after the labours of the day are over, and also hours in the morning, particularly during summer. Rising at an early hour—as, for instance, at four or five o'clock—may be made the means of self-culture to a very considerable extent. Science or history may be studied; languages may be learned.

Early rising is perhaps considered by many to be a very vulgar practice. Those who say so have perused the biographies of great men with little attention. It is indisputable that few ever lived to a great age, and fewer still ever became distinguished, who were not in the habit of early rising. You rise late, and of course get about your business at a late hour, and everything goes wrong all day. Franklin says "that he who rises late, may trot all day, and not have overtaken his business at night." Dean Swift avers "that he never knew any man come to greatness and eminence who lay in bed of a morning." We believe that, with other degeneracies of our days, history will prove that late rising is a prominent one. There seems to be now a tendency to turn day into night—to breakfast late, dine late, and go to bed late, and consequently to rise late. All this is most pernicious both to health and morals. To a certain extent, people must do as others do: nevertheless, every one is less or more able to act with something like independence of principle; the young—those who have everything to learn and to win—can at least act upon a plan of rising at an early hour.

In order to rise early, we would recommend an early hour for retiring. There are many other reasons for this. Neither your eyes nor your health are so likely to be destroyed. Nature seems to have so fitted things, that we ought to rest in the early part of the night. A professor used to tell his students "that one hour of sleep before midnight is worth more than two hours after that time." Let it be a rule with you, and, if possible, adhered to, that you be home and have your light extinguished by *ten* o'clock in the evening. You may then rise at five, and have seven hours to rest, which is about what nature requires. It may be most confidently affirmed, that he who from his youth is in the habit of rising early, will be much more likely to live to old age, more likely to be a distinguished and useful man, and more likely to pass a life that is peaceful and pleasant. Read the life of Franklin, and see what he accomplished, both as respects economising of time and the cultivation of his own capacious mind.

In connection with self-improvement, let us say a word on the duty of professional diligence. It is a fact which you cannot be too well made aware of, that a man may distinguish himself, or at least attain great respectability, in any profession which is really honourable and socially useful. Whatever you do, learn to do that well. Do not be discouraged by difficulties, nor vex yourselves with what may be the final results of your efforts. Just go on quietly and diligently, seizing hold of every occasion for improvement, and acquiring habits of industry, which will form your character and stick to you through life. The likelihood is, that by this simple but persevering course—a course unmarked by any great effort—you will pass the idle, the dissipated, and the timorous, realising those rewards which usually wait on well-directed enterprise.

GOOD MANNERS.

It is very true that a man may be honest, industrious, and well-meaning, yet will not advance himself in the opinion of the world, if he be not at the same time courteous in his manners, and show a general good-naturedness of disposition. We recommend you, therefore, to cultivate civility or politeness of manner. Speak kindly and considerately to all. Avoid everything like rudeness in addressing any one, even although you have reason to be displeased. Ask respectfully for what you wish; give what you have to offer mildly; make no offensive reply to those who speak harshly to you. Remember that "a smooth word turneth away wrath." Never be afraid to speak the truth, but do not obtrude unpleasant truths when it is not desirable. Be slow in believing ill of any one; and try rather to make friends than enemies. On no account imitate those who use vicious or slang phrases in their discourse. The use of slang, like swearing, is a habit exceedingly easy to be acquired, and most difficult to be eradicted when once fixed and cherished. It is a habit which assuredly endangers moral principle, and at the very least gives a low grovelling turn to the character of those who indulge in it. When spoken by cheats, thieves, robbers, and every other species of livers on plunder, it betokens a mind sunk in vice, and perhaps hopelessly ruined.

In endeavouring to avoid giving offence to those about you, it will be necessary for you to learn to listen with consideration and patience to the person who is addressing you, particularly if the speaker be a female. Let your answers be couched in civil, obliging language; and although you have reason to disbelieve that which you hear, do not contradict the speaker rudely or warmly. Merely observe that what is said "is remarkable;" "that it may be so, but you heard otherwise;" or, "there may be some mistake in the report," and so forth; never, at anyrate, flatly contradict, for that might give serious offence to one who most likely means no harm, and who might be convinced of his error by your politely explaining your reasons for thinking differently from him. When you speak in company, do it with ease and without affectation; do not hum, and ha, and stammer, or appear to be seeking for fine words wherewith to embellish your discourse. A simple straightforward form of speech, using the words you are best acquainted with, and without any desire to show off, is always the most commendable, and will be the most pleasing. Avoid also the use of those vulgar expressions which you hear continually in the mouths of under-bred, clownish persons, such as—"says she," "says he," "you understand," and "you know;" likewise such phrases as—"Mr What-d'ye-call-him," "Mr Thingumbob," and so on.

It is true that all have not the same ability to speak elegantly or well; but all have it in their power to please by simplicity of manner and purity of verbiage. It is quite possible to render your conversation acceptable, although you use very common words. One of the principal means of pleasing in discourse, consists in not using any terms which can raise disagreeable ideas or recollections in the minds of those whom you are addressing, and this requires the exercise of good taste, as well as a perception of the degree of refinement of the party listening. Moreover, the ideas which it may be legitimate for you to raise in matters of business, or in a particular description of society, must not be brought forward amidst circles or in places entirely inappropriate for their development. Persons in the humbler orders of society are generally too much inclined to sneer at all conventional arrangements of this nature. They say that these ceremonious rules, however much they may be suited to the habits of "fine people," are not for them. We regret that any one should look upon good-breeding in this erroneous light. We regret that any class of persons should think so meanly of themselves, as to say that they are unworthy of enjoying every possible amenity of cultivated society. If there be anything agreeable in good manners, why may not the poor as well as the rich partake of the blessing? Civility and politeness one to another do not cost a great deal. They are the cheapest luxuries which can be purchased; and why not, therefore, let them give dignity and delight to the dwelling of the labourer and artisan, as well as to the drawing-rooms of the titled and wealthy? The truth is, the poor have it in their power to soften greatly the asperities of their situation, by establishing and enforcing rules of civility and politeness among themselves. To what but to the absence of simple, unexpensive courtesies, have we to attribute many of the miseries of the humbler orders?

PREJUDICES—OPINIONS.

Young persons who remain in a state of comparative ignorance from want of proper mental cultivation, usually possess many absurd prejudices and evil propensities. They have the most ridiculous fears, the most narrow-minded notions. Education at school is understood to be beneficial in stripping away the natural or previously-acquired errors of the pupil; but unless the usual routine of school studies be followed up by the perusal of the works of intelligent authors, and unless the young man learn to judge of the actions of mankind by the extensively applicable rule of CHARITY, elementary education does not completely fulfil the end for which it is designed.

One of the first prejudices which a boy acquires, is one of self-love. It is the notion that he is the best, the cleverest, the most knowing, and, if chastised for misconduct, the worst used of all boys whatever. He has an idea that all mankind should bow down and worship him, or at least minister to his desires without regard to either one thing or another. His next prejudice is, that the place where he was born and dwells is superior in excellence to all other places in the country. His third great leading prejudice is, that the country to which he belongs is the greatest and most-to-be-lauded country in the whole world: he believes that there is no country like it; that it could fight and beat any two nations on the globe; that the people of other countries are a poor, shabby, ignorant race, not nearly so strong or so wise as the people of his country, and are only fit to be despised; and that his country, in short, is the essence of everything that is excellent and admirable. Now, all this is the result of narrow-mindedness and want of knowledge. If the boys who think so foolishly would reflect a little, or read a little, or knew a little more of mankind, they would perceive that such notions are weak and absurd. They would know that there are boys cleverer, and boys much worse used, than themselves. They would know that the place of their birth or residence is not only no better than hundreds of other places, but perhaps very much inferior in many points. They would likewise know that their country is not the best of all possible countries: that there are nations who are as virtuous, as courageous, as wise, as worthy of esteem as their own, if not a great deal more so.

There is another prejudice which young people are apt to acquire: it is the prejudice of class or rank. Country boys affect to despise town boys, because they are ignorant of many things connected with the country; and town boys similarly look down upon country boys, because they are perhaps less neatly dressed, or know less of some kind of public or city amusements. Poor boys also affect a contempt for boys who belong to wealthier parents; a prejudice which is repaid by the contempt which the sons of the rich have for those who are in poverty. All this is exceedingly bad. Every such prejudice has a tendency to increase in virulence, till at length whole classes of grown men are found holding mean and unworthy opinions of each other.

Accustom yourselves to suspend your opinions of anybody or any class, or of the people of any country, till your minds are matured by reading and experience of the world. We remember, while boys, of believing, according to popular prejudice, that the French were a puny race of men, not nearly so strong or well-dressed as the English. A visit in after-life to France dispelled this foolish notion. The people who crowd the streets of Paris are as good-looking and as well-dressed as the people of London or Edinburgh. It is time, therefore, that these aspersions and prejudices should be done away with, both among young and old. Every one among us is also told what a bad class of men the Turks are: they are believed to possess no good qualities whatever. Now, this is likewise an aspersion on national character. A late enlightened traveller, who was not carried away by prejudices, describes the Turks as possessing many excellent qualities. He says they are remarkably charitable, not greedy of wealth, honest, pious, and innocent in their enjoyments, delighting chiefly in the contemplation of nature and the attributes of the Deity. They have, it seems, no great hospitals for the poor, or for education, as in this country—their rich men preferring to go about relieving the needy with their own hands, rather than leaving money for the erection of splendid edifices. They likewise seek out poor old distressed slaves, whom they purchase, and kindly treat for the remainder of their existence. All this, you see, shows fine traits of feeling; and should convince you, that even among Turks, and what are called heathens, there exist principles of virtue, and a sense of moral responsibility.

By reading the works of travellers and historians, and comparing the facts detailed one with another, you will, we have no doubt, purify your minds from many such prejudices as we have here exemplified. Without reading, you will remain in a hopeless state of ignorance. Make a point of occupying a portion of your leisure hours in reading—not reading frivolous trashy novels, but the productions of respectable travellers, historians, and other writers. Of the various branches of literature which may thus engage your attention, and raise generous emotions in your mind, we consider that you will reap most benefit from the reading of books of history. Unfortunately, most historians dwell too much on descriptions of battles and other military achievements: all such matters, however, you will pass over, in sorrow for the mass of suffering which has from first to last been endured, and devote your attention principally to the causes which conspired to effect the rise and decline of empires, kingdoms, and states—the gradual improvement of the human mind—the origin, progress, and influence of arts and sciences, literature and commerce—the manner in which the privileges you enjoy were established—and how the civilisation and refinement displayed in cities, courts, and senates, rose from small beginnings to their present condition. The reading of these matters will furnish you with a large fund of entertainment and instruction, and will have a wonderful tendency in clearing away those illiberal prejudices which narrow the mind, deaden the feelings, and cloud the understanding.

The leading point in good manners is so to act and speak as not to offend the feelings of others. At first sight, this would seem to be of easy accomplishment; yet it is very difficult. One can give pain, or offend, in so many different ways—for instance, by being boisterous, noisy, talkative, saucy, pert, vain, self-conceited, and opinionative, by speaking on subjects disagreeable to the listener, by speaking too much of one's-self, by staring rudely, and by committing many other absurdities of behaviour in company—that you require not only to be well-grounded in rules for good manners, but continually on your guard, lest you give offence, and by doing so, render yourself hated and despised. In order to render yourself agreeable, you must, as a matter of course, give up a little of your natural independence. You must not go upon the principle implied by the exclamation—"I shall do as I like—I care for nobody—I will not be trammelled by any set of rules;" for no one has a right to live in society, and enjoy its blessings, unless he is prepared to yield up a small portion of his self-will as the price. If he will not conform to the established rules for governing society, he had better retire to the fields, and live like a wild beast or a savage. The distinguishing feature in the conduct of a well-bred person, is the doing and saying of everything with perfect ease, quietness, and decorum. He allows nothing to ruffle his temper, or to discompose his quietude of behaviour. He enters a room quietly, though by no means stealthily—he sits down or rises up quietly, speaks with suavity and gentleness, and conducts himself in every other particular in a way calculated to please. The point worthy of your notice here is, the quietness of manner, the repose, the decorum, which is associated with the behaviour of the person of good-breeding. You will never fail to remark the reverse in the case of individuals who are heedless of the rules which are observed in cultivated society. Look at the conduct of an ill-bred man. He enters a room with noise, sits down and rises up with noise, speaks with noise, and everything else he does is done with noise. It would seem that he can do nothing quietly. When he sets down a chair, he causes it to knock against the floor; when he sits at table, he makes a noise with his knife and fork; when he blows his nose, the action is accompanied with noise; when he speaks, it is with noise; when he shuts a door, it is with noise; when he walks, every tramp of his foot is productive of noise. Noise is thus the characteristic of the ill-bred, as quietness is that of the well-bred man; and it is scarcely necessary to inform you that this noise is productive of anything but agreeable sensations. Nobody can possibly like it: it mars every one's comfort.

AMBITION.

Though it is proper that young men ought to be stimulated to as great exertions as may be consistent with their health and immediate happiness, in order that both themselves and society may be done justice to by the greatest possible use being made of their talents and acquirements, it must never be overlooked that *all* cannot rise—that this felicity is only destined for the few who are required by society in its more elevated walks, and who possess the requisite qualifications, or stand in the necessary circumstances, for attaining elevation—the rest being confined to exertions which, though tending to the benefit of both the individuals and the community, and in themselves highly praiseworthy, do not tend greatly to alter the situation of those who make them. In most civilised countries, after we make allowance for the exceptions occasioned by certain institutions and by education, society is found to be constituted pretty nearly in accordance with the diversity of faculties given by nature to her children. Some occupy situations of command, of trust, and of dignity, and enjoy the advantages attendant upon such situations. A much greater number act under directions, and in obedience to orders. And it is a fact acknowledged by all who have carefully studied human nature, that in general, intellects have been created in reference to the filling of a variety of situations.

It is not perhaps so difficult to urge young minds to their full utility, as to impress them with the necessity of their squaring their ambition with the means which may exist for its prudent gratification, and with their ability. Far be it from us to endeavour to check those generous and ambitious emotions in the minds of youth, which in all ages have had the effect of raising the poor to wealth, and the humble from obscurity to distinction. We feel it to be our duty, however, to warn those who may be actuated by such feelings, that, to be successful in the object of their pursuit, something more is necessary than mere ambition. Along with this passion, exercised in moderation, there must be, first, ability for the task, whatever it may be; and second, soundness of judgment, or a great degree of prudence and self-denial. Ambition without skill seldom leads to any beneficial result; yet even with skill, even with all the excellences of the mind, the aspiring individual, unaided by favourable circumstances, frequently lives to deplore the entire ruin of his hopes.

Young men of an ambitious turn of mind are exceedingly apt to be heedless of the qualifications which are necessary for their rising to fame or fortune. They err chiefly in miscalculating the nature of the obstacles they have to encounter, and their power of overcoming these obstacles. "Can I submit to contumelies? Can I endure patiently the sneers of my companions, not to speak of absolute privations? Can I forego many indulgences? Can I act on my own judgment throughout, under all the embarrassments that may occur? Am I not liable to go wrong from self-conceit? But, above all, have I, in reality, the necessary qualifications for the adventurous course I design to pursue?" These are a few of the questions which the ambitious youth has to put searchingly to his conscience. It is by abstaining from putting, and satisfactorily answering, this description of inquiries, that so many young men founder in their career. They have the ambition to rise, but they do not possess the measure of qualification necessary for their success; or they possess the qualification—they are clever, ingenious, and well-disposed, but they want judgment, sufficient *balance*, or some such steadying ingredient, and they are wrecked on the first breakers that come in their way. Shakspeare has said that "there is a tide in the affairs of men, which, taken at the flood, bears on to fortune;" but the grand difficulty consists in knowing when the tide is at the flood: there are false flowings of the tide as well as true ones; and he is a fortunate, as much as he is a wise man, who takes that which will bear him favourably forward.

Unless with a just knowledge of one's own capabilities, and a power of endurance, painful endurance for years, it is always dangerous for any one not advantageously circumstanced to try to rise out of the sphere in which he has chanced to be placed. Rising by anything like a violent exertion is not to be thought of. It is by a course of perseverance, little by little, and by seizing every convenient and proper means of elevation, that the end is ultimately to be attained. How have the greater proportion of distinguished men raised themselves in the world's estimation? By possessing, in the first place, the necessary qualifications; and in the second, by taking advantage of circumstances favourable to their views. After all, however, for one who has attained distinction, perhaps a thousand have failed. It is like the prizes and blanks in a lottery: we hear only of the prizes and their lucky holders, the blanks are judiciously kept out of sight. Another matter is worthy of attending to. Because certain individuals have attained distinction by following a particular course, it will not do for others to attempt precisely the same mode of advancing. Circumstances are daily differing, tastes are changing, society is ever altering its disposition. For want of attention to these points, we have a host of unfortunates—unfortunate soldiers, unfortunate authors, unfortunate lawyers, unfortunate merchants, and so forth, without end. These unfortunates have stumbled as imitators: they had not the wit to be original in their designs, or to be original to a good purpose. Without originality, no great rise is to be expected. Any dull fellow can follow on a path already beaten and commodious; but he who follows must ever be behind.

From what falls under the eye of a common observer, it appears that not a little of the want of success in many of the ordinary departments of occupation is caused by what has already been adverted to—an incompetency of judgment, or what may be significantly called force of character. We see men who attain the utmost respect within the limits of their circle as long as they remain in the character of subordinates, having then persons to think for and direct them; but no sooner are they emancipated, no sooner are they thrown upon their own resources, and have to think and act for themselves, than they sink into insignificance. They have made a false move. Their ambition prompted them to be their own masters, but it was without calculating the consequences of the step. Formerly, they were invisibly supported all round by the system of which they formed a part, now they stand aloof from all such aids, and, like the wrecked mariner on the desert island, they are astonished at the solitude which prevails, and the energy which is required to gather the means of their subsistence. It is evident that such persons have not the force of character to think and act boldly on their own responsibility; and if they consult their own comfort, they will be contented with playing an inferior part in the great drama of existence, leaving the chief characters in the piece to be filled up with those who have the ability and fortitude to act a conspicuous part.

PERSONAL APPEARANCE.

Young persons usually form false estimates of the value of personal strength and outward appearance. As they grow up, notions on these points undergo a material change. They discover that a man may be tall, short, bulky, or puny; but it matters not, unless he has to depend on his strength for his daily bread. The standard by which people are measured is not by anything that is seen in outward appearance, but by their skill, their conduct, their behaviour, their private character. Soldiers, footmen, and such-like, who are hired to stand in rows, may perhaps find it advantageous to be a certain height in inches. The soldier who is an inch taller than his companions has the privilege of being put in the front row, and consequently the honour of being shot first; but this is, on the whole, not an object of temptation worthy of your regard. Mere height, then, is of little consequence to people generally; and at anyrate it is not made a standard whereby to judge whether any one is worthy of personal respect. Nearly the same thing may be said of bodily strength. It is useful and convenient, it is agreeable, to be able to execute any labour we may be called on to perform; but beyond this, strength is of no rational value. Remember, we say *rational* value; for by some there is an irrational value placed upon tallness, muscular strength, and even on the ability of jumping, running, and hopping on one leg. You will remark, as you grow up, that skill is always far better remunerated than mere bodily strength—that the artisan who executes an ingenious piece of work receives much higher payment than the man who has muscles of the strongest texture, and whose employment consists in the lifting of large stones, carrying heavy burdens, or any similar labour; and the reason is, that while plenty of men can be got to perform such drudgeries, few are to be obtained who have the skill of the ingenious artisan. While recommending you to study neatness, we would wish to point out the folly of aiming at foppish elegance. Fops are usually weak-minded coxcombs. We have known many instances in which elegance of appearance in men operated seriously against their advancement. There is a general want of confidence in elegant or handsome men, which is to be traced to the number of swindlers and knaves who habitually impose upon people by a specious dashing appearance. Such a feeling, no doubt, also arises from the well-known instability of young men, who seem to bestow much pains on the cultivation of their animal qualifications, while they are to a corresponding degree heedless of their mental endowments. When such individuals are, for instance, observed to study the nourishing of whiskers, the training of curls, the neatness of cut of trousers and boot-straps, the peculiar fashion of a coat, or the handsomeness of their legs, it is reasonably concluded by rational thinkers that they are unfitted for the serious affairs of life, and are therefore set aside in favour of others who show less of the animal, and more of the reflecting being. In losing the countenance of one class of persons, they most likely gain that of another; that other, however, is of a very inferior stamp: it is not a front-rank class: it is an order composed of the servile, the idle, the silly, and the vicious—a class whose flatteries and whose favour are alike insubstantial and injurious. It is only by young men emancipating themselves from this yoke of animalism and frivolity, that they can expect to win the favour of that portion of society, including individuals of both sexes, whose approbation is alone worthy of being prized. Look around you, and observe who are the persons who are most esteemed in public and private life; who are those that are the managers—the front-rank men—of the world; who are those that are in the enjoyment of wealth, rank, and honours. Are they all "fine-looking men?" By no means. Worth is not testified by the turn of a leg or the fashion of a frill. Many of them are plain in features, few of them are tall, some are deformed, some are puny in figure, some are what might be called ugly. And where, then, you may ask, are the handsome men to be found—those splendid lordly animals, each of whom might serve as a model for a statue? We will tell you where they often are, for we have seen them. Too many of them are to be found lounging in the courtyards of jails. Go to the prison of the Court of Queen's Bench, and there, surrounded by dark brick walls fifty feet in height, you will find them "killing time"—playing at ball—playing for a penny or a pot of porter the game. What a pity it is that men of such elegance of limb and feature cannot carry their handsomeness to a better market! But so it is: their occupation has been one of great gentility—namely, smoking cigars, wearing spurs upon their boots, cultivating a mustache, and attending horse-races, while their means of support have consisted in defrauding tradesmen, and in drawing upon the resources of fathers, brothers, uncles—in short, every one they could induce to minister to their vile wants.

If the youths who read this happen to be handsome in person, do not let them presume on such an unimportant, though it be pleasing, qualification. It is a qualification which in all probability will not do them the smallest good when they come to depend upon themselves for support. Rather try to counteract the general bad impression regarding handsome young men by gentle courteous behaviour, along with the manifestation of a spirit of regular industry. At the same time study to be neat and cleanly, taking such exercise as will conduce to health, and avoiding all approach to slovenliness, for that would be to exceed in a way almost as reprehensible as we have described the reverse to be. On the other hand, if this meet the eye of any boys who are either deformed or plain in appearance, we beg them to understand, that though perhaps scoffed at by their playmates in youth, they need be under no apprehension whatever of receiving insult when they become men, or of being in anyway looked down upon on account of their personal inferiority. If deformed to such an extent as to prevent them earning a livelihood, that is truly a misfortune, and will call forth a lively sympathy in their favour: if simply plain in appearance, they will find that not only not an obstacle to their advancement, but something in their favour, provided their behaviour will stand the test of examination, and their manners be agreeable. Affability is the true passport to favour both in man and woman. If you be affable, you will be liked wherever you go; if a lady be affable, though ever so plain in features, she will gain all hearts, while the merely beautiful or the handsome may fail to make a favourable impression. Affability, therefore, whether in man or woman, along with moral and intellectual worth, ought to be the great object of cultivation. Alexander Pope, an English poet of last century, has pithily said, that 'tis

"Worth makes the man, and want of it the fellow;
The rest is all but leather or prunello."

By which he means, that a man without moral and intellectual worth is a mere animal—a *fellow;* and that external appearance is as valueless as a piece of leather or worsted stuff, or, as you may hear people say, a toy of gilt gingerbread.

RELIGION.

The last, but not the least subject to which we would draw your attention, is that of religion. Without ostentation, but in all sincerity of heart, be regular in the performance of those religious duties to which parents or clerical advisers may direct your attention; and seeking in all things the blessing of God, without which neither success nor happiness can be expected to be realised.

JAMES WALLACE.—A STORY.*

"How far is it from here to the sun, Jim?" asked Harman Lee of his father's apprentice, James Wallace, in a tone of light raillery, intending by the question to elicit some reply that would exhibit the boy's ignorance.

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* We extract the above tale from an American newspaper, in which it purports to be written by T. S. Arthur.

James Wallace, a boy of fourteen, turned his bright intelligent eyes upon the son of his master, and after regarding him for a moment, he replied, "I don't know, Harman. How far is it?"

There was something so honest and earnest in the tone of the boy, that much as Harman had felt disposed at first to sport with his ignorance, he could not refrain from giving him a true answer. Still, his contempt for the ignorant apprentice was not to be concealed, and he replied, "Ninety-five millions of miles, you ignoramus!" James did not retort, but repeating over in his mind the distance named, fixed it indelibly upon his memory.

On the same evening, after he had finished his day's work, he obtained a small text-book on astronomy, which belonged to Harman Lee, and went up into his garret with a candle, and there, alone, attempted to dive into the mysteries of that sublime science. As he read, the earnestness of his attention fixed nearly every fact upon his mind. So intent was he, that he perceived not the flight of time, and was only called back to a consciousness of where he was by the sudden sinking of the wick of his candle into the melted mass of tallow that had filled the cup of his candlestick. In another moment he was in total darkness. The cry of the watchman had told him that the hours had flown, until it was past ten o'clock.

Slowly undressing himself in his dark chamber, his mind recurring with a strong interest to what he had been reading, he lay down upon his hard bed, and gave full play to his thoughts. Hour after hour passed away, but he could not sleep, so absorbed was he in reviewing the new and wonderful things he had read. At last wearied nature gave way, and he fell into a slumber filled with dreams of planets, moons, comets, and fixed stars.

The next morning the apprentice boy resumed his place at the work-bench with a new feeling; and with this feeling was mingled one of regret, that he could not go to school as did his master's son.

"But I can study at night while he is asleep," he said to himself.

Just then Harman Lee came into the shop, and approaching James, said, for the purpose of teasing him, "How big round is the earth, Jim?"

"Twenty-five thousand miles," was the unhesitating answer.

Harman looked surprised for a moment, and then responded, with a sneer—for he was not a kind-hearted boy, but, on the contrary, very selfish, and disposed to injure rather than do good to others—"Oh dear! How wonderfully wise you are! And no doubt you can tell how many moons Jupiter has? Come, let's hear."

"Jupiter has four moons," James answered, with something of exultation in his tone.

"And no doubt you can tell how many rings it has?"

"Jupiter has no rings. Saturn has rings, and Jupiter belts," James replied in a decisive tone.

For a moment or two Harman was silent with surprise and mortification, to think that his father's apprentice, whom he esteemed so far below him, should be possessed of knowledge equal to his, and on the points in reference to which he had chosen to question him; and that he should be able to convict him of an error into which he had purposely fallen. "I should like to know how long it is since you became so wonderfully wise," Harman at length said with a sneer.

"Not very long," James replied calmly. "I have been reading one of your books on astronomy."

"Well, you're not going to have my books, mister, I can tell you! Anyhow, I should like to know what business you have to touch one of them! Let me catch you at it again, and see if I don't cuff you soundly. You'd better, a great deal, be minding your work."

"But I didn't neglect my work, Harman; I read at night after I was done with my work; and I didn't hurt your book."

"I don't care if you didn't hurt it. You're not going to have my books, I can tell you. So do you just let them alone."

Poor James's heart sank in his bosom at this unexpected obstacle so suddenly thrown in his way. He had no money of his own to buy, and knew of no one from whom he could borrow the book that had all at once become necessary to his happiness. "Do, Harman," he said appealingly, "lend me the book; I will take good care of it."

"No I wont. And don't you dare to touch it," was the angry reply.

James Wallace knew well enough the selfish disposition of his master's son, older than he two or three years, to be convinced that there was now but little hope of his having the use of his books, except by stealth; and from that his natural open and honest principles revolted. All day he thought earnestly over the means whereby he should be able to obtain a book on astronomy, to quench the ardent thirst that he had created in his mind. And night came without any satisfactory answer being obtained to his earnest inquiries of his own thoughts.

He was learning the trade of a blind-maker. Having been already an apprentice for two years, and being industrious and intelligent, he had acquired a readiness with tools and much skill in some parts of his trade. While sitting alone after he had finished his work for the day, his mind searching about for some means whereby he could get books, it occurred to him that he might, by working in the evening, earn some money, and with it buy such as he wanted. But in what manner to obtain work he knew not. It finally occurred to him that, in passing a house near the shop, he frequently observed a pair of window-blinds with faded hangings and soiled colours. "Perhaps," said he to himself, "if I could do it cheap, they would let me paint and put new hangings to their blinds."

The thought was scarcely suggested when he was on his feet moving towards the street. In a few minutes he stood knocking at the door of the house, which was soon opened. "Well, my little man, what do you want?" was the kind salutation of the individual who answered the call.

James felt confused, and stammered out, "The hangings of your blinds are a good deal faded."

"That's a very true remark, my little man," was the reply, made in an encouraging tone.

"And they very much want painting."

"Also very true," said the man, with a good-humoured smile; for he felt amused with the boy's earnest manner and novelty of speech.

"Wouldn't you like to have them painted, and new hangings put to them?" pursued James.

"I don't know. It would certainly improve them much."

"Oh yes, sir; they would look just like new. And if you will let me do them, I will fix them up nice for you, cheap."

"Will you indeed? But what is your name, and where do you live?"

"My name is James Wallace, and I live with Mr Lee the blind-maker."

"Do you indeed? Well, how much will you charge for painting them and putting on new hangings?"

"I will do it for two dollars, sir. The hangings and tassels will cost me three-quarters of a dollar, and the paint and varnish a quarter more. And it will take two or three evenings, besides getting up very early in the morning to work for Mr Lee, so that I may paint and varnish them when the sun shines."

"But will Mr Lee let you do this?"

"I don't know, sir; but I will ask him."

"Very well, my little man. If Mr Lee does not object, I am willing."

James ran back to the house, and found Mr Lee standing in the door. Much to his delight his request was granted. Four days from that he possessed a book of his own, and had half a dollar with which to buy some other volume, when he should have thoroughly mastered the contents of that. Every night found him poring over this book; and as soon as it was light enough in the morning to see, he was up and reading.

Of course there was much in it that he could not understand, and many terms the meaning of which was hidden from him. To help him in this difficulty, he purchased with his remaining half dollar, at a second-hand book-stall, a dictionary. By the aid of this he acquired the information he sought much more rapidly. But the more he read, the broader the unexplored expanse of knowledge appeared to open before him. He did not, however, give way to feelings of discouragement, but steadily devoted every evening, and an hour every morning, to study; while all the day his mind was pondering over the things he had read, as his hands were diligently employed in the labour assigned him.

It occurred just at this time that a number of benevolent individuals established, in the town where James lived, one of those excellent institutions, an Apprentices' Library. To this he at once applied, and obtained the books he needed. And thus—none dreaming of his devotion to the acquirement of knowledge—did this poor apprentice boy lay the foundation of future eminence and usefulness. We cannot trace his course, step by step, through a long series of seven years, though it would afford many lessons of perseverance and triumph over almost insurmountable difficulties. But at twenty-one he was master of his trade; and what was more, had laid up a vast amount of general and scientific information. He was well read in history; had studied thoroughly the science of astronomy, for which he ever retained a lively affection; was familiar with mathematical principles, and could readily solve the most difficult geometrical and algebraic problems; his geographical knowledge was minute; and to this he added tolerably correct information in regard to the manners and customs of different nations. To natural history he had also given much attention. But with all his varied acquirements, James Wallace felt, on attaining the age of manhood, that he knew comparatively but little.

Let us now turn for a few moments to mark the progress of the young student in one of the best seminaries in his native city, and afterwards at college. Like too many tradesmen whose honest industry and steady perseverance have gained them a competence, Mr Lee felt indisposed to give his son a trade, or to subject him to the same restraints and discipline in youth to which he had been subjected. He felt ambitious for him, and determined to educate him for one of the learned professions. To this end he sent him to school early, and provided for him the best instruction.

The idea that he was to be a lawyer or a doctor soon took possession of the mind of Harman, and this caused him to feel contempt for other boys who were merely designed for trades or storekeeping.

Like too many others, he had no love for learning, nor any right appreciation of its legitimate uses. To be a lawyer he thought would be much more honourable than to be a mere mechanic; and for this reason alone, as far as he had any thoughts on the subject, did he desire to be a lawyer. As for James Wallace, he, as the poor illiterate apprentice of his father, was most heartily despised, and never treated by Harman with the smallest degree of kind consideration.

At the age of eighteen, he was sent away to one of the eastern universities, and there remained—except during the semi-annual vacations—until he was twenty years of age, when he graduated, and came home with the honorary title of A.B. At this time James Wallace was between seventeen and eighteen years of age, somewhat rough in his appearance, but with a sound mind in a sound body—although each day he regularly toiled at the work-bench, and as regularly returned to his books when evening released him from labour, and was up at the peep of dawn, to lay the first offerings of his mind upon the shrine of learning. But all this devotion to the acquirement of knowledge won for him no sympathy, no honourable estimation from his master's son. He despised these patient persevering efforts as much as he despised his condition as an apprentice to a trade. But it was not many years before others began to perceive the contrast between them, although, on the very day that James completed his term of apprenticeship, Harman was admitted to the bar.

The one completed his education—as far as general knowledge and a rigid discipline of the mind was concerned—when he left college. The other became more really the student when the broader and brighter light of rationality shone clearly on his pathway, as he passed the threshold of manhood. James still continued to work at his trade, but not for so many hours each day as while he was an apprentice. He was a good and fast workman, and could readily earn all that he required for his support in six or eight hours of every twenty-four. Eight hours were regularly devoted to study. From some cause, he determined he would make law his profession. To the acquirement of a knowledge of legal matters, therefore, he bent all the energies of a well disciplined, active, and comprehensive mind. Two years passed away in an untiring devotion to the studies he had assigned himself, and he then made application for admission to the bar.

[Young Wallace passed his examinations with some applause, and the first case on which he was employed chanced to be one of great difficulty, which required all his skill; the lawyer on the opposite side was Harman Lee, who entertained for his father's old apprentice the most profound contempt.]

The cause came on within a week, for all parties interested in the result were anxious for it to come to trial, and therefore no legal obstacles were thrown in the way.

There was a profound silence and a marked attention and interest when the young stranger arose in the court-room to open the case. A smile of contempt, as he did so, curled the lip of Harman Lee, but Wallace saw it not. The prominent points of the case were presented in plain but concise language to the court; and a few remarks bearing upon the merits being made, the young lawyer took his seat, and gave room for the defence.

Instantly Harman Lee was on his feet, and began referring to the points presented by his "very learned brother" in a flippant, contemptuous manner. There were those present who marked the light that kindled in the eye of Wallace, and the flash that passed over his countenance, at the first contemptuous word and tone that were uttered by his antagonist at the bar. These soon gave place to attention, and an air of conscious power. Once on his feet, with so flimsy a position to tear into tatters as that which his "learned brother" had presented, Lee seemed never to grow tired of the tearing process. Nearly an hour had passed away when he resumed his seat with a look of exultation, which was followed by a pitying and contemptuous smile as Wallace again slowly rose.

Ten minutes, however, had not passed when that smile had changed to a look of surprise, mortification, and alarm, all blended into a single expression. The young lawyer's maiden speech showed him to be a man of calm, deep, systematic thought—well skilled in points of law and in authorities; and, more than all, a lawyer of practical and comprehensive views. When he sat down, no important point in the case had been left untouched, and none that had been touched required further elucidation.

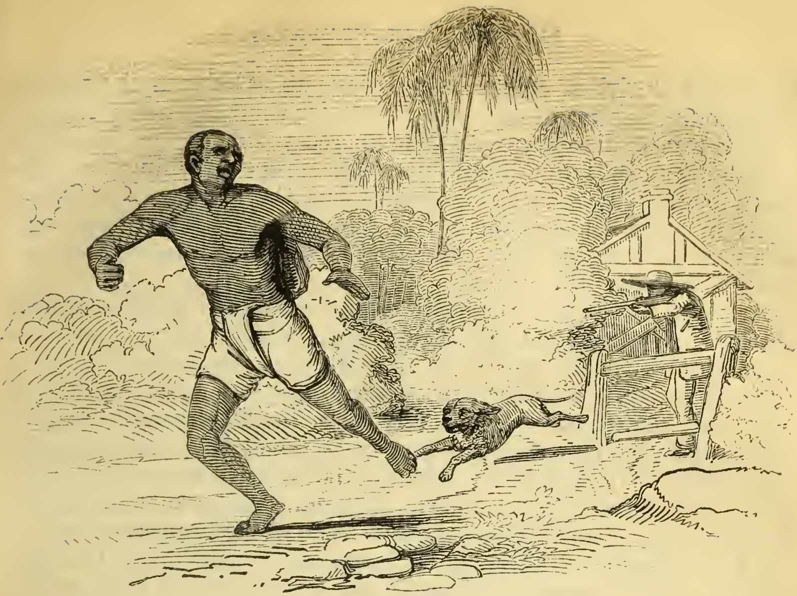
Lee followed briefly, in a vain attempt to torture his language and break down his positions. But he felt that he was contending with weapons whose edges were turned at every blow. When he took his seat again, Wallace merely remarked that he was prepared, without further argument, to submit the case to the court.

The case was accordingly submitted, and a decision unhesitatingly made in favour of the plaintiffs, or Wallace's clients.

From that hour James Wallace took his true position. The despised apprentice became the able and profound lawyer, and was esteemed for real talent and real moral worth, which, when combined, ever place their possessor in his true position.

Ten years from that day Wallace was elevated to the bench, while Lee, a second-rate lawyer, never rose above that position.

In the histories of these two persons is seen the difference between simply receiving an education, as it is called, and being self-educated. This fact every student, and every humble apprentice with limited advantages, should bear in mind. It should infuse new life into the studies of the one, and inspire the other with a determination to imbue his mind with knowledge. The education that a boy receives at colleges and seminaries does not make him a learned man. He only acquires there the rudiments of knowledge. Beyond these he must go. He must continue *ever after* a student, or others will leave him in the rear—others of humbler means and fewer opportunities; the apprentice of the handicraftsman, for instance, whose few hours of devotion to study, from a genuine love of learning, have given him a taste and a habit that remain with him in all after-time.



LIFE OF A NEGRO SLAVE.

I.

I AM the son of a negro, and was born in Maryland in the year 1781. My grandfather, father, and mother were slaves, and I was born in the same hopeless condition. While still a child of four years old, I was separated from the other members of my family, and sold to a planter in a distant part of the country. Being the youngest child of my mother, my forcible separation from her produced a scene of lamentation and distress. Her cry of agony as she got the last look of me has ever since rung in my ears. I was informed that my name was Charles Ball. It is all a chance who a slave is sold to; he may be cruel and avaricious, or he may possess a share of benevolent feelings. Fortunately, I fell into the hands of a humane man, by whom I was designed for a house slave when I should be old enough; but this was frustrated by the death of my proprietor, and I passed into less considerate hands. I was sent to the city of Washington, where I spent about two years as cook on board the Congress frigate, having sufficient to eat, and being pretty well clothed. Still, a spirit of freedom frequently arose within me at the sight of long trains of fellow-negroes, chained together, who were driven through Washington on their way to the southern states; and even at that early age I determined to attempt an escape to Philadelphia, the haven of runaway slaves. A fresh sale of me prevented this, and I next resided with a farmer for three years. While in this man's possession, I married a girl of colour, house slave to a lady in the neighbourhood. The lot of my wife was easier than my own; for my master was a discontented, ill-tempered man, always ready to find fault, and did not afford his slaves proper clothing or sufficient food. This was bad enough; but there was worse treatment in store for me, for I was told one day that I was sold to a Georgian slave-dealer, and that I was to be marched immediately to the south.

At these words the thoughts of my wife and children rushed across my mind, and my heart sank within me. I saw at once that resistance was vain, as there were upwards of twenty persons present, all of whom were ready to assist the wretch who had seized me. My hands were bound strongly behind me, and I was told that we were to set out that same day for the south. I asked if I could not be allowed to see my wife and children, but I was refused. My new master took me across the Patuxent river, where I joined fifty-one other slaves, whom he had bought in Maryland; thirty-two were men, the rest women. The women were merely tied together by a rope, which was passed like a halter round the neck of each; but the men, of whom I was the stoutest and strongest, were very differently caparisoned. A strong iron collar was closely fastened, by means of a padlock, round each of our necks. A chain of iron, about a hundred feet in length, was passed through the hasp of each padlock, except at the two ends, where the hasps passed through a link of the chain. In addition to this, we were handcuffed in pairs, with iron staples and bolts, with a short chain about a foot long, uniting the handcuffs and their wearers in pairs. In this manner we were chained alternately by the right and left hand; and the poor man to whom I was thus ironed cried like a child when the blacksmith, with his heavy hammer, fastened the ends of the bolts that kept the staples from slipping from our arms. As for myself, I felt indifferent to my fate; it appeared to me that the worst had come that could come, and that no change of fortune could harm me.

Thus was our miserable gang marched away from our home country, the master riding by our side, and hastening our march, sometimes by encouragement, and sometimes with threats. Our food was corn bread, sour milk, and mush, which is Indian meal boiled with water. We were clothed in rags, and slept all together on the floors of such houses as we chanced to stop at. Occasionally we received a salt herring, and on Sunday a quarter of a pound of bacon was allowed to each. We crossed successively the Potomac, the Matepony, and the Anna rivers; and having traversed Virginia, we entered North Carolina, where I first saw a field of cotton in bloom. I was at this time about twenty-five years old, strong and healthy; and the first feeling of despair at having been driven away from my wife and children, gave way to a sense of the necessity of making the best of my present situation. I had endeavoured through the whole journey to make such observations upon the country and the towns we passed through, as would enable me at some future period to find my way back to Maryland. By repeatedly naming the rivers we came to in the order in which we had reached them, I was able, on my arrival in Georgia, to repeat the name of every considerable stream from the Potomac to the Savannah, and to tell the position and bearing of the ferries by which we had crossed them.

From North Carolina our party passed to South Carolina, where, remembering all I had heard of the dreadful treatment of slaves in that state, I lost all courage, and for the first time felt weary of life. I had now no hope of ever again seeing my wife and children, or the scenes of my youth; and I apprehended long pains from hunger, for I had often heard that in South Carolina the slaves were compelled in times of scarcity to live on cotton seeds. Self-destruction is more frequent among slaves in the cotton region than is generally supposed; but as a certain degree of disgrace falls upon the master whose slave has committed suicide, and as it is a dangerous example, all means are taken to deter the negroes from it; not allowing the suicide the small portion of Christian rites which is awarded to the corpses of other slaves.

It was long after midnight before I fell asleep; but the most pleasant dreams succeeded to these sorrowful forebodings. I thought that, after dreadful sufferings, I had made my way back to Maryland, and was again in my wife's cabin, with two of my little children on my lap, while their mother prepared supper. This dream was so vivid, that I awoke, convinced that it would one day be realised; although at starting the next morning the master addressed us, telling us that we might now give up all hope of returning to our native places, as escape through North Carolina and Virginia was quite impossible; that we had better be contented, as he would take us to Georgia, a fine country, where we might live in the greatest abundance. He also sold two of the women for a thousand dollars, with the condition that the purchaser should pay a blacksmith for taking the chains off the rest of us. Before this could be done, a dispute arose, and the stranger declared that all the "niggers in the drove were Yankee niggers;" adding, that he once had two Yankee niggers, who were running away every day. He gave them a hundred lashes, he said, more than a dozen times, but they never quitted running away till he fastened them together with iron collars round their necks, and chained them to spades, and made them do nothing but dig ditches to drain the rice swamps. They could not run away then, unless they went together, and carried their chains and spades with them. In this dreadful state he kept them two years, and said he never had better niggers; but one of them died, and the other was never good for anything after he lost his mate. He never ran away afterwards, but he also died after a while. The man then told the two women he had bought, that if ever they ran away, he would serve them the same. Our irons were taken off; the women parted from us in tears and despair; and we proceeded on our way, having ten miles more to go that evening. When first relieved from my iron collar and chains, which I had worn for four weeks and five days, I felt a kind of giddiness in my head, from which I recovered after the first night. The next day we passed by cotton and rice fields, and crossed the Catawba river. The rice swamps were covered with water, having causeways raised through them; and they swarmed with frogs and thousands of snakes. The day before we arrived at Columbia we had for breakfast corn meal boiled in water, with a small piece of bacon to give the soup a taste of meat. For dinner we had boiled Indian peas, with a small allowance of bacon; which unusual liberality was no doubt to make us look fat and hearty, as we were to be sold at Columbia.

About three miles from the town, we stopped at the house of a kind of tavern-keeper, who invited my master to remain a few days with him, in order to be introduced to the gentlemen of the neighbourhood as a merchant of respectability. In Maryland my master had been called a negro buyer or Georgia trader, sometimes a negro driver; but here I found that he was elevated to the rank of a merchant of the first order—no branch of trade being more honourable than the traffic in us poor slaves—or *servants*, as the negroes are called by people of fashion in the slaveholding states. We remained here two weeks, and I saw a great deal of the customs of South Carolina. We also washed our skins and our clothes; and soap not being allowed us, we used a kind of oily clay resembling fullers' earth, which entirely cleaned us. We lived and slept all together in an old decayed building about forty feet square, without either doors or windows, and with no other floor than the earth. Our provisions were regularly distributed—a pint of corn and a pint of rice to each, and about three or four pounds of rancid butter divided amongst us. The rice we boiled, the corn we ground, and made the meal into bread. The butter was to recruit us after our long march, and give us a healthy appearance at our sale. We did no work; but gentlemen and ladies came every day to look at us, with a view to our purchase. We were minutely examined as to ages and capacity for labour, and our persons were inspected, especially the hands, to see if all the fingers were perfect, and capable of the quick motions necessary in picking cotton. Our master visited us once a-day, and declared to all visitors that he had purchased us in Virginia, either of ruined masters, or at public auctions, assuring them that not one had been known to steal or run away—the highest crimes of which a slave can be guilty.

II.

It was about the middle of June, the weather excessively warm, and from eleven o'clock A.M. till late in the afternoon, the sand about our residence was so hot, that we could not stand on it with our bare feet in one posture more than one or two minutes. I went into the cotton field, to see the labour in which I was to pass the remainder of my life; but I found that the slaves were not allowed to speak to me, as the master was present. After having been at this place between two or three weeks, we were marched to Columbia one morning before sunrise, and drawn up in a long line in a street opposite the court-house. After having been kept here about an hour to be looked at, we were removed into the jail-yard, where we were fed, and slept in the jail that night. The next day the town was extremely full; and about ten o'clock the jailor came to us, and after a long address to the crowd, he announced the most valuable lot of slaves that had ever been offered in Columbia—young, of good habits, healthy, and all purchased of tobacco planters in Virginia. A young lad was first sold for three hundred and fifty dollars, and he was led away, weeping bitterly. A young girl was the next sold, to a lady who attended the sales in her carriage, and made the biddings out of the window. In this manner the sales were continued throughout the day. The next was the 4th of July, and a day of general rejoicing. Cannon were fired, drums and fifes were played in the streets, and a great crowd of people gathered round the jail, many of whom were intoxicated, and sang and shouted in honour of free government and the rights of man. A table was spread in the street, at which several hundred people sat down to dinner at noon, and continued to eat, drink, and sing songs in honour of liberty for more than two hours. Gentlemen made speeches, in which they said it was an acknowledged principle of our free government that all men were born free and equal. About five o'clock the jailor proclaimed the sale of the slaves; and in a few minutes the whole dinner party, and hundreds of others, being assembled round the jail door, the jailor proceeded with his auction. The best of us had been kept back till the last, and the prices were higher this day. In three hours all were sold except three, of whom I was one. An old gentleman bought me, and desired me to follow him to a tavern, where I was left standing before the door, or sitting upon a log of wood, till ten o'clock at night, while my master and his companions were drinking toasts in honour of liberty and independence. Having sat down on a bench, I was driven from it by a gentleman in military clothes, who imperiously demanded how I dared to sit there. "Did you not see white people sit upon that bench, you saucy rascal?" said he. I excused myself by saying it was near night when I came to the house, and I had not seen any white gentleman sit on the bench.

I remained on the log till the termination of the festival in honour of liberty and equality, when my master ordered me into the kitchen to sleep. He gave me no supper; but the people gave me a piece of meat and wheaten bread—the first I had tasted since I left Maryland. The next morning I ran by the side of my master's gig to his plantation, twenty miles from Columbia, through a region which had been pine forest, but was now partially cleared, and where I first saw the most beautiful of all trees—the southern magnolia. The foliage is splendid, the flower magnificent, and so fragrant, that the scent of a grove may be perceived at sixty miles' distance. My master was a wealthy planter, and had two hundred and sixty slaves. The house was of brick (an uncommon thing), and the gardens and hothouses were beautiful. The huts of the slaves were a quarter of a mile distant, in rows, and built of hewn logs, roofed with shingles, and floored with pine boards; these houses had chimneys, and were dry and comfortable. I was put to live with a middle-aged man, who had a wife and five children. The only furniture of the cabin was a few blocks of wood for seats, a short pine-wood bench for a table, and a small bed in one corner, composed of a mat made of common rushes, spread upon corn husks, and confined by a narrow slip of wood fastened to the floor by wooden pins. A common iron pot stood by the side of the chimney, and several wooden spoons and dishes hung against the wall. Several blankets also hung on wooden pins, and an old pine box stood in a corner. As I entered, a naked child, of four years old, ran from the corner, where it was watching a naked infant, to its father, and clasping him round the knees, said, "Now we shall get good supper." The father laid his hand upon the head of his naked child, and stood silently looking in its face, which was turned towards his own for a moment, and then turning to me, said, "Did you leave any children at home?" The scene before me, the question, and the manner of this poor man and his child, caused my heart to swell; and my thoughts returned to my wife's lowly dwelling in Maryland, where I had so often been on a Saturday evening when I paid them my weekly visit, and to my own little ones, who clung to my knees for protection and support, even as the poor little wretch now before me seized upon the weary limb of its hapless and destitute father, hoping that, naked as he was (for he had only the tattered remains of a pair of old trousers), he would bring with his return at evening its customary scanty supper. I was unable to reply, but stood leaning by the wall of the cabin, while my children seemed to flit by me in the dim twilight. My reverie was broken by the entrance of the mother with her three eldest children. She wore an old ragged shift; but the children, the eldest of whom appeared to be about twelve, and the youngest about six years old, were quite naked. Her husband told her that the overseer had sent me to live with them; and she immediately began to prepare supper, which was corn bread, and the leaves of a plant called lambs'-quarter, boiled. The overseer sent me about half a pound of bread, and they gave me some of their greens; after which I went to sleep in the loft of the cabin, with only the blanket I had brought from Maryland for a bed.

The next morning I went to work with the rest at hoeing and weeding cotton. There were about a hundred and sixty-eight slaves. There was not an entire garment among us, nor a bonnet, cap, or head-dress of any kind, except my old straw-bonnet, which my wife had made for me; and this I soon laid aside, to avoid singularity. Some of the men had shirts, some ragged trousers; but no one wore both. Several of the women had petticoats, many shifts; but not one had both these garments. The overseer had a horn in one hand, and a whip in the other; under him were captains, who overlooked the other slaves. About seven in the morning, the overseer had his breakfast of bread, butter, cold ham, and coffee; and we had ours of corn-cake and water. Our dinner was the same, with a little salt and a radish. At night we returned home; and on Sunday evening each person received a peck of corn, which he might grind and bake as he chose. The women who had young children laid them by a fence, or under shade of the cotton plants, while they were at work, occasionally going to feed them. One poor woman loitered behind, to speak to me while we were returning from work; and not being present when her name was called, although but a few steps behind, the overseer called her, and me, and two others into the yard. Lydia (that was the woman's name) fell on her knees before him, begging forgiveness. "Where have you been?" said he. "Lie down." She was compelled to do so, and to remove her old tow-linen shift, so as indelicately to expose her, when he gave her ten lashes with his long whip, every touch of which brought blood and a shriek from the sufferer. The other culprits were then flogged; and the overseer, calling me to him, said, "Boy, you see how things are done here; I never whip a new negro unless he be an outrageous villain, when I anoint him a little at first. I settle every Wednesday and Saturday evenings for the conduct of the last few days. Do not repeat this offence."

This method of flogging is much practised in the south; and I have seen men and women nearly cut to pieces by it, though it does not sprain the thumbs and wrists like tying up. The staff of the whip is about twenty inches in length, with a large heavy head, loaded with about half a pound of lead. The lash is ten feet long, of strips of buckskin, tanned hard and dry, and plaited closely together, about the size of a man's little finger, tapering to the end, to which is fastened a cracker, nine inches long, of stout sewing silk, twisted and knotted till it is as firm as the hardest twine. This whip, when adroitly used, is one of the keenest instruments of torture ever invented by man; it has superseded the cowhide and hickory, which bruise and mangle the flesh; while this cuts as sharply as a knife, and does not injure the bones.

Sunday came. We were not called out to work; but here, as everywhere in the south, the slaves are discouraged by all possible means from going to any place of public worship on a Sunday. This is to prevent their associating together, and plotting mischief. No slave can leave a plantation without a written order from the master or overseer; and any white man who meets a slave off the plantation without a pass, has a right to take him up and flog him. Passes are granted only on the most urgent occasions; and a cotton planter has no more idea of permitting his slaves to go at will about the neighbourhood on a Sunday, than a farmer in Pennsylvania has of letting his horses out of the field on that day. The planters also fear lest, by listening to preachers, and attending religious meetings, their slaves should imbibe the notions of morality and liberty contained in the gospel. For the same reason the cotton planters prevent the slaves from learning to read; and most of them are, in consequence, extremely ignorant and superstitious. Not the slightest religious regard is paid to Sunday; but the slaves are allowed to work for wages, and by this means the overseers who have no slaves get their field-work done. Many slaves work for other planters on a Sunday, and others work at their *patches*—little bits of unprofitable ground given them in some remote part of the estate, generally in the woods, where they plant corn, potatoes, pumpkins, &c. for themselves: this must be done on a Sunday. I must remark, that when slaves go out to work on a Sunday, they are never flogged, and they are honestly paid. Sunday is also the customary washing-day on cotton plantations; and the few clean garments among us were reserved for Monday morning. The earnings are spent in clothing, sugar, molasses, coffee, or tobacco; and some money may also be made in the rainy days, when the slaves do not work, by making baskets, brooms, horse-collars, and other things, which are sold among the planters. I could make wooden bowls and ladles, and I added my earnings to those of the slave Nero and his wife, with whom I lived, on condition that I should be allowed to partake of the proceeds of their garden. Before Christmas I had enabled Nero to buy blankets for us all, which Dinah made up into coats.

III.

About ten days after my arrival, we had a great feast at the *quarter*. I was sent with a boy into a swamp to find a bullock.

This was killed and cut up into quarters, the hindquarters being kept for the family, and the rest cut into small bits, and salted for the slaves. At night each family took a bowl to the house and received two gallons of soup, made of the tripe and offal, with bacon, green corn, onions, tomatos, and squashes boiled in it; this, with our bread, and peas from our garden, gave us an ample meal. It was Saturday evening; we had finished one grand division of the labours on a cotton plantation—the laying by the corn and cotton—and we had a good dinner, for which the slaves were extremely grateful to their master. We were also to spend the whole of Sunday in rest and banqueting, as the two forequarters were to be dressed for dinner; and we were permitted to send to the orchard for some early peaches, which were now ripe. At one o'clock we received two gallons of soup, about a pound of beef, a small piece of bacon, and nearly two pounds of corn-pudding, mixed with lard. This, with some molasses which we had at home, made a good second course to our meat and vegetables. On Sunday afternoon we had a meeting, at which a man from Virginia sang and prayed. This was a day of uninterrupted happiness; and seeing all about me immersed in pleasure, I forgot for the time all the wrongs I had endured, and enjoyed the happiness of our community.

At this time the rice was ripe, and we proceeded to gather it, which is a healthy employment compared with the weeding it. The latter operation is performed while the fields are laid under water, and the people live for several months in the mud and water, subject to unwholesome vapours, under the rays of a summer sun, as well as the chilly dews of an autumnal night. At the time of cutting the grain the field is dry. After getting in the rice, we were employed in making cider, and were allowed a good share of the apples. After our feast, we had no meat for several weeks. In August we had to store the fodder—next to working in the rice swamps, the most unhealthy labour of the whole year. The tops are cut from the corn, as in Pennsylvania, but the blades below the ear are pulled off by the hand, dried, and bound into sheaves; all which must be done before the morning dew is dried up, or in the night, at the most unhealthy season of the year. Hence arise agues and fevers; which, however, might be mitigated by giving the slaves proper provisions at this period. Early in August disease made its appearance among us. Several were attacked with ague; a complaint so much disregarded, that I have seen our poor people compelled to pick cotton when they were so shaken by ague that they could scarcely hold it; and many slaves are thus lost by dropsy and consumption who might have been cured at first. The sick slaves were well attended to in the sick-room—a large airy apartment, with straw-beds, and everything necessary for their situation. If a part of the attention shown here were bestowed upon the slaves in health, they would never be ill.

We had scarcely completed the securing of the fodder, and working up apples and peaches, when the cotton was ready for picking; a business which forms about half the labour of the year on a large plantation. In Carolina it commences about the 1st of September. The manner is this. The cotton having been planted in straight rows, each picker, provided with a bag tied round his neck, proceeds from one side of the field to the other, picking all the cotton from the open burs, on the right and left, as he goes; thus he takes half the cotton from each of the two rows. Others do the same, and thus the field is picked. A day's work is not estimated by the rows picked, but by the weight of cotton brought into the house at night; this, from a good field fully ripe, should be sixty pounds; but of an inferior quality, or not in full blow, fifty pounds is a day's work, and often much less. The work continues from August till January. On all estates the standard of a day's work is fixed by the overseer: if more be gathered, the picker is paid for it; if less, he is sure to be whipped.

I now entered upon a new scene of my life, in which my true value would be determined by my ability to pick cotton; an art which it requires some time to acquire. I soon found that, though a match for the best hands on the plantation at the hoe, the axe, or the flail, I was excelled in picking cotton by a boy of fifteen; and besides my shame at this, I well knew that the lash of the overseer would soon make itself familiar with my back if I did not perform as much work as other young men. But the overseer said, that from the appearance of my hands, I should make a good picker; and in fact, before the end of a week, there were but three slaves who could pick more than I could. At the end of a month I was able to return every evening a few pounds over the daily rate, for which I received my pay; but it was irksome labour, to which I never became reconciled.

As the Christmas of 1805 approached, we hoped for a holiday of three or four days, as in Maryland; but the overseer declared, with accusations of idleness and bad conduct, that we should have but one day, with a meat dinner and a dram. Accordingly, we each received a dram of peach brandy, and two hogs were cut up amongst us. I went and picked cotton all day, for which the overseer paid me. Such was my first Christmas on a cotton plantation. On the 1st of January we received our winter clothes. A new blanket was given to every one above seven years of age; shoes to those who picked cotton; and woollen stuff for a petticoat and short-gown to each of the mothers of small children. During this winter our family enjoyed roast meat twice a-week—racoons, opossums, or other game of my trapping. In the spring I made a small net of twine, and proceeded to the river to fish. I made a weir, and caught a half-bushel measure of fish, which I gave to my master and the overseer. My skill and success were praised, but I did not even get a dram. However, on the next Sunday my master sent for me, and after inquiring about my knowledge of fishing, said that he intended to put me at the head of a fishing party. I was sent to clear the river of all the old trees and brush; and with the assistance of five other hands, I built two canoes, hoping that I should make some advantage of being head-man at the fishery. But on the day we launched the canoes, an ill-looking stranger came to take charge of the business, with the same authority over us as an overseer in the cotton field. We caught common river fish, of which we might keep as many as we could eat; but all the shad we caught were taken away by a black man, who came three times a-day for that purpose. The fish-master was to have a tenth part of all the fish we caught, and for a few days he did very well for his employer; but after a week, he began to relax in his discipline, as, to compel us to work all night, he must sit up and watch us. To this he could not submit; and one night he told me I was to be overseer that night, and he had no doubt I should keep the hands well at work. He then went to bed, and we worked hard all night. At sunrise I called him to divide the fish, but he did not come, and therefore I did it; at which he was so well satisfied, that the next night he again went to bed, leaving all to me. He had been very severe to us, making free use of a hickory gad which he carried; and we were all well pleased when he proposed leaving the night management of the fishery entirely to us, as we knew then that he was as much in our power as we were in his.

One evening a merchant-boat moored opposite our landing, and I rowed over to it, having a great desire for some bacon, of which I had never enjoyed a full meal since I came to Carolina. Upon inquiring of the captain if he had any in exchange for shad, he said he had a little; but that, as there was great risk in dealing with a slave, I must pay above the usual price. He offered me a hundred pounds of bacon for three hundred shad, which was twice as much as the bacon was worth; but he ran the hazard of being prosecuted for dealing with slaves—a high offence in Carolina. We delivered the fish, and received the bacon, the captain telling me that he should be down the river again in two weeks, when he would buy anything I had for sale, and give me half as much for cotton as it was worth in Charleston. We now lived sumptuously on our bacon, which we boiled, lest our master should find it out—as he would have done had we fried it. We spent two weeks thus, and were expecting the return of the boat, when the man who was with me when I received the bacon told me that he had laid a plan by which we could get thirty or forty dollars, if I would join him. He then reminded me of the captain's offer about cotton, and said that he intended to go one night to the cotton-house and fetch two bags: all he asked of me was, to make an excuse for his absence to the other hands, and help him to get the cotton into the canoe when the boat came. I disliked the scheme; but my companion was not to be discouraged by anything I said, answering, that if I would not help him, he would do it alone. The next night Nero was missing. To the inquiries of the other people I said nothing, and it passed over. A few nights after, the boat came, and Nero was again absent for a short time; saying, on his return, that he had been to collect pine wood. When the man came in the morning to take away the fish, he said there was great trouble on the plantation; for that two bags of cotton had been stolen in the night, and the overseer had threatened to flog all the slaves on the plantation, in order to discover the thief, who he suspected had sold the cotton to a poor white man who lived in the pine woods, and was believed to be a receiver of stolen goods. As I was known to be well acquainted with these woods, I was sent for to assist in the search for the cotton; and before I left the fishery, I advised the master to be very careful not to let the overseer or master know that he had left the fishing to us at night. I said this, remembering that I was guilty as to the bacon, though innocent of the cotton business.

When I arrived at the *quarter*, as the slaves' huts were called, I observed that the overseer looked at me attentively, and then whispered my young master. We went to the white man's hut in the pine woods, where we found him and his wife, with two little children, eating roasted potatoes. They denied all knowledge of the cotton; and after having searched the cabin, the gentlemen and myself set out to scour the woods. Finding nothing, we returned to the cabin, which we found deserted, this lonely family having fled in haste. My young master forced open the door. The few articles of miserable furniture were thrown into a corner, and the dwelling was set fire to by the overseer—my young master boasting how he had routed one receiver of stolen goods out of the country. When we returned home, a strange gentleman, looking hard at me, said, "Boy, you appear to live well; how much meat does your master allow you in a week?" I was confounded at this, but replied that we had plenty of river-fish; but that, if our master would give us a little meat now and then, we should be very grateful for it. The gentleman said no more; but the overseer, declaring that I looked fat and greasy, and unlike the other slaves who lived upon river-fish, said if I told where I got the meat, I should not be whipped. Many words ensued. One gentleman advised a flogging; and it might have been done, but I proposed their taking me to the landing, and if the people there did not look like me, he might flog me. When we got to the landing, I appealed to the fish-master whether we had any meat; and he answering in the negative, and praising us as excellent hands, the gentlemen were satisfied; but the overseer ran about swearing at our being so fat, while the hands on the plantation were as lean as sand-hill cranes. Fortunately, the bags of cotton were not mentioned; but Nero was so much alarmed, that I believe the least inquiry would have led him to confess the whole.

We left the fishery about the middle of April, when we found the corn and cotton had all been planted, and the latter transplanted. I had been a loser at the fishery, having been compelled to work for my master on Sundays, and thus losing all I could have earned on that day at the plantation.

IV.

After the first ploughing and hoeing of the cotton, thirty acres of rice swamp were to be hoed and weeded. No stranger can work for a week in a rice swamp at this season of the year without being ill; and the three new hands, with myself, were taken ill within the first five days. Bleeding and cooling medicine recovered me in about a week. Copperas was a part of my medicine: it is usually given to deter the people from complaining, until they can work no longer; but skill is required in administering it.

We had this year ten acres of indigo, which plant is worked nearly like rice, except that it is planted on high ground. The culture is disagreeable, as it requires constant weeding; and it impoverishes the land more than any other crop. The plants are steeped in water, and pounded; and the water having then been let off, the sediment which remains at the bottom is gathered into bags and hung up to drain. It is afterwards pressed, dried in cakes, and packed in chests for market. Washing and pounding is extremely unpleasant, on account of the filth and the stench arising from the decomposition of the plants. In the early part of June, the salted shad which we had received every Sunday was discontinued, and we received only a peck of corn and a pint of vinegar. I therefore resorted to my own expedients to procure animal food. This was considered a fortunate season, as no exemplary punishment had been inflicted for several months: there was some whipping every week, but not more than twenty lashes.

One Sunday, as I was seeking for turtles, this being the time of year at which they lay their eggs, I heard, in a very solitary part of the swamp, the sound of small bells. At first I was alarmed, and crouching down, I presently heard footsteps among the leaves, while the noise of the bells approached nearer. I was seized with horror, as I knew that a murder had been committed near the spot, and my horror was not abated by the sight of a famished-looking black man, entirely naked, his hair shaggy, and his eyes wild, bearing over his head something in the form of an arch, on which three bells were suspended. Upon a closer examination of this frightful figure, I saw an iron collar about his neck, with a large padlock hanging behind; he carried a stout staff, with an iron spear at one end. I gave myself up for lost, and began to pray aloud, when the figure rushed into the water, beseeching me, in a piteous tone, to have mercy upon him, and not carry him back to his master. All my fears vanished at the sound of a human voice, and I perceived that he was only a poor African negro, and more wretched than myself. I persuaded him to come out of the water, offering him all the aid I could give; and we went to an open part of the wood, where he desired me to look at his back, which was seamed with the scars of the whip and hickory, from his neck to the lower extremity of his spine. The natural colour of the skin had disappeared, and was succeeded by a streaked and speckled appearance of dusky-white and pale flesh colour. He said his name was Paul; that he was a native of Congo in Africa, and had been a slave five years; that his master was often drunk, and that his chief delight was in whipping his slaves; that he had run away two years ago, after having been whipped with hickory switches till he fainted; that he concealed himself in a swamp for six months, but at last was betrayed by a woman who saw him. When taken, he was again whipped till he was unable to stand, and a heavy block of wood was chained to one foot, which he was obliged to drag after him at his daily labour for more than three months, when, having found an old file, he cut the irons, and again fled. He was again retaken a week after, and again whipped; and then the iron collar he now wore, with the iron rod extending from one shoulder to the other over his head, were put upon him. I had no implements to release him with, and all I could do was to give him some terrapius (a kind of small turtle), which I had found, and all the eggs I had gathered during the day. I lighted a fire for him; and having promised to bring a file and remove his fetters on the following Sunday, I returned home, terrified at the adventure. I often thought of the forlorn African during the week; and on the next Sunday, having procured a large file from a blacksmith's shop, I repaired to the swamp, but he was not there. The ashes of the fire showed that it had been kept up for several days, and the bones of the terrapius and of several frogs were scattered about; but no one had been on the spot since the rain which had fallen on the previous Thursday. While standing on the spot, I heard the croaking of ravens, and saw a turkey-buzzard, pursued by an eagle, come from the quarter in which I heard the ravens. I knew that the eagle never pursued the buzzard for the purpose of preying upon him, but only to compel him to disgorge himself of his own prey, for the benefit of the king of birds. I therefore concluded that some dead animal was near me, and thought that Paul might have killed a cow with a pine knot, and removed himself to where she lay. My curiosity was roused; but I had not advanced many yards when I felt a sickening stench. The trees swarmed with birds of prey, and clouds of carrion crows were flitting about after their manner when they perceive some object of prey. I presently beheld the cause of all this in the putrid body of the unhappy Paul, suspended from a tree by a cord made of twisted hickory bark. It was plain that he had climbed the tree, fastened the cord to the branch, and sprung off. The bells had preserved the corpse from being devoured, the birds being alarmed as soon as they touched it. The body was never taken down, and I saw the bones on the tree several months afterwards.

About this time my master's eldest daughter was married to a planter of great wealth near Columbia; and the second, after some difficulties, was also married to a young gentleman, her inferior in rank and wealth. As he had no slaves or land of his own, he was to reside with his wife on a large tract of land belonging to my master in Georgia; and in September 1806, I was told that I, with eight other men and two or three women, must set out the next Sunday with our new master for Georgia, to make the place ready to receive our new mistress in the spring. I was much pleased with the manners and appearance of the young man, who appeared about twenty-eight years old. I was to drive the six mules which were to draw the wagon. Before we set off, my young mistress gave each of us two full suits of clothes, one of woollen, the other of hemp; a hat, and two pairs of shoes, with a trifle in money, enjoining us to do our duty. This conduct was so different to that I had been accustomed to witness, that I thought myself very fortunate in being her slave.

We departed: when we reached Augusta, my master pushed forward with the men, leaving me with the team to bring on the women, children, and goods; and on the sixth day I reached the settlement in a heavy forest. My master gave me three dollars and twenty-five cents for my good conduct, and I hoped now that all my troubles were ended, as I did not consider labour any hardship, if I was well treated and cared for. We made two cabins, with glass windows, which I had brought; two other cabins, and a stable; and then began to clear the land. After a few days my master took the wagon and two boys to the settlements to buy provisions, leaving me to superintend the work. We all worked very hard; and at the end of a week our master returned, bringing meal, bacon, salt, and other things; and the day following, a white man drove to our station several cows, and above twenty hogs; all which required no feeding at this time of the year, when nuts and grass are abundant. We now lived very differently from what we had done, having plenty of bacon, with bread and sweet potatoes. But a few days before Christmas, a messenger came with news of the death of my old master, and that difficulties required the presence of our young one. We had in these two months cleared forty acres of land; and my master, taking an account of everything, placed the whole under my charge, and departed, promising to return in a month. We heard nothing of him till late in January, when the eldest son of my old master came to the settlement with a strange gentleman, and we heard, to our surprise and sorrow, that our young master had been killed in a duel by one of the suitors my young mistress had refused, who had combined together to revenge themselves on both husband and wife.

In all parts of the cotton country there are taverns for gambling and drinking, frequented by all classes of planters, and kept for gain by men utterly without character. In these sinks of iniquity are assembled all the profligate, the drunken, and the idle. In a country where the white man never works, not even to oversee the labour done on his own plantation, the number of those who frequent these gaming-houses may be imagined. My young master kept aloof from the tavern; but the conspirators invited him there on some pretence about his property, and having succeeded in quarrelling with him, challenged him to fight over the table at which they sat. He had no pistols, but a pair was offered to him; and the result was as might have been expected—he was killed at the first fire, while his antagonist escaped unhurt. My mistress became immediately delirious; she recovered her reason at times, but died in the summer following of fever, leaving an infant a few days old.

The estate on which I now resided was let immediately to a man from Savannah, who would not have been a bad master, had he not been as much a slave as I was. I saw many families in the south; but my new mistress was the worst woman I ever saw there. Her temper was as bad as that of a speckled viper; and her language, when she was enraged, was a mere vocabulary of profanity and virulence. When left to himself, my master was kind and humane towards his people; and if he had possessed courage to whip his wife two or three times as he whipped his slaves, to compel her to conduct herself in a manner befitting her sex, I should have had a tolerable time of servitude with him, and should probably have remained a slave in Georgia till this day. Before my mistress came, we had plenty of meat; but after her arrival, we had no meat, a very short supply of bread, with badly-cooked sweet potatoes, and a very small quantity of sour milk; while my mistress gave the slaves she brought with her both meat and milk. However, my master sometimes gave us a flitch of bacon, which he stole from his own storehouse, telling us not to let his wife know it. This woman hated me, because my master placed confidence in me, and treated me as the foreman of his people. Wages were high in this country, and I could sometimes earn a dollar and a half on a Sunday. My master gave me an old gun, which I got repaired, and became a hunter, in which I soon was expert, shooting the deer at salt-licks* which I made in the woods, and thus living well. Serpents of various kinds swarmed in this country; and I have killed more than twenty rattlesnakes in a day. Copper-heads were innumerable; but the worst snake is the moccason, which is quite as venomous as the copper-head or rattlesnake, and much more active and malicious. Vipers, and other poisonous reptiles, were also very numerous. In the swamps was a monstrous serpent; it is brown, with ashy-white spots, and lives by catching rabbits and other animals, and I have no doubt would attack and swallow children several years old. I once shot one more than eight feet long, and as thick as a man's leg; when coiled up, it was as large as a small calf lying in its resting-place. Panthers, wolves, and other beasts of prey were common in the woods. Snakes congregate either in groups or pairs; and if one be killed, another soon appears near the place. I one day killed a rattlesnake full six feet in length, of a corresponding thickness, and with fangs an inch and three-quarters long. A few days after, in jumping from the top of a fence near the spot where I had killed this one, I alighted close to another rattlesnake, quite as large, lying at full length. To my surprise it did not attempt to bite me, nor even to throw itself into a coil: it only sounded its rattles, loud enough to be heard a hundred yards off. I killed this also, and found the body so stuffed with corn meal, that it could not coil itself, and thus my life was saved; for the bite of such a snake is almost certain death.

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* Salt-licks—spots of natural salt, to which wild animals instinctively resort in herds.

Being in the woods one Sunday, my dog showed fear at something he saw in the cane-brake. I had my axe with me, but not my gun, and after vainly endeavouring to induce my dog to enter the cane-brake, I started on my way home, my dog keeping a little in advance of me, but frequently looking back. I had not proceeded far, when the cause of the dog's alarm became manifest; for, looking round, I saw a huge panther creeping along the path after me, like a cat stealing on its prey. I endeavoured to urge my dog to attack him; but in vain. When I stood still, the beast lay down, his eyes fixed upon me; when I moved forward, it moved also: in this way I proceeded, the panther sometimes within twenty paces of me, until I came within view of my master's clearing, when it turned off into the woods. When I told my master of my adventure, he sent for some dogs, and immediately started off in pursuit of the animal, which, near daybreak the next morning, they shot in a tree, having hunted it nearly ten miles. It measured eleven feet ten inches from the end of the nose to the tip of the tail.

In the autumn, I accompanied my master into the Indian country to purchase horses: an expedition which, I believe, yielded him a handsome profit. He now fell into bad health, and the temper of my mistress became daily worse. I went to Savannah with my master to purchase groceries, and on a plantation where we rested I saw a slave punished by *cat-hauling*. The cat was placed on the bare shoulders, and forcibly dragged by the tail down the back and along the thighs of the prostrate slave, tearing the skin and flesh with its claws and teeth. It is the most excruciating punishment I ever saw inflicted, and very dangerous: the claws of the cat being poisonous. The cat was drawn thus twice down the backs of three slaves. Soon after my return from Savannah, two slaves on a neighbouring plantation were hanged for murdering their master; and another slave was whipped nearly to death, only for having been in the house when the murder was committed, and not having given immediate information of it: the guilty couple themselves declaring his ignorance of their intention. All the slaves were ordered to attend this execution; and it was estimated that fifteen thousand persons were present, half of whom were blacks. After the bodies were cut down, drinking, gambling, horse-racing, dancing, and fighting took place. Booths and tents had been erected; and every species of amusement and excess to which the southern people are addicted, was carried on from the day of execution (Thursday) till the following Monday. My master became worse; and in March two brothers of my mistress came to reside with her. About three weeks after their arrival, they told me they were going to whip me, as they thought it would be good for me. Resistance was vain; I was tied to a tree in the yard, and drawn up by my hands till my feet no longer touched the ground. The first strokes of the hickory were like scalding water running along my back; but after a hundred or more lashes, a dead, painful aching seemed to penetrate my very bones. As I hung by the rope, I swung round, and saw my master, as pale as death, standing by the door, and commanding his brothers-in-law to desist. Finding his words disregarded, he made his way to me, leaning on his stick, and placing his skeleton form beside me as I hung, threatened to send for a lawyer if they struck another blow. This stopped my punishment: they cut me down, and carried my poor master into the house. My mistress compelled me to have my back washed with brine, and I was then permitted to go to bed. The next day I could not turn myself; my shirt adhered to my back, and could not be removed till after my mistress had me washed in warm water, and warm grease rubbed over me. She was afraid I should die; as it was, she lost a month of my labour, and me in the end. As soon as I could walk, my master sent for me, and with tears beseeched me to remain faithful during his short life; which I promised, though I determined to attempt my escape as soon as he should be in his grave. My master had an old sword, which I thought would be useful to me; I therefore secreted it. I was uneasy at robbing so good a man, but I knew he would never want it again.

My master died in May, and I followed him to the grave with a heavy heart, for I felt that I had lost the only friend who could protect me against the tyranny and oppression to which slaves on a cotton plantation are subject. Had he lived, I should never have left him, for he had promised to purchase me of my owners in Carolina; but when he was gone, I felt the parting of the last tie that bound me to the place where I then was, and my heart yearned for my wife and children, from whom I had now been separated more than four years.

I held my life in small estimation, if it was to be worn out under the dominion of my mistress and her brothers; though, since the death of my master, she had greatly ameliorated my condition, by giving me frequent allowances of meat and other necessaries. I believe she entertained some vague apprehensions that I might run away, and betake myself to the woods for a living—perhaps go to the Indians; but I do not think she ever suspected that I should make the hitherto untried and hazardous attempt to find my way back to Maryland. My purpose was fixed, and now nothing could shake it. I only waited for a proper season of the year to commence my toilsome and dangerous journey, as I must procure my own subsistence on my march.

I furnished myself with a tin case containing flint, steel, and tinder. In one side of the greatcoat which my master had given me I quilted a scabbard of old cloth, in which I could safely carry my sword. I also procured a small linen bag, which held more than a peck, and filled it with the meal of the parched corn, which I ground at night. I had the boots repaired which my master had given me; and before the 1st of August, I had completed all my preparations with such secrecy, that no one suspected my design. I only waited the ripening of the corn. On the 8th of August, I perceived that nearly half of the ears were so far grown, that, on being roasted, they would afford a food on which a man could live pretty well; and I resolved that the next day I would take leave of this plantation for ever.

After having taken an affectionate leave of my poor dog, whom I was obliged to leave behind me, as the success of my attempt depended on secrecy and silence, I went to work as usual, and worked till one o'clock, when, having tied my knapsack with my bag of meal on my shoulders, I went off towards the forest, keeping as nearly as I could a northern course all the afternoon. At night I lay down and slept soundly, without kindling a fire or eating anything. When I awoke, and could see my way, I walked on until about eight o'clock, when I came to a river that I knew must be the Appalachie. I sat down on the bank and made my breakfast, using my meal very sparingly, as my most valuable treasure, and though I had in my pocket three Spanish dollars, which, however, could not avail me anything. The morning was sultry, and the thickets along the margin of the river teemed with insects and reptiles. After taking my breakfast, I prepared to cross the river, which was here about a hundred yards wide, with a sluggish and deep current, too deep to be waded; so I prepared to cross it by swimming, which in my youth I had learned in the Patuxent.

I stripped myself, bound my clothes on the top of my knapsack, with my bag of meal above my clothes, then drawing the knapsack close up to my head, I threw myself into the river. I kept in a straight line to the opposite bank, and when I had reached it, I turned round to view the place from which I had set out on my aquatic passage; but my eye was arrested by an object nearer than the opposite shore. Within twenty feet of me, in the very line I had pursued, was a large alligator moving in full pursuit of me, with his nose just above the surface, in the position which that creature takes when chasing his prey. The alligator can swim more than twice as fast as a man, and had I remained ten seconds longer in the water, I should have been drawn to the bottom. After adjusting my clothes, I again took to the woods, and bore a little to the north-east, having determined to turn down the country, so as to gain the line of roads by which I had come to the south. I travelled all day in the woods, but a short time before sunset came within view of an opening in the forest, which I supposed to be cleared fields; but on a closer examination, finding no fences or other enclosures round it, I advanced into it, and found it to be an open savannah, with a small stream of water creeping slowly through it. At the lower side of an open space were the remains of an old beaver dam, the central part of which had been broken away by the stream. Around the margin of this former pond I observed several decayed beaver lodges, and many stumps of small trees; these had been cut down by this industrious little nation, which had fled at the approach of white people, and had gone to seek refuge in the deepest solitudes of the forest from the glance of every human eye. As it was growing late, and I thought I must be drawing towards a settlement, I determined to encamp near the beaver dam. I again took my supper from my bag of meal, and made my bed among the canes which grew in the place. I slept but little, for it seemed as if all the owls in the country had assembled: their hooting and chattering commenced soon after dark, and continued till dawn. Owls are very numerous in all parts of the south, especially in the low grounds with which the waters are bordered. Although I had passed many nights in the woods at all seasons, I had never before heard so deafening a chorus of nocturnal music.

In the morning I arose from my couch, and proceeded cautiously along the woods, keeping a continual look-out for plantations, and listening attentively to every noise I heard among the trees. When the sun had been up two or three hours, I saw an appearance of blue sky before me, which showed that the trees had been cleared from a spot at no great distance; and as I advanced, I heard the voices of people in conversation. Sitting down among the palmetto plants, I soon perceived that they were coming nearer to me. I now heard the tramp of horses, and soon saw two men on horseback, with rifles on their shoulders, riding through the wood at the distance of about fifty or sixty yards from me. Perceiving that these men were hunters, I remained perfectly silent, listening to their conversation. When I could distinguish their words, they were talking of the best place to take their stand for the purpose of seeing the deer; from which I inferred that they had sent men with dogs to some other point to rouse the game. After they had passed near me, and were beginning to recede, one of them asked the other if he had heard that a negro had run away the day before yesterday from Morgan county, to which his companion answered in the negative. The first then said he had seen an advertisement offering a hundred dollars reward for his recovery, and that his name was Charles. The conversation was interrupted by a cry of hounds, and the horsemen soon rode out of my hearing.

It was necessary now to be doubly vigilant. I resolved to travel no more in the day-time, as I was very likely to be discovered by the hunters in the forest. I was extremely hungry; but being unwilling to encroach further on my bag of meal, I crept through the low ground to a fence, beyond which I saw a plantation of cotton, and at the distance of half a mile tassels of corn in a field. Being sleepy, I crept into the bushes, and hungry as I was, fell asleep. From the position of the sun when I awoke, I thought it might be one or two o'clock. At this time of the day the heat drives every one from the forest; therefore I cautiously approached the fence opposite the corn field, and after a careful examination, I ventured to cross it, and pluck about a dozen good ears of corn, with which I crept back to the thicket in safety. Not daring to kindle a fire in the forest, lest the smoke should betray me, I ventured to a swamp which I knew to be near by the appearance of the timber; and when a quarter of a mile within it, I collected some dry wood, and kindled a fire for the first time on my journey. After I had roasted and eaten as much of my corn as I could, I lay down and slept for three or four hours, when, it being evening, I thought it prudent to leave the swamp.

I had learned to distinguish the north star and the seven pointers, and as soon as these were visible, I began my march through the woods as nearly due east as I could, in order to gain the road leading from Augusta to Morgan county, deeming it more safe to travel the high road than the open country by night. With the north star on my left hand, and taking care to keep at a great distance from the houses belonging to the plantations which I passed, I travelled at least twenty-five miles that night, passing through a peach orchard, with the fine ripe fruit of which I filled my pockets and hat, and in crossing a corn field I pulled a supply of roasting ears, with which, and my peaches, I retired at daybreak into a large wood, where, in a thicket of high whortle bushes, I breakfasted, and lay down to sleep.

In the evening I commenced my march, and travelled till about one o'clock in the morning, when I came upon a beaten road, which I determined to pursue, supposing it led to Augusta. At daylight I turned into the woods, and concealing myself in a thicket of young pines, I remained undisturbed during the day. At dark I again returned to the road, travelling as silently as possible, and listening to every sound that I heard. After about an hour, I heard the approach of horsemen, to avoid whom I concealed myself behind the trunk of a large tree. As they passed, I heard one of them ask another if it was not about five miles to the Oconee, which satisfied me that I was on the high road leading down the country.

I waited until these horsemen were out of hearing, and then followed them at a brisk walk. In less than an hour I came to a river, which I supposed to be the Oconee; and having previously found that river fordable with a wagon and team, I prepared to ford it now. I procured a long stick from the shore, and entered the river with all my clothes on except my greatcoat and pantaloons, which I carried on my back. The river was not more than four feet in depth; and I had proceeded beyond the middle of it, when I heard horses in front of me, and presently several horsemen advanced into the stream towards me. I stooped down, leaving only my head and the top of my pack above the surface, and waited while the strangers had given their horses water. They then entered into conversation together; and one said it was his opinion "that that fellow had not come this way at all." The other then asked what his name was, and the first replied "that he was called Charles in the advertisements, but that runaway negroes always took a false name." I now knew that I was within a few feet of a party patrolling the country in search of me, and that the obscurity caused by the fog alone saved me from them. After a pause of a few minutes, the gentlemen rode on, and were soon out of hearing.

I remained in the water a quarter of an hour; then, after wringing the wet from my clothes, I left the road, and ascended an eminence which was clear from fog, and from which the stars were visible. It was now certain that the whole country had been advised of my flight; but it was equally certain that no one knew the course I had taken, as these were the same men who had passed me early in the night, and from whom I learned the distance to the river. From the hill I saw that the road which I had left led through a plantation, the house and other buildings on which appeared to be such as I had before seen; and from an open space in the thicket, I became satisfied, after the sun had risen, that this was the residence of the gentleman who had so kindly entertained my master and me as we went to and returned from Savannah with the wagon. Although this gentleman had told me to come and see him if I passed this way again, I knew, notwithstanding the benevolence of his character, that to see a runaway slave on his premises, and not cause him to be apprehended and sent home, was held to be one of the most dishonourable acts to which a southern planter could subject himself.

I stood and looked at the house of this good planter for more than an hour after the sun had risen. I saw the overseer and hands proceed to the field, the black women go to the cow-pen with their pails, and the smoke rise from the kitchen chimney. I saw two young ladies and a brother come to the door; and at last I saw the gentleman himself leave the house and walk towards the stables. It was like throwing one's-self in the way of a lion, who is known sometimes to spare those whom he might destroy; yet I resolved to approach this planter and tell him my story. I did so, meeting him in one of the yards. At first he did not know me; but I reminded him of having been at his house. I told him I was a runaway; that my master was dead; that my mistress was so cruel I could not live with her, showing him at the same time the scars on my back. After a short silence, the gentleman said, "Charles, I will not betray you; but you must not stay here. It must not be known that you were on this plantation, and that I saw and conversed with you. However, as I suppose you are hungry, you may go to the kitchen and get your breakfast with my house-servants."

Going into the kitchen as he ordered, I was soon supplied with a good breakfast of cold meat, warm bread, and as much butter-milk as I chose to drink. The lady of the house, with her two daughters, came in and gave me a dram of peach brandy, which did me more harm than good, though I drank it thankfully; and a black man brought me a dollar and a package containing at least ten pounds of bread and meat, saying that his master desired me to quit his premises as soon as I had finished my breakfast. I obeyed, and left this truly hospitable house with my most fervent blessings upon the head of its inhabitants. It was yet early in the morning when I regained the woods on the opposite side of the plantation.

I could not believe it possible that the white people whom I had just left would give information against me; but still I thought it prudent to travel some distance in the woods before I stopped for the day: I also resolved to quit the road, and travel by woods and fields for two or three nights. In the afternoon it rained, but I was kept tolerably dry by a large magnolia. It cleared in the evening, and I continued my journey on that and the two following nights: on the third night I encountered a danger that had nearly proved fatal to me.

I had been on my road two or three hours, when I entered a plantation that lay quite across my way. All seemed to be quiet, and I went into a peach orchard, the fruit of which was of a fine large kind, called the Indian peach, one of them being often as large as the common quince. I had filled all my pockets with this delicious fruit—which is of a deep red—when I heard the loud growl of a dog near the house. I stood still, but he growled on; at length he approached me, and barked out. I started off for the woods; but he barked louder, and was followed by another dog, also barking. Being light of foot, I was able to escape into the woods, by keeping the dogs at bay with my stick; but now I heard the shouts of men encouraging them, and it was clear that I must be taken in a few minutes. I thought of my master's sword; and snatching it from the sheath, I cut at the head of the largest and fiercest of the dogs, laying it open from the neck to the nose. He gave a loud yell, and fell dead upon the ground. The other escaped over a fence into the field, where he set up a clamorous barking. I made the best of my way through the woods for an hour without stopping. I had lost almost all my peaches in this affray, and tore my clothes sadly in running through the woods—a disaster not easily repaired; but I had proved my judgment in putting up the sword as the best part of my travelling equipage.

It was now necessary to travel as fast as possible, and I certainly lost no time; but I believe I went in a zig-zag or circular route; though, when daylight appeared, I was moving towards the south, as I intended. I lay down to rest in a thicket of low white oak bushes, and slept till ten or eleven o'clock, when, having eaten my breakfast, I again lay down, but felt an unusual sense of disquietude and alarm. I arose and looked for a more secure retreat, but not seeing any, I lay down a third time, still uneasy. Finally, I removed to the side of a large black log, intending to go to sleep; but before I had been here more than twenty minutes, I heard the voices of men and the trampling of horses. I lay with my back to the log in such a position that I could see the place where I had been in the bushes. Two dogs went into this little thicket, and three horsemen rode over the very spot—seventy or eighty yards from me—where I had lain in the morning. Horses and voices were immediately at my back, around me, and over me. Two horses jumped over the log by the side of which I lay—one a short distance from my feet, and the other within two yards of my head. The horses saw me, took fright, and started off; but fortunately their riders—who were probably looking for me in the tops of the trees, or expecting to see me start before them in the woods, running for my life—did not perceive me, and attributed the alarm of their horses to the black appearance of the log; for I heard one of them say, "Our horses are afraid of black logs: I wonder how they would stand the sight of the negro if we should meet him." There must have been twenty horsemen; and there were more dogs than I could count; but, fortunately for me, they had not been trained to hunt negroes in the woods. If some of the kept dogs, as they are called, had happened to go into that thicket instead of these, my race would soon have been run.

Long after the enemy was gone, I lay still, trembling in every joint; and when I arose, I found myself so completely bereft of understanding, that I could not tell north from south, east from west. I could not even distinguish the thicket; the sun, moon, and stars seemed out of their places. I had sense enough not to leave the spot; and I remained here three wretched days, oppressed with alienation of mind, and conscious of the infliction. My joy on the third morning at seeing the sun rise in his proper place cannot be described. When I recovered, I proceeded along a broad road, and crossed the Savannah river into South Carolina. In the afternoon of the next day rain came on, with a high wind, and continued through the night. I took shelter in a hollow tree, whence I perceived that the country around was well inhabited, and that the wood was surrounded by plantations. I therefore made my way at night to a large forest, where, not being able to kindle a fire, on account of the wet weather, I passed the night wretchedly. Next day I penetrated the forest, and choosing a spot of high ground, I erected a sort of rude booth by cutting the bushes with my knife. Here I remained for eleven days, during which time the sun scarcely showed himself. I procured corn from a field about a mile and a half from my camp; but my patience was worn out at being thus weather-bound. At length the wind arose, the sun shone, and the fleecy clouds assured me that the rains were over. At nightfall I returned to the road, keeping the north star always on my left hand. This road must have been that leading to Charleston; and as many people travelled it by night as well as by day, my progress was very slow. At the end of a week I found myself in a flat sandy country, and concluded I was approaching the sea instead of Columbia; in order to be certain of which, I passed several nights secreted by the roadside, to listen to the conversation of travellers. At length, from the drivers of some wagons, I found that it was as I feared; that it was sixty miles to Charleston, and that I had completely mistaken my course.

Not knowing what to do, I retraced the road for several nights, and then determined to travel due north, trusting to Providence to guide me to some road which might lead me to Maryland. I made my way pretty well the first night; but then a dense fog came on, and I was compelled to remain for a week in a swamp, during which time I was exposed to the equinoctial gales, which raged for four days with a fury that I had never witnessed before. When the weather had become clear again, I set forth, and came to a broad road, which I pursued cautiously, crossing many small streams, and one narrow, but deep river.

I had as yet fallen in with no considerable towns, and going round by the woods, I had avoided small hamlets; but on the fourth night, after crossing the river, I came to a considerable village, with lights burning in many of the houses. I knew the danger I was in from the patrols, with which all southern towns are provided, and endeavoured to avoid the place by going round it; but I was prevented by a broad river, and after wandering a long time in swamps and pine woods, I found I could not pass the village that night. I was therefore obliged to remain in a swamp during the day. On the following night I soon found myself in an open country of cotton and corn fields, with numerous houses, from which the barking of dogs was incessant. I felt that I was in the midst of dangers, and that I was entering a region very different from the wilderness through which I had lately passed. At length I perceived a large town, which, the country being open, I despaired of passing at a distance, and of finding the road again. I therefore determined to run all risks, and attempt to pass it in the dark. I came to a broad river between me and the town, and finding several small boats, I seized one, and was quickly on the opposite shore. I entered the silent town, and reached its centre without seeing even a rat in motion. Finding myself in an open space, I stopped to examine the streets, and recognised the jail of Columbia, and the tavern in which I was lodged the night after I was sold.

This discovery made me feel almost at home with my wife and children. Hastening to the extremity of the town, running rather than walking, I took shelter in the pine woods at dawn. I had now been travelling two months, and was still so near the place whence I had departed, that I could have walked to it in a week by daylight; but as I knew the customs of South Carolina, and the usual movements of the night patrol, and as I had travelled the country before, I now hoped my progress would be more rapid. I once narrowly escaped a band of patrollers; but knowing that they never remain out all night, except in times of apprehended danger, and the country appearing to be quiet, I felt little fear of them. There was plenty of corn in the fields, and the sweet potatoes had not yet been dug, so there was no scarcity of provisions, and my health and strength were good.

Thus did I persevere in my almost hopeless attempts to regain that liberty of which I had been so unjustly deprived. At length my bag of meal was exhausted. I could not always procure fresh corn, and when I did, I dared not make a fire to roast it. I was therefore often in great misery from want of food; besides which, my clothes were torn by the thickets through which I was obliged to pass, and my strength began to give way under the violent extremes of wet and cold. Once I was entangled in a swamp, from which I had just extricated myself with great difficulty, when I saw a large alligator crawling through the mud towards me, ready to devour me. Had it been in the night, I could not have escaped. At another time hunger made me venture into a barn stored with corn; here I sheltered myself for several nights under the husks, leaving it in the morning when the men came to work. Occasionally I was able to kill an opossum or a wild hog; but I dared scarcely make a fire to dress them, lest the smoke should be seen. The weather was becoming cold; snow fell for days together, and my clothes did not protect me; besides which, I was twice nearly drowned in crossing the rivers, being too much benumbed to swim. In such dangers the winter passed away. March came, and I calculated that I had entered Virginia. I passed through Richmond, the capital, in the night, and I may call this my boldest exploit; for it must be remembered that any one might take up and whip a slave who could not show his master's passport. Near Richmond I had a narrow escape from a mulatto, who endeavoured to knock me down. I had no doubt this man was one of those wretches employed to kidnap people of colour, to sell them in the southern states. I reached the Matapony river; and knowing that I was near Maryland, I travelled till daybreak, when I found no shelter near, and was compelled to pass a house by the roadside, in order to reach a wood. I was seen, and a white man called to me to stop; which order being disregarded, the dog was set upon me, and a gun fired. I was wounded in the legs, taken, ironed, and carried to prison, after having been so beaten with sticks and stones as to be almost senseless. In the jail my wounds were dressed, food given me, and I remained there a month, recovering health and strength, but seeing no means of escape. At length, by accident, I discovered one of the door-posts of my cell to be unsound, and at night I contrived to wrench away my irons, to force the hasp out of the door-post, and thus to get into the jail-yard, whence I easily escaped to the road, and by great haste and caution crossed the Patuxent into Maryland.

About one in the morning I reached my wife's cabin, and rapping lightly, was asked "Who is there?" I replied, "Charles;" but even when she saw me, she could scarcely believe it was her long-lost husband. The children had forgotten me, though they knew they once had a father: however, we were soon very happy. I felt no longer hunger or fatigue, and my wife seemed to forget all except that I was at home again. But when the first happiness was over, I began to dread the future, as I was a runaway slave. I went to my wife's master, who advised me to conceal myself for a time, which I did; and the war breaking out soon after, I went on board one of Commodore Barney's barges in the Patuxent river as cook. I was present at the blowing up of the British vessels in the Patuxent, and afterwards marched with the troops to Bladensburg. I could not but admire the handsome manner in which the British officers led on their worn-out soldiers. General Ross was one of the finest-looking men I ever saw on horseback. I took part in the war on the shores of the Chesapeake and Patuxent. In this and the following summer, several thousand slaves deserted to the British men-of-war which came up the river. A Mrs Wilson, who owned more than a hundred slaves, lost them all in one night. Ransom was offered for them; and I went on board the English frigate as servant to one of the gentlemen. The black people were promised freedom and lands in Trinidad, and I was offered this also, but I refused, and a sloop took away the fugitives to sea, while I found myself in the enemy's hands without a chance of getting home; for we had sailed out of the river, and they dared not land me and my master on the coast just yet. While I was on board, two prisoners made their escape, which enraged the captain very much; and he repaid it by landing on the shore, burning three houses, killing cattle, and carrying away a great deal of plate. I saw many such atrocities in the summer and fall of 1813. I continued with the army after the sack of Washington and defence of Baltimore; but in 1814 I quitted the army, and went to work at the latter place as a free man. My wife died in 1816. I enjoyed good health, and by labour as a market-gardener, I had, in 1820, built a small house, purchased twelve acres of ground, a yoke of oxen, cows, and saved three hundred dollars in money. I had married again, had four children, and looked forward to an old age of comfort, if not of ease.

V.

In June 1830, as I was ploughing, three gentlemen came up to me with a wish to take me to Baltimore. Unconscious of any offence, I prepared to go, when I was knocked down, bound, and carried away without being allowed to speak to my wife. I was lodged in the jail, and next day I was claimed by the youngest brother of my mistress, who had whipped me before my master's door in Georgia. I was strongly ironed, and a fortnight after was driven, with a number of other black people, to Washington, where, in the grounds fronting the president's house, I saw an old gentleman who I was told was the president. In four weeks we reached Millidgeville in Georgia, where the man who kidnapped me resided. I was put to work: but I had enjoyed liberty too long not to think of a second escape. August was a good season to travel, as there was food in the fields and orchards; but, remembering my former sufferings, I resolved to escape to some seaport, and get on board a vessel bound to a northern city. I put on an appearance of contentment, to deceive my master; but having learned from the family affairs that my master had no right to me as his sister's slave, I went to a lawyer at Millidgeville to try to get my freedom. He told me that, by the law of Georgia, every man of colour was presumed to be a slave until he could prove that he was free; but that if I would sign a paper to serve him for a year, he would endeavour to get me freed. However, on the next Wednesday I was whipped with the long negro whip, for no fault, till I was insensible, and could not appear before the judge who was to decide my cause. Two weeks after, it was decided that, by the law of Georgia, every negro was presumed to be a slave till he could prove his freedom, and the white man in whose custody he was found was declared to be his master. From this time life was a torment; I was whipped in the field, compelled to cut wood after field hours, and locked up at night. Even on a Sunday I was under the charge of an African negro. But fortune once more befriended me.

Late in September much rain fell, and my door being clumsily fitted, and swelled with the damp, the overseer left it a little open, and I forced it sufficiently to get out. I set off quickly, passed through Millidgeville, gained the open country, and hid myself in a swamp. But next morning five or six men rushed upon me, crying, "Kill him! kill him!" They bound me, and carried me to their companions, who were drinking, singing, and playing cards. Among them was my master, who, after much abuse, sold me to a planter for five hundred and sixty dollars. I was taken fifty miles down the country, and eighty miles from Savannah. Here I was again a slave on a cotton plantation, twenty years after my first flight. After about a week, my master told me he never flogged, but that if I came to the house in the evening, he would show me a more effectual punishment. I saw a pump, the spout of which was about thirteen feet above the ground; the water was cold, and descended in a large stream upon the head of the poor woman who was to be punished. She had been stripped naked, and tied to a post directly under the spout. When she had been under the stream about a minute, she began to scream piteously; she then became convulsed; and in another minute her head sank upon her breast in silence. She was then removed insensible; but recovered her faculties in about an hour. Those who have endured this punishment say that at first the water is not painful; in a short time it feels like the heavy blows of large rods; and that, by degrees, becomes more and more painful, until the skull and bladebones appear to be broken in pieces. Finally, the breathing is oppressed, and sensibility ceases. This scene of torture determined me to make my escape immediately; and on the Sunday evening following, I stole softly across the cotton fields, taking with me a bag containing my allowance of food. I kept on steadily all night, and carefully avoiding every appearance of a road, I proceeded for four days, when I came to a broad highroad, near which I concealed myself, that I might judge, from the people I saw, to what country it led. By the number of horsemen, carriages, and cotton wagons, I guessed that I was near some large town. I therefore descended to the road at night, and travelled it till daybreak, passing many houses, and much well-cleared country. As I was resting by the fence, a wagon laden with cotton passed me, and the driver, a black man, offered me a lift to Savannah. I accepted this, and accompanied him to the wharf, where I assisted him to unload, for which he gave me a good breakfast. I then hired myself to help in loading a ship with cotton, bearing in mind the chance of thus escaping. They were three days in loading, during which time I had contrived to pack the cotton bags so as to leave a space in the centre of the hold large enough for a man to conceal himself. My wages being paid, I bought two jugs—the large one I filled with water, the small one with molasses—also twenty pounds of pilot bread; and at night I went on board, and watching an opportunity when the man on duty had gone forward, I glided down amongst the cargo with my jugs and bread. The ship sailed the next morning; and very glad was I when I felt the waves of the ocean break against her. I was in total darkness, and knew nothing of time till I heard a man call out, "That is Cape Hatteras." At length I felt the ship strike against some solid body, succeeded by much noise and bustle, and at length the hatches were opened. At night I crept up, and seeing no one about, I left the hold, and stepped upon a ship alongside. A man seized me for a thief, but I persuaded him to let me go; and stepping upon the wharf, I once more felt myself a free man. I concluded I was in Philadelphia, as I had heard the ship was bound thither. Meeting an old gentleman in the street with drab clothes on, I asked him if it were so, and he civilly answered in the affirmative. He seemed concerned for me, either because of my wretched and ragged appearance, or because I was a stranger, and did not know where I was; and he led me to the house of a black man, whom he told to take care of me till morning. He then brought me an entire suit of clothes, and gave me money for a hat and shirts. He then said, "I perceive that thou art a slave, and hast run away from thy master. Thee can now go to work for thy living; but take care that they do not catch thee again." I told him my tale. At first he seemed incredulous; but when he had heard all, he became more than ever interested in my fate. This gentleman, whose name I must not publish, has always been a kind friend to me.

After remaining in Philadelphia a few weeks, I resolved to visit my little farm in Maryland, to sell my property, and return with my wife and children to Philadelphia. On arriving at Baltimore, I went to a tavern-keeper who had bought vegetables of me; he was extremely surprised to see me, and advised me to leave Baltimore directly, showing me a handbill in his bar-room offering one hundred and fifty dollars for my apprehension. I left the house directly, and Baltimore that night.

When I reached my former residence, I found a strange white man living there, who said that a runaway slave had formerly lived there, but that his master had come the summer before and carried him off; and that the wife was also a slave; and that her master had taken her and her children, about six weeks before, and sold them at Baltimore to a slave-dealer from the south. This man also told me that he was not in the neighbourhood when the woman and her children were carried away, but that he had received his information from a black woman who lived half a mile off. I went directly to this woman, whom I knew well: she had been set free some years before, and resided, under the protection of her former master, on his land. She could scarcely believe her sight when I entered the door; and her first words were, "Lucy and her children have all been stolen away!" At my request she gave me the following account of the manner in which my wife and children, all of whom had been free from their birth, were seized, and driven into southern slavery:—

"A few weeks after they took you away," said she, "and before Lucy had sufficiently recovered to be alone with her children, I went to stay with her. We went to bed about eleven o'clock, and after some time, were awakened by a knock at the door. This being repeated, Lucy asked who was there. She was then told, in what seemed to be the voice of a woman, to get up and open the door, for that the person had something to tell her that she wished to hear. Lucy, thinking it was a black woman whom she knew, rose and opened the door, when five men rushed in, closed the door, made a light in the fireplace, and proceeded deliberately to tie Lucy with a rope. The bed was then searched for the children; and I was found, and dragged out. This seemed to alarm the men, whose faces were all black, but whose hair and features were those of white men. A consultation was held about me, and at length it was agreed that it would be dangerous to take me, lest my old master should cause them to be pursued; but one of them said, that if I were left at liberty, I should give intelligence of the affair; and that if it were discovered by the Abolition Society before they had time to get out of Maryland, they would certainly be detained and punished. They therefore tied me with cords to one of the logs of the house, and gagged me by tying a rope on my mouth, and confining it closely at the back of my neck. They then took the children from the bed, tied the eldest boy to his mother, and drove them out of the house together; and I never saw nor heard any more of Lucy or her children. For myself, I remained in the house, the door of which was carefully closed and fastened, until the second night after, without anything to eat or drink. On that night some unknown persons came and cut the cords that bound me, when I returned to my own cabin."

This intelligence almost deprived me of life; it was the most dreadful misfortune I had suffered. It was now clear that some slave-dealer had come in my absence, seized my wife and children as slaves, and sold them to such men as I had served in the south. They had passed into hopeless bondage, for ever beyond my reach. I was myself advertised as a fugitive slave, liable to be arrested at any moment, and dragged back to Georgia. I rushed out of the house in despair, and returned to Pennsylvania with a broken heart.

For the last few years I have resided about fifty miles from Philadelphia, where I expect to pass the remainder of my days in working hard for a livelihood, without the least hope of again seeing my wife and children; fearful at this day to let my place of residence be known, lest, even yet, it may be supposed that, as an article of property, I am of sufficient value to be worth pursuing in my old age.*

Such are some of the horrors of slavery, described by one who had suffered deeply from this atrocious and unnatural system. The personal inflictions which the system authorises, are sufficiently dreadful to raise our horror. Some of the punishments are, as we have seen, little short of murder; ruining the constitution of the victim, and inducing disease, if not death. This goes even beyond any legal power which man may exercise towards his fellow-creatures. Hitherto, when slaves escaped from the southern to the northern or free states, they were reclaimed by law, and, as in the case above narrated, have actually been sent back to their former condition. It would appear that this at least shall not take place again in reference to the state of New York. A poor slave boy having escaped on board a vessel to New York, was reclaimed; but the case being brought before the competent tribunal, it was determined that the runaway should be set at liberty. The scene at the court-room on the release of the boy slave was very tumultuous—ladies bursting into tears, crowds huzzaing, gentlemen making congratulatory speeches to the negroes outside, &c. The newspaper which mentions this circumstance goes on to say, that in the border states the abolition spirit is so active, that slavery is gradually giving way, from the insecurity of slave property. Other circumstances tend to the same result; and it could not, in the nature of things, be otherwise. No powers which slave-owners can employ are able to prevent the spread of intelligence respecting the sentiments and movements of the northern abolitionists. The press, that marvellous engine of civilisation, has latterly also been more than usually active in impressing correct views as to the continuation of slavery within the bounds of the republic. Everything, in short, concurs in demonstrating that the days of this iniquitous system are numbered.

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* This account of the Life of a Slave is abridged from a lengthy narrative published in New York in 1832.

WONDERS OF THE MICROSCOPE.

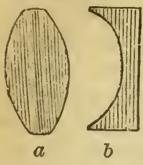
THE microscope of late years has claimed so much attention from almost all observers of natural history, has added so much to our knowledge of the various changes and processes going on in the organic kingdoms, that a slight glance at its history, and the wonderful phenomena revealed by its aid, may not be unacceptable to the general reader. Many persons who have had recourse to this instrument as a mere toy, to while away an idle hour, have been insensibly led, by the extraordinary wonders it revealed, to become ardent and persevering cultivators of science. Many others have been obliged to give up its use, from the want of a few plain and simple directions for preserving the different objects they may meet with for future examination and comparison. The purport of the following pages is to obviate the difficulties which the young microscopist may encounter, to instruct him in the easiest and cheapest method of procuring a good instrument, to point out some of the numerous subjects in nature which will amply repay him for the time spent in their investigation, as well as to refer him to the sources from which information may be gained; and lastly, to educate him in the best method of making preparations, so that he may readily obtain for himself—what every microscopist is anxious to possess—a rich and well-filled cabinet.

The various sciences are so intimately connected, so imperceptibly merge into each other, the one serving as a stepping-stone to the next, that in process of time the student is amazed at finding himself led into the prosecution of inquiries of which, at the outset, he had never even dreamed. Thus the study of minute animalcules leads the observer to dive into the mysteries of a higher organisation, until he finds himself induced to extend his researches into the forms and development of plants and insects; rendering himself thereby acquainted in some degree with botany and entomology, from whence he ascends to the consideration of the structure of higher animals, until at last he is made acquainted with the anatomy and physiology of the most highly endowed—Man. To arrive at this, much time and labour must be spent; many difficulties have to be overcome; but the delightful hours spent in the pursuit, independent altogether of the knowledge gained, will be found to be ample compensation. And further, to quote the words of Professor Owen, if the astronomer be led from the contemplation of the countless orbs that traverse boundless space, to the adoration of the Creator in his almightiness; so the observation of the perfections of his minutest works, which, though invisible to ordinary ken, unfold new perfections with every increased power of observing them, ought to impress us with a lively sense of that all-caring-for and all-seeing Providence, without whom not a sparrow falls to the ground, and by whom every hair of the head is numbered.

THE INSTRUMENT.

The precise period at which microscopes were invented is not known; but the first instruments of the kind consisted of simple lenses only, which of course were limited to a very low degree of power. The more powerful the lens, the greater obscurity and loss of light prevailed; a defect that was remedied in some measure by the use of stops or diaphragms, so as to cut off all the outer rays, which, owing to the decomposition of the light, tinged the margin of the object with halos of red and blue. After a short time, the power was found to be materially improved by adding a succession of lenses placed at the bottom of a tube, and appending an eye-piece, consisting of two lenses, placed at certain distances. Thus was formed the compound microscope as it at present exists, with some few modifications, principally applied to the object-lenses, or those placed nearest to the subject of examination. But these were always accompanied by great decomposition of the rays of light, which was, as in the case of simple lenses, attempted to be remedied by the use of diaphragms, so as to cut off the decomposed rays, and allow only those passing more immediately through the centre of the lenses to meet the eye. As might be expected, from so much light being lost, the object under investigation was rendered dull and indistinct.

About the year 1730, Mr Hall, an Essex gentleman, made two telescopes, which were preserved by persons ignorant of their qualities, and which were afterwards found to be constructed on the achromatic principle. In 1747, Euler of Petersburg made several experiments on lenses, which failed in success; but his theory attracted the notice of Dollond, who, in 1757, presented the Royal Society with a perfectly achromatic telescope, and for many years he and his son possessed a European reputation as makers of these instruments. It was not, however, till long after this date that the principle was applied to the microscope; somewhere, we believe, about the year 1820, when Mr Tulley commenced a series of investigations in lenses composed of different kinds of glass, varying in specific gravity, the result of which was the manufacture of an achromatic glass in a great measure free from spherical aberration. In 1812, Sir David Brewster composed a lens of compound glasses and liquids of different densities, which, though admirably adapted for the purpose, was found, from its complexity, to be impracticable. In 1816, Frauenhöfer of Munich, and in 1824, Vincent and Charles Chevallier of Paris, constructed glasses possessed of nearly every quality to be desired; and then commenced the era of microscopic investigation, which was destined to be of such service in the furtherance of science.



It is not the object of this paper to enter on a discussion of the nature of optics, for which the reader is referred to the various works on that subject; but a slight description of an achromatic lens may not here be inappropriate. Light, in passing through a double lens (*a*), becomes refracted; the colours (seven) of which the white ray is composed become thereby separated, tinging the object seen, and especially its margin, with a rainbow halo. Now, to render a glass achromatic—that is, without colour in effect—it must be corrected by allowing the rays to pass through some medium differing in substance, so as to *re*-collect the light scattered, and thereby *re*-form the white pencil of light previously decomposed. To attain this end, a double convex lens is accurately fitted into a plano-concave lens (*b*) of flint glass. These kinds of lenses are now fashioned with great accuracy, negativing the idea which Newton formerly entertained—that the formation of an achromatic lens was a matter of impossibility; his reasoning on the subject being the consequence of his non-acquaintance with the fact, that different bodies are possessed of different degrees of dispersive power. The great perfection now attained has been chiefly brought about by the skill, labour, and investigation bestowed on the subject by the Messrs Goring, Pritchard, Professor Amici of Modena, Chevallier of Paris, and Messrs Smith, Powell, and Ross of London. Indeed it seems almost impossible to improve on the splendid object-glasses manufactured by the two last-named opticians. All microscopes now in use are made on the achromatic principle, excepting such as are sold as mere toys, and which, for scientific investigation, are worse than useless. For dissection, a single microscope is usually had recourse to, as the compound one reverses the object, and it requires considerable use and practice to work with it for this purpose. The one which the writer has been in the habit of using is that invented by Raspail, the celebrated French microscopist, the price of which in Paris is thirty francs, or about twenty-five shillings English. It is provided with four lenses, varying in power from fifty to three hundred diameters. The two lowest powers are the best for use, the focus of the other two being so near, as to cause great danger of having the glasses scratched when using the instrument. A microscope very similar to Raspail's was invented by Mr Varley; it possesses the great advantage of two arms attached to the stage, for the purpose of resting and steadying the hands of the operator. The compound instrument now in use is a very expensive and elegant piece of mechanism, and is only within the reach of the wealthy. It is fitted up with various complicated appurtenances, and having its stage and focal movements supplied by intricate rack and screw-work. They vary in price from forty to ninety and one hundred guineas. For this sum a first-rate instrument may be procured, containing all the newest and most exquisitely-finished lenses, and provided with a complete polarising apparatus. Mr James Smith's microscope is made pretty much in the same way as the generality of these expensive glasses, and, like them, possesses the convenience of allowing the body to revolve on a joint, so as to admit of the person examining an object with the tube in a horizontal position, which is a great relief to both eye and head. Each instrument is furnished with several eye-pieces, lenses of different power, reflectors, condensers, compressors for holding animalcules, a stage for examining the circulation in frogs, &c.

It fortunately happens that all these expensive improvements and fanciful arrangements are by no means necessary to carry on a series of researches into the most minute branches of natural history; and though, by the use of a Powell's or Ross's lens of 1-5th or 1-12th inch focal distance, the beauty, markings, size, &c. are very materially increased, still, for all objects of utility, the simpler and less expensive microscope manufactured by Mr Harrison, optician, Osborne Street, Hull, for the moderate price of seven guineas, will be amply sufficient. This instrument has received the unqualified approbation of many of our first-rate microscopists for its steadiness, power, solidity, and portability. It is constructed so as to admit the application of Ross's or Powell's high-power lens; and for a few shillings extra charge, condensers can be added, for the purpose of throwing light on opaque objects.* Indeed it cannot be too often repeated, that with a high power, there is loss of light and loss of definition in proportion; and it is only the novice, who is fond of seeing "fleas as big as elephants," where all the beauty of the markings and fine colour is lost, and only a minute fraction of the object can be viewed at one time.

Swammerdam, who wrote and published the result of his dissections in 1660, had to work with all the disadvantages attendant upon the use of imperfect instruments. Leuwenhoeck, who made public his discoveries about the year 1677, laboured under the same unfavourable circumstances. The plan of the latter microscopist was to grind his own lenses, which practice he carried to so high a degree of perfection, that he excelled all the opticians of his day in this branch of their art. Each object prepared by him was furnished with its own proper lens, attached by a wire at the right focal distance. It is astonishing, at this distance of time, when microscopic anatomy is so well understood, from its being taught as a branch of education in our medical schools, and from the superior power and achromatic construction of our lenses, how little there is to be found fault with in the published works of these two ingenious writers. Ellis, the discoverer of the true nature of zoophytes in 1752, had to labour under the like inconveniences, and very little remains to be corrected in his work. Hill, Hooke, Adams, Baker, &c. had all to observe with the defective microscopes of their day—with their want of definition, loss of light, and chromatic aberration; and we may take the liberty of doubting, if they had possessed more perfect means of observation, whether their accounts would have been more worthy of attention than they now are. The faulty construction of their glasses rendered a greater degree of care necessary. Theories and opinions founded on a single observation were not hazarded; but a rigid series of examinations was had recourse to, in order that no error might creep in. Again, there is much in the education of the eye itself. A person who is in the habit of using a low power, will detect at a glance what a person uneducated in this branch of science would not be able to see with a much higher power; and the latter will, perhaps, require to have the true appearance sketched out for him before he will be able to see what is perfectly evident to the more experienced observer. And so it might happen that, from long use of a bad chromatic instrument, the eye might be able immediately to detect fallacies occasioned by lenses deficient in construction, as well as to correct the various discolorations owing to decomposed rays of light. Many microscopists have become good observers by their own perseverance; but the years they have devoted to the task, the difficulties they have had to overcome, the mistakes they have made, are known only to themselves. In the present day, from the diffusion of cheap works in almost every department of science, the inquirer may commence the study of any branch of knowledge free from the trouble and difficulties which formerly beset the path of the student; and in this particular walk, many and excellent books, at a cheap rate, may be met with, tending to obviate the inconveniences which formerly attended the pursuit. The excellent works of Pritchard and Goring, Tulk and Henfrey, &c. need only be referred to.

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* In addition to the instruments of Ross, Smith, Powell, Raspail, and Harrison, here recommended, Dr Mantell expresses his confidence in those manufactured by Mr Andrew Pritchard of London, and by Mr Dancer of Manchester.

Many instruments are made, termed pocket microscopes, by the various opticians in London and elsewhere. These are very well made in their way, and for the prices at which they are sold, but their principal defects are a want of solidity and freedom from motion. Now it is absolutely necessary, in the examination of small objects with a high power, that the microscope should be perfectly free from all tremor; for with a high-power object lens the slightest motion is magnified, until it becomes a matter of the most serious inconvenience—the walking of a person across the room, nay, even the breathing of the observer, being sufficient to cause an alteration in the focus, and interfering so as to prevent a good view from being obtained. Moreover, the generality of these instruments are fitted with rack and pinion, for the purpose of gaining a focus. Now this is a matter of the utmost consequence; for in the examination of a delicate object, the focus of the instrument often lies between the escape of one tooth and the taking up of the next, so that the minuter parts cannot be brought out, owing to the faulty construction of the adjustment, and the blame perhaps is laid on the lenses, which may possess all the requisites of first-rate glasses. To obtain a good focus, the means for adjusting the instrument should be through the medium of a screw acting on a spiral spring, a mode by which we may obtain an adjustment of a thousandth part of an inch with the greatest accuracy, and without the slightest tremor.

In the selection of a microscope, the beginner should never trust to his own judgment, but should be assisted in his choice by a person acquainted with the subject, unless he apply to some well-known manufacturer of the article, such as have been mentioned, who are too well known as men of integrity and science to send out imperfect instruments for the sake of making a few paltry pounds. It is not intended to cast any unworthy imputations on opticians generally; but it cannot be denied that many persons calling themselves by this name are ignorant of the qualities which constitute a good instrument. The best way, therefore, will be to apply to a well-known maker, or to get a person acquainted with the use of the microscope, to decide on a choice, which he will be able to do with the assistance of a few test-objects, well known to all who are in the habit of using high-power glasses, such as the scale of the *Podura plombea* or skiptail, a small wingless insect, the size of a flea, found in damp cellars. The surface of the scale or feather of this insect should be seen covered, as it were, with a great number of little delicate marks of admiration. Another excellent test-object is the shell of the *Navicula sigma*, a small shell found in fresh-water pools. It should appear with a number of transverse lines occupying the whole surface, recrossed by delicate longitudinal ones, giving it the appearance of a finely-barred window. Should the instrument show both these test-objects well, it may unhesitatingly be pronounced a good one.

ITS GENERAL REVELATIONS.

Having now described this instrument, we shall lay before the reader a general view of some of the wonders revealed by its aid in the organic kingdom. In the hands of the anatomist and physiologist it is indispensable, as, without it, he would be utterly unable to prosecute his inquiries into minute anatomy, where its help is required to unfold the mysteries of ultimate structure, the purposes which this fulfils in the animal economy, and the changes which are constantly going on in it. The medical man has recourse to its aid, to enable him to arrive at a correct diagnosis. The botanist dissects and unravels thereby the structure of trees and plants, and is enabled to lay open to view the wonders to be met with in the vegetable world—the formation of the wood, the motion of the sap, and the uses and development of leaves, flowers, and seed. The chemist, for the purpose of examining minute crystals. The entomologist, for the dissection and classification of insects. Even the ornithologist has recourse to its help, for in a letter written a few years ago by Mr Denny of Leeds to a distinguished naturalist in a distant part of the world, it was recommended to pay particular attention to the insects infesting the bodies of certain birds, in order that some clue might be afforded for placing them in the exact situation or class which they ought to occupy, and regarding which it was shrewdly suspected some error existed. The comparative anatomist makes use of it to determine the form, habit, and class, from the structure of the teeth, of animals which lived and have become extinct on our earth for many thousand years. Thus Professor Owen, from the examination of the structure of the tooth of the megatherium, by demonstrating the identity of the dental structure with that of the sloth, has yielded us an unerring indication of the true nature of its food. By the aid of the microscope, the basilo-saurus, the monarch of the saurian tribe, has been degraded from the head of the reptilian, and placed at the bottom of the mammiferous class. And the sauro-cephalus has also been removed from the saurians to the class of fishes by the same means. By the aid of high-power magnifying glasses, we are informed that our island was once possessed of a climate nearly approaching to a tropical one; for if we examine a piece of drift-wood, found in the *eocene* clay (so called from its being the dawn of a new creation) of the estuary of the Thames, we shall find that these fragments belonged to a class of plants nearly allied to the pepper tribe, and that they flourished in company with the turtles, vultures, crocodiles, and boa-constrictors of the Sheppey district.

Every department of nature teems with minute objects of animal and vegetable life, which are of the utmost importance in the economy of this earth, and which are totally unrecognisable by the naked vision. Many of these animals and vegetables are unrivalled for the beauty and complexity of their forms. Some are productive, as will be shown, of great changes, which have been effected, or are still going on, in the earth's surface; and some are productive of the greatest mischief and destruction. To illustrate the former, we need only mention the filling up now going on in the harbours of Wismar and Pillau, in the Baltic; and the production of coral-reefs, and their gradual conversion into new islands. The potato disease is an instance of devastation now going on, and is said to be caused by the development of a minute microscopic fungus in the cells of the tubers of this vegetable.

Our knowledge of the wonderfully-diversified forms of animal life has been much increased by the ingenious discoveries of Ehrenberg, who found no interruption in the chain of animal life in the vicinity of the north and south poles, where it is impossible for animals of a larger kind to support existence. There, forms hitherto unknown to the microscopic observer present themselves, astonishing him with the beauty and novelty of their forms. In the antarctic expedition under Sir James Ross, there were collected, in latitude 78 degrees 10 seconds south, in fragments of ice, upwards of seventy different species of flint-shelled *polygastrica.* Many of these were *coscinodiscæ*, with their beautiful green ovaries, which were enabled to resist the great degree of cold. It is not only in particular localities that these species are found, but the ocean swarms with innumerable examples of minute animal life. Samples of water taken up by Schayer in 57 degrees south latitude, on his return from Van Diemen's Land, as also between the tropics, contained many and various kinds, without their presence being indicated by any discoloration of the fluid. Some belong alike to all climates and seasons; some are common to arctic and antarctic regions. Animal life reigns alike under the sunny skies of the south and the frozen regions of the north; on the surface of the tropical sea, and in the dark and dismal recesses of the ocean, only to be explored by the long line of the sounding-lead; in the earth, in the air, on the damp wall; in the blood of the frog and porpoise, as well as in that of many other animals; in the gills of fish, and the stomachs of mammalia; in the brain, muscles, and heart of man, as well as in the eyes, skin, and on the teeth, are to be found instances of minute animal life, all of which are familiar to the naturalist, and are named and classed in his catalogue.

Infusorial animalcules — so termed from their being most readily obtained by exposing an infusion of some vegetable to the atmosphere—are everywhere miraculously abundant. Steep, for example, a handful of meadow-hay in a jar of water, and in a few hours a great number of small animalcules will be found to be present, by the aid of a glass, in a drop of the fluid. The numbers will be materially increased by keeping the infusion for a few days; and the more common ones will be succeeded by the production of others of a different species. During the first few days, a variety of monads only will be found; these will be succeeded by the *paramæcia*, *amœbæ*, and by the *rotatoriæ*, or wheel-animalcules. Every ditch in which there is vegetation will present numberless examples of animal life, astonishing the beholder with varieties of forms of which previously he had no conception; the most fetid sewer, the most noisome drain, will be found fertile in forms which will strike the beginner by their novelty, beauty, variety, and wonderfully-curious structure. "Take any drop of water from the stagnant pools around us," says Professor Jones, "from our rivers, from our lakes, or from the vast ocean itself, and place it under your microscope; you will find therein countless living beings, moving in all directions with considerable swiftness, apparently gifted with sagacity, for they readily elude each other in the active dance they keep up; and since they never come into rude contact, obviously exercise volition and sensation in guiding their movements. Increase the power of your glasses, and you will soon perceive, inhabiting the same drop, other animals, compared to which the former were elephantine in their dimensions, equally vivacious, and equally gifted. Exhaust the art of the optician, strain your eye to the utmost, until the aching sense refuses to perceive the little quivering movement that indicates the presence of life, and you will find that you have not exhausted Nature in the descending scale. Perfect as our optical instruments now are, we need not be long in convincing ourselves that there are animals around us so small, that in all probability human perseverance will fail in enabling us accurately to detect their forms, much less fully to understand their organisation." Nor is this confined to animal life. Forms of vegetation the most astonishing are here shown: some partaking of a tropical character, and some so wonderful in structure and physiology, as to render it a matter of difficulty to decide to which class of the organic kingdoms they may be referred. As an example, the *diatomaceæ* are instanced, so called from the filaments of which they are composed being cut up into segments, and adhering by their angles; zoologists and botanists alike claiming them as legitimate subjects of their own proper kingdom.

NAKED INFUSORIA.

The infusorial animalcules will be here divided, for the sake of simplicity, into two kinds—the *illoricated* and the *loricated*, as they are termed. The former are composed of a simple homogeneous soft substance, analogous to fine membrane, and are, as it were, naked; the latter are covered by a siliceous or flinty lorica, or external shield, in which the animal is enclosed, this shell being either single or two-valved. The simplest and most common form of infusorial life is the monad. This animal, of which there are many kinds differing from each other, and varying from the twenty-four-thousandth to the five-hundredth part of an inch in size, and of which one drop of water may contain five hundred millions of individuals!—a greater number than our earth contains of human inhabitants—seems to consist of a fine pellucid membrane, with a number of green or coloured spots in its interior, which Ehrenberg regarded as stomachs, filled with the food on which they subsist. Hence the class to which he refers them derives its name—namely, the Polygastrica, or Many-stomached. These stomachs comprise only a simple sac, connected with which is no intestine, but the undigested particles of food are ejected from the mouth; their means of progression are effected through the medium of *cilia*, fine hair-like processes, by which the whole surface of the animal is covered, and which are constantly vibrating; they are supposed also to contribute to the office of respiration, by causing a fresh current of water to be constantly thrown over the body, the surface of which acts as gills. It may here be not inappropriate to give a history of the cilia, and the different purposes to which they are subservient in various animals. They were first discovered by Leuwenhoeck, and afterwards by Baker, the former of whom first noticed them in the mussel. The gills of the tadpole, as well as the whole body also, are profusely covered with these minute appendages, in a constant whirl, laving the whole surface of each with a constant supply of their natural element, and serving the purpose of respiration by affording a fresh quantity of oxygen, at the same time carrying off the carbonic acid generated in the blood during its passage through the circulatory system. The cilia are found in great abundance on the mucous membrane of the larynx, trachea, bronchial tubes, ventricles of the brain, the pericardium or membrane investing the heart, the peritoneum covering the intestines, &c. of all animals, where they are subservient to different purposes, and favouring by their motion the passage of the various fluids. They may be observed in the ova of frogs, and in the larvæ of the amphibia, when very young. It requires a high magnifying power to witness the motion of the cilia. The easiest and most familiar method is that of the common mussel; a portion of the mantle, or part covering the shell on its inner side, should be carefully cut off, and placed between two plates of glass, with the addition of a drop of water, and viewed with a power of about five hundred diameters. A number of beautiful lines will then be presented to the eye, bordered with hundreds of cylindrical acutely-pointed filaments, in constant motion, and serving the double office of respiration, and directing the current of water containing animalcules, on which the animal lives, towards the mouth. These appendages vary in size in different animals, from the 1-12300th to the 1-1020th of an inch!

The researches of Ehrenberg have made us intimately acquainted with the nature of the motion of the cilia. He considers that the filament is affixed at its base to a bulb, and that a slight turning of this bulb on its fixed base causes the filament to move round in large circles, thus forming a cone, the apex of which is the bulb. Many of the infusory animalcules have the base covered with cilia, others only possess them as a fringe around the mouth, whilst others are wholly without them. The vibratile action of cilia on the various membranes of animals is not arrested by death, but is observed to continue in many instances for some hours afterwards; neither does it seem to be affected by the action of poison, galvanism, or electricity, excepting immediately at the spot where the wires are placed. The means by which the ciliary motion is performed are not understood, but is still a matter of debate whether it is called into action by a minute set of muscles supplying the base of each bulb, or depends on some other means. That the rotation of the cilia in the wheel, and some other animalcules, is dependent on muscular exertion, is highly probable, since it is a voluntary action dependent on the will and caprice of the animal, and ceases at its death; but how far this is the case in the instance of the peritoneum, larynx, &c. of the higher animals, where it continues for hours after death, is extremely questionable. For further information on this question, the reader is referred to an excellent article on the subject by Dr Sharpey, in Todd's "Cyclopædia of Anatomy."

The manner in which infusoria obtain admittance into various fluids has been a subject of debate for some years. The startling idea of spontaneous generation has been broached. Wrisberg thought they were formed from minute particles in the fluid, which gradually began to move, and obtained life by degrees. Gruithuisen fancied they proceeded from the extractive matter, acted on by the infusory medium. The more generally received opinion is, that these animals, or their germs, float about as atoms in the atmosphere, and become vitalised or revivified on being deposited in a medium favourable to their development. Instances of animals, more highly organised, apparently dying when the fluid has been dried up for a length of time, and again resuming the state of active life on being furnished with a drop of water, are familiar to the microscopist. It may be observed in *Rotifer vulgaris*, or the common wheel-animalcule, and in the *Vibrio tritici*, an eel-like animal, causing the ear-cockle or blight in wheat. Both of these animals may be brought back from apparent death to active life after having been kept in a perfectly dry state for several years. What favours the supposition of animalcules being deposited either in the germal state, or from their bodies being dried up and floating in the air, is the fact, that in a series of well-conducted experiments, performed by Schulze some years ago, where water was distilled and well boiled, in order to destroy any animal life it might contain, the vegetables, for the same reason, exposed to the heat of an oven, and the air admitted to the vessel, which was hermetically sealed, through strong sulphuric acid: on the vessel being placed in the sun, after the lapse of some time, not a single animalcule could be detected, though a jar by its side, made of the same materials, but open to the atmosphere, was found to swarm with living beings.

"I tell thee that those living things,
To whom the fragile blade of grass,
That springeth in the morn,
And perisheth ere noon,
Is an unbounded world.

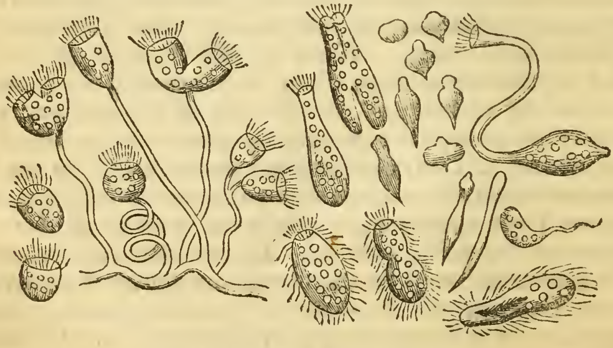
I tell thee that those viewless beings,
Whose mansion is the smallest particle
Of the impassive atmosphere,
Enjoy and live like man;
And the minutest throb,
That through their frame diffuses
The slightest, faintest motion,
Is fixed, and indispensable
As the majestic laws
That rule yon rolling orbs."

The increase of animalcules takes place in two ways—namely, by ova, and by spontaneous self-division. On viewing a number of monads, one may be seen with a small constriction in the middle of the body, which, if the individual be carefully watched, will be found to increase until the whole body seems to be, as it were, cut in two, and a couple of fully-formed animals are seen, which are ultimately detached, and follow a separate existence. In the monad species, the separation is usually in the transverse diameter of the body; in the *vorticella*, longitudinal, as also in the loricated or siliceous shelled infusoria. In the *volvox*, the increase takes place by the animal resolving itself internally into a number of smaller animals, which rupture the external coat, and commence life on their own separate account. In the *paramecium*, before division takes place, a new mouth is formed first when the fissure commences at the intermediate space between the two oral apertures. Thus it will be seen that minute animal life is capable of immense increase in a very short period of time—many thousand new animals being called into existence in a few hours. It has been computed that a cubic foot of Tripoli, or polishing-slate, consisting of the siliceous remains of infusory animals, and made up of the remains of many billions of individuals, might proceed from a single parent dividing, and its progeny again dividing and subdividing, for the short period of twenty-four hours! Professor Owen has justly remarked, that "Malthusian principles, or what are vulgarly so called, have no place in the economy of this department of nature. To the first great law imposed on created beings, 'increase and multiply,' none pay more active obedience than the infusorial animalcules."

The incurious or querulous may ask, "To what end are these beings, too minute for ordinary vision, created? What purpose in the scale of creation can such tiny insignificant animals serve?" This question might perhaps, with better reason, be put to the questioners themselves. In all probability it would be found that people of this stamp are in reality of less use in their sphere of action than that which these little beings are destined to fulfil in theirs. Our own health and wellbeing more or less immediately depend on the important offices in nature which they were created to perform. There is no elementary and selfsubsistent organic matter in nature, as Buffon erroneously taught. The inorganic particles of matter into which all organic substances are finally resolved, are refitted for sustenance through the medium of the vegetable world. No animal can subsist on inorganic matter. Plants, therefore, act a very important part, standing between animal life and its immediate destruction; and in this great office they derive considerable assistance from the polygastric infusoria, which receive organic substances in the state of the most minute subdivision, and turn it back by a new route to the highest point of the animal system; for they act as scavengers, in devouring, in the state of comminution and decay, those particles of decomposing vegetable matter which, if left to be diffused through the atmosphere, might be productive of the most pernicious malaria, with disease and death in its train. In their turn they afford subsistence to the rotatoriæ, which, again, are preyed on by fishes; and thus a food is prepared fit for the nourishment of the more highly-organised animals.

Every one will have noticed at times passing ditches of a deep-green colour, not from the presence of weeds, but appearing as if it had come from a dyer's vat. On placing a drop of this fluid beneath a microscope, the water will appear perfectly clear and pure, but inhabited by myriads of small animals (the *Enchelis pupa*), with a ruby-coloured eye, and its stomachs filled with vegetable matter of a deep-green colour; the immense quantity of these animals, though invisible to the naked eye, causing, from the contents of their stomachs, and their aggregate numbers, the deep-green colour observed. Again, sometimes a sewer is found covered at the bottom with a white incrustation resembling hoar-frost, which, on examination, is found to depend on an immense number of animalcules being present (the *campanularia*, or bell-flower animalcule), in shape like a wine-glass, fixed on a long contractile stalk. With their beautiful cilia in motion, they will be seen stretching themselves out in their search for food, which consists of the more minute infusoria—or shortening themselves, by means of throwing their stem into spiral coils. There is not a more splendid sight revealed by the microscope than that afforded by a number of these beautiful creatures. In the case of the *enchelis*, how vast a quantity of putrefying vegetable matter is removed from a state of decay, and its consequences prevented! In the latter of the *campanularia*, how great the number of infusoria required to support their existence, which must previously have fed on decomposing vegetable matter! Let no one carp, therefore, at anything on account of its minuteness or apparent insignificance, since the smallest will hereafter be shown to have exercised an all-important part in the formation of this world. "The majesty of God," as Hobbes expresses himself, "appears no less in small things than in great; and as it exceedeth human sense in the immense greatness of the universe, so also doth it in the smallness of the parts thereof." Again, Ehrenberg—"The microscopic organisms are very inferior in energy to lions and elephants, but in their united influence they are far more important than all these animals."

The *rotiferæ*, or wheel-animalcules, are the next important order of the naked infusoria to be investigated. These are larger by far than those previously described, but so small, as to be barely visible to the naked eye as small white spots. They are to be found in gutters, pools, ditches, and stagnant water of all kinds. As they are larger than the monad, so also are they more highly organised, possessing a mouth, the upper portion of which is furnished with a row of vibratile cilia, which, when put in motion, give the appearance of a toothed wheel in rotation; hence the term *Rotatoriæ vorticella*, or wheel-animalcule. By means of these cilia the animal causes a whirlpool in the water, the apex of which is the mouth, by which the small monads, &c. on which it feeds are brought within its reach and swallowed; or they serve the purposes of oars, and through their aid the animal moves swiftly about. They are also supposed to serve the office of gills. By means of a set of longitudinal muscles they may be withdrawn, and the animal assumes the appearance of a cup; or they may be protruded at pleasure. The animal is furnished with a gullet armed with sharp teeth, ending in a stomach and intestinal canal. It possesses a set also of circular muscles, a small red eye, and closely connected with this, a lobed brain; the tail terminates in a three-pronged forcep, by which it is enabled to fix itself to any particular spot. The modes by which these animals increase are two—namely, by eggs, which are either hatched in the body, or extruded, and come to perfection afterwards; thus affording an example not uncommon in these lower kinds of animals—of being at one time oviparous, at another viviparous: they also increase by spontaneous longitudinal self-division.



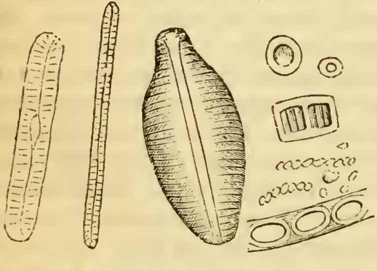
Various Forms of Animalcules.

It would occupy a volume were we to attempt to describe half the number of animalcules which are to be found in almost every stagnant pool. For a full account of these, the reader is referred to Mr Pritchard's work on the subject, and Dr Mantell's interesting little book, entitled "Thoughts on Animalcules."

Vegetable tissue seems to have the power, in some instances, of developing animal life. Thus, in the cells of the anther of the mosses, are to be found small animalcules, of the shape of exceedingly minute tadpoles. In the anther of the *chara*, a fresh-water plant, a number of cells may be observed arranged in long lines, in each of which will be found a small eel-like animal coiled up: these are supposed to act in some way as pollen, for the fertilisation of the flower, though how it is effected is not understood. The disease called ear-cockle, or blight in wheat, is another instance of animal life being present in plants, though in this case the animalcule is not developed by the plant, but finds its way into it, infesting it as a parasite. The grains at first infected are green, then nearly black, become rounded, and resemble somewhat a small peppercorn. On opening these grains, they are found to contain a moist white cottony substance, but no flour. On placing this beneath a glass, it is shown to be composed of myriads of small eel-like animalcules, wriggling to and fro like so many snakes; this is the *Vibrio tritici*. They do not begin to affect the corn before March, when the animals find their way from the blighted grain, as it is supposed, through the centre of the plant, till they reach the ovule or young state of the seed in the flower-bud, and before the ear has shown itself. Having reached the seed, they increase rapidly, deposit a large number of eggs, and die. The young are hatched in eight or ten days, and attain to about 1-33d of an inch in length. When fully grown, they are sometimes one-fourth of an inch long. It is calculated that fifty thousand young might be contained in a single grain. Their power of being revivified, after being apparently dead, has been referred to. This disease does not attack voluntarily any other grain, though barley, oats, and rye have been infected occasionally by sowing grains of these plants in the same hole with a diseased grain of wheat. Still the experiment does not readily succeed. The muscles of the human subject are, on dissection, found often to swarm with a minute eel-like parasite, coiled up in a cell, and known by the name of *Trichina spiralis*. In the aqueous humour of the eye is sometimes found another animal of the same kind, a species of *filaria*. The itch is caused by the presence of a minute insect of the *acarus* tribe. Another animal belonging to the same genus is found inhabiting the *sebacic follices* of the human skin, more especially of the face—the *Demodex folliculorum*. The presence of these in immense numbers is the cause of the disease termed *mange* in dogs.

FLINT-SHELLED INFUSORIA.

We shall now proceed to the consideration of the siliceous loricated, or flint-shelled animalcules. These are to be found in great abundance in pools, ditches, running streams, the sea, and oftentimes on old damp walls. Like the illoricated, or soft, naked animalcules, their mode of increase is principally performed through the medium of spontaneous self-division. The living species comprehend a vast variety of different genera and species, and are surpassed in no department of nature by the beauty and complexity of their forms. Some are in shape resembling the lyre of the ancients, while others present the appearance of the back of an engine-turned watch. The luminosity of the sea depends in a great measure on these little and apparently insignificant animals, which, nevertheless, despite their smallness, play a most important part in the economy of our globe. Few people would believe that the large nodules of flint which are used for the purpose of repairing our roads, were once the external covering of animals invisible to the naked eye; or that the gravel of a flower-garden, nay, even the glasses out of which we drink, were formed of the external covering of animals replete with life and beauty ages ago! Yet such is the astounding fact. The lime also which we employ in building is produced from myriads of bodies of animalcules, which were once in full and active existence. The curiously-figured stones of Egypt owe their peculiar markings to the loricæ of minute animals, disposed in concentric circles, and other figures: small shells, composed of flint, are found even in the stones of which the Pyramids are built; while they form almost the entire mass of the polishing-slates of Tripoli, Bilin,* and other places.


Fossil Remains of Animalcules, forming Tripoli.

The great number of white chalk rocks, and probably all, are the produce of coral animalcules, which are mostly invisible to the naked eye, possessing calcareous shells, varying from the 1-24th to the 1-288th of a line in magnitude, and of which more than ten millions are contained in one pound of chalk. The chalk marls, in many cases, are composed of the flinty remains of microscopic infusoria, mixed with a small proportion of calcareous animals of the chalk. The aggregated mass of chalk does not consist of lime precipitated, and previously held in solution by the water of the sea, nor is it a consequence of the accumulation of minute microscopic bodies, but proceeds from a disintegration of mixed-up minute organic remains, collected together into a mass, something analogous to crystallisation, and yet essentially different from it. The process is of a far coarser and heterogeneous nature than that of crystallisation. In the south of Europe, the beds of marl which alternate with the chalk, consist of myriads of siliceous shells of the infusoria, and flints are wanting; whilst in the north of Europe the reverse is found to be the case: beds of flint are met with, and marls with infusoria are wanting. The relation of flint to chalk is indicated by this peculiar character, showing that the siliceous remains of the infusoria have been converted by some unknown solvent, and consequent crystallising power, into compact nodules of flint. The microscopist, on examining these sections of flint, finds numbers of beautiful *xanthidia*, a species of minute star-like animalcules, with the remains of other shells, small zoophytes, &c. imbedded in it, some of which are no longer to be found on the surface of our globe in a recent state.

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* The polishing-slate of Bilin, in Prussia, forms a series of strata fourteen feet thick, and is entirely composed of the siliceous shields of Infusoria, of such extreme minuteness, that a cubic inch of the stone contains forty-one thousand millions of distinct organisms.

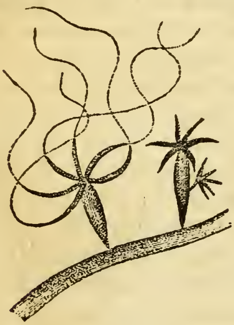
It would appear, from these circumstances, that the infusoria of the north of Europe have been employed in the formation of flints, whilst in the south they still exist as chalk marls. It was a saying of the early naturalists, and which had become exploded, "*Omnis calx ex vermibus*"—("All chalk is formed by worms"); but we see, from the views which have been given, that the older writers and observers were more correct in their suppositions than later ones have proved to be; and the history of the formation of the chalk strata deserves now the greatest attention, since it has been demonstrated that a limestone formation of immense extent is composed entirely of the agglomerated débris of microscopic animalcules. On the chalk coating given to painted chambers, on glazed paper, and on visiting cards (when this is not done by white-lead alone), may be seen, by the microscope, a beautiful mosaic-work of well-preserved minute shells, and which are not visible to the unassisted eye. In many parts of the world, strata of great extent exist, composed of nothing else but the siliceous remains of infusory animals: these deposits vary from a few inches to several feet in thickness. In Swedish Lapland, under a bed of decayed mosses, forty miles from Degesfors, in Umea Lapmark, is found a stratum of this substance, known there by the name of Berg-Mehl, or Mountain-Meal. When examined by the aid of a microscope, it is found to consist almost entirely of the remains of minute organisms. On analysis, Dr Trail found it to consist of 22 per cent. of organic matter, entirely destructible by a red-heat, and the snow-white residue, still retaining the microscopic forms, to be composed of 72 silica, 6 alumina, and 0·15 oxide of iron. In seasons of scarcity, this berg-mehl is made use of in certain quantities, mixed with flour, in the manufacture of bread by the poor; not that it contains any nutriment, or, at all events, it possesses it in so small a quantity, as not to be able alone to support life, but on account of its serving to distend the stomach, and thus to prevent the unpleasant sensations attendant on an imperfectly-filled state of this organ. This substance seems also to be occasionally used in China, as is shown by the following statement, published in 1839 by M. Laribe, a missionary:—"This earth is only used in seasons of great dearth. One of our Christians, who at the period of the last famine fed upon this substance, with five other individuals composing his family, informed me, when they made use of it, they bruised it into a very fine powder, mixing three parts with two of rice-powder, or, better, the flour of wheat, to make small cakes, which were seasoned with salt or sugar. Recourse was only had to this in times of great want; and this being over, no one ever dreamt of making use of it as an article of food. Those accustomed to partake of it complained of a weight at the stomach, and constipation. They could subsist for two months on this material, formed into cakes, whilst without its assistance, their provisions would only suffice as food for one month. Those persons who employed the fossil flour without mixing it with vegetable meal, scarcely ever escaped death."

This mountain-meal is principally composed of the flinty coverings of the *Navicula viridis*, *Gallionella sulcata*, *Gomphonema gemmatum*, all of which are to be found in a living state. In the waters of Cuxhaven, Ehrenberg has detected many living species of the *polythalamia*, or many-celled infusorial shells of the white-chalk, and *Siliceous infusoria* of the chalk-marl, which were previously believed to be found only in an extinct fossil state, making altogether twenty-one genera and forty species. Professor Bailey of New York has described a bed of infusorial earth at West Point; and since then there have been found in Connecticut, Rhode Island, Massachusets, and Maine, no less than thirteen localities with similar deposits—sometimes fifteen feet in thickness—as well as seven or eight others in Mexican America. A like structure of earth exists underlying the city of Richmond in Virginia, of not less than twenty feet in thickness. These American forms are similar in character to the European species, though many species and genera are to be met with which have not hitherto been as yet recognised in the old world. The greater part of the American fossil deposits of this kind is found under peat banks, and belong also clearly to the brackish fresh-water forms of the sea-coast, although many are situated at a great distance from it.

In the examination of these different beds, we find many of them at so great a depth, and so far from the sea, some also forming a part of mountains, that we are unable to affix any precise date for their formation; yet we find many of them in existence at the present day, in the seas of our own and far more northern climates. The various *coscinodiscæ*, which are to be met with in great numbers in the American deposits, are to be found abundantly in our own seas; and nowhere more frequently, or in greater luxuriance, than amongst the guano deposits of Ichaboe, and similar places on the African coasts. The *polythalamia*, found in such abundance in the old chalk formations, are found in immense quantities in the silty deposits on the Lincolnshire coasts. In mud brought from the Levant in 1844, hundreds of siliceous shells were to be found, exactly similar in all respects to those met with in the earlier fossil formations; so that we are led to assent to Ehrenberg's deductions, that the chalk and its rocks, covering far and high the superficies of the earth, forms part of a series of recent formations—since, of all the animal forms which constitute the greater mass of the white chalk, those which preponderate in the number of individuals are identical with living species; and all the principal species which form the rocks have been observed alive in the short time during which the inquiry has been proceeding. It was also formerly believed that, in proportion as our earth progressed in its formation, the various genera inhabiting it were replaced by others of a different kind; and it was assumed, that as such was the case with many animals, especially, for instance, the molluscous tribes, that the same obtained with regard to the minuter animals. It appears, however, from these researches, that the dawn of the organic nature was coexistent with us rather farther back into the history of the earth than had formerly been imagined.

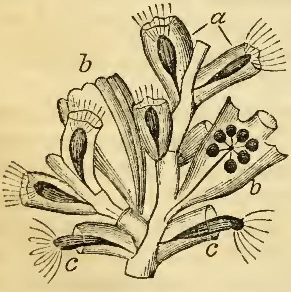
ZOOPHYTES.

Amidst the various microscopic tribes which will be found to repay the attention of the microscopist, the zoophytes occupy a prominent place. Of these there are many and various sorts, which are well worthy of especial consideration. Some are naked, possess the power of moving from place to place, and are of the most simple organisation; others are far more complex, having stomach, intestines, &c., are covered with a kind of horny envelope, live in societies, and present the appearance of marine plants. Others, again, exist in domiciles of earthy matter, and form, by the successive deposition of shell above shell—or, as it is termed by naturalists, polypidom over polypidom—those immense and dangerous masses of coral reef so fatal to the navigator. These, by the successive addition of sea-weeds, the manure of birds, and the deposition of a few seeds by the waves of the sea, become in time converted into beautiful islands, such as are found studding the broad and sunny expanse of the Pacific. The type of these animals is the *Hydra fusca*, or olive polype of our ditches and ponds, and was first described by Trembley in 1744. It had been previously discovered by Leuwenhoeck in 1703; but it excited no notice at the time, until Trembley's paper appeared, when great attention was drawn to the subject, and it became the principal topic of the day in certain circles. Presents were made of it as a great rarity; specimens of it were sent from the continental countries by post; and even ambassadors made it a matter of engrossing interest in their relations with foreign courts. Its anatomy, previous to the researches of Corda, who has shown this animal to be possessed of a very complex organisation, into which our limits forbid us to enter, was conceived to be extremely simple. It appears to be composed of a homogeneous pulpy matter, in form resembling a sac, the oral aperture of which is surrounded by a number of arms for securing the prey—and the other extremity being furnished with a sucker, for the purpose of enabling it to fix itself to any object. The food, on being seized, is swallowed, and the indigestible portions are rejected by the mouth. This animal is capable of being turned inside outwards, when the external part is capable of carrying on the process of digestion as perfectly as when the animal was in its original state. If the animal be cut into several portions, each part will become, after the lapse of a short time, a perfect polype, possessing the usual complement of arms. The food consists of the larger infusoria, small worms, &c. It is supposed by some that the tentacula are possessed of the power of communicating an electric shock, as the moment an insect in full life and activity is touched by one of the tentacles, all motion is arrested, and it becomes an easy prey. The increase of this tribe is carried on in two ways—namely, at the latter end of the year by ova; and during the summer months by *gemmæ* or buds, which sprout forth from the side of the parent polype, become gradually invested with tentacula, and then finally separate. At first the stomachs of mother and young are continuous, afterwards, just previously to separation, a division is formed.



Hydra fusca.

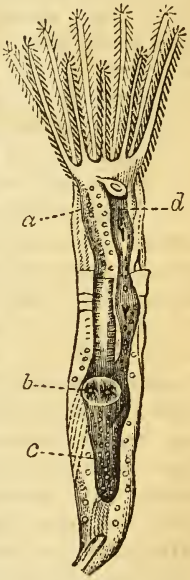
Most persons who have walked on our own shores, will have noticed what they have supposed to have been yellowish semi-transparent plants affixed to oyster and other shells or stones; these are polypidoms or polype cases, and if carefully examined, each branch will be found to possess a great number of Florence flask-like cells, every one of which is tenanted by a small polype, partaking of the simple organisation of the *Hydra fusca* just described; but



a, polype-cells with polypes; *c*, *c*, the polypes protruding; *b*, *b*, ovarian vesicles.

they are incapable of moving from these cells, by a small band affixed to the base, and communicating with each other by an extension of it through the centre of the branches. On being carefully watched, the animals may be seen to extend themselves a short way from their horny case, put forth their tentacles, and search for food; if slightly touched, each one immediately retires within the precincts of its little home.

Zoophytes are divided into two classes—the *hydroida*, which are the more simple in organisation, and have been above described; the other, the *ascidioida*, are far more complex in structure, and which will be next treated of. It is very common to meet with large fronds, as they are called, but vulgarly, leaves, of sea-weeds, half-covered over with a minute delicate lace-work. This netlike appearance is composed of the domicile of the *flustra*, and each cell is tenanted by a small polype, which belongs to the ascidioidal tribe. Like the others, they are possessed of tentacles, which, unlike them, are clothed with fine cilia; they possess a long œsophagus or gullet, a gizzard, a stomach, an intestine, &c. and are furnished with a set of muscles to elongate or contract the body. The animal in the flustra tribe will be found to be doubled up in its cell on itself, as it were. Their method of increase is by means of ova, which, in the horny hydroidal tribes, are developed in large oval white vesicles; these bursting, the eggs are set free, and possess an independent power of locomotion. Each egg is clothed with a vast number of cilia; and these being put into rapid motion, it is propelled through the water until it meets with a stone or shell, to which it affixes itself, to become thereafter completely stationary: the cilia fall off, or are absorbed; a horny stem is produced, which shoots forth branches, which afterwards put forth rows of cells, in which gradually polypes are developed, and the little animal bursts at length into the full enjoyment of life and activity. Truly indeed may it be said, "Wonderful are the works of nature!"



a, œsophagus; *b*, gizzard; *c*, stomach; *d*, orifice of intestine.

The zoophytal family contains a very great number of species, but those figured are typical of the principal microscopic tribes, which are invested with an external case, so far as the animal itself is concerned; but the shapes of the polypidoms, or tunics, are many, and our limits forbid us to enter on a description of even a few of them. The soft-bodied, or rather naked polypes, are various; and the same objection is applicable to a further notice of them. For further information on this interesting class, the reader is referred to the beautifully illustrated work on zoophytes by Dr James Johnstone of Berwick-on-Tweed.

Few persons are aware, probably, that classes of animals exist in which the second generation differs from the first in form and habit, the third one taking on the figure of the first, whilst the fourth again is similar to the second. Yet incredible as it may appear, such is the fact. This remarkable peculiarity has been observed to take place in many of the medusæ, and in the claviform polypes, by Löven and Steenstrup. We shall take a microscopic instance in the case of the *cercariæ.* Whoever has paid a little attention to natural objects, may have noticed a number of small white worm-like animals clinging to the bodies and necks of the fresh-water snail—these are the cercariæ. They swim free in the water by means of the tail, until they affix themselves by means of a sucker to the body, when they commence a series of wriggling movements, in order to get rid of this now useless appendage, when they commence gradually burrowing into the skin, until they perforate the liver or the membranes immediately surrounding it, where they lie in a pupa-like state of quiescence for some time, when they make their escape, and after passing through two or three *generational* (if we may be allowed to coin a word) changes, either in the shape of egg or young larva, they find their way with the drink or nutriment into the stomach of the sheep, whence they find a passage, probably through the coats of this organ, into the liver, becoming perfect flukes, and giving rise to that disease in wet seasons popularly known by the name of "the rot."

MICROSCOPIC VEGETATION.

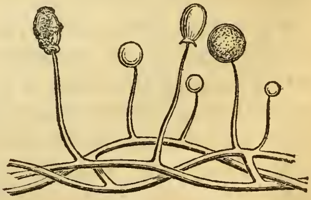
Many other wonderful subjects for the microscopist to devote his attention to might be instanced in the animalcule, zoophytal, and insect tribes; but we must stop here, and proceed to give a slight account of the organisation and forms of the vegetable kingdom. Where vegetable life ceases, and animal existence begins, is a question which is not easily answered. We shall not enter into an argument which has puzzled the brains of the greatest philosophers and naturalists, but plunge at once *in medias res.* We shall here take occasion to observe, that if the possession of voluntary motion were indicative of the possession of animal life, some classes of plants would have to be ranged under a different order to that which they at present occupy; for instance, the spores of many confervoid plants, when liberated by the bursting of their capsules, are endowed with the power of mobility. They may be seen swimming about with great rapidity, now darting to one side, now to another, accelerating their pace at one time, and retarding it in a few seconds, until they find a situation favourable for their development, when they become fixed, never again to resume a wandering life. Again, the *oscillatoriæ* (a tribe of confervoid plants), so called on account of the oscillatory movements which they are constantly practising, may frequently be found, after being left in a mass on a watch-glass, with a little water, to have spread themselves over its whole surface. A curious kind of insect is to be met with in the *conjugatæ*, a subdivision of the confervoid algæ. We will take, for instance, the *tyndaridea*. This plant consists of a number of cylindrical cells, placed end to end, and forming a long jointed filament, and which is one of the commonest plants found in stagnant ditches, forming long green woolly-looking masses. Each cell is fitted with a green granular substance, termed *endochrome*. When the plant reaches perfection, and its period of forming seed or sporidia, as they are termed by botanists, arrives, each cell throws out from one side a small process, which unites with a corresponding process from a cell in the filament lying next it; the two ends of the processes become absorbed, the segments of the cells freely communicate with each other, the endochrome of one cell passes through the passage thus formed into the other, the contents of both cells become intimately mixed, and form a round mass, which ultimately becomes the seeds or spores from which new plants of the same kind are destined to be produced. The same obtains in many other microscopic plants which we have not space to enumerate. It is necessary here to observe, that all the objects of which illustrations have been given are highly magnified. Now, in the instance of the tyndaridea given above, it seems to us that a species of instinct is evinced. How is it that process meets with process? By what power is a plant given to understand that a similar plant lies in immediate contiguity with itself, ready to carry on the necessary fructifying process? Certainly we can consider it nothing less than a species of the same indefinable operation which prompts the bee to construct a cell of a hexagonal form, or a bird to build a nest in the manner peculiar to its species.

It is necessary to go a few steps backwards here, and state that every plant, as well as every animal, has its origin in the simple cell at first. Many vegetables consist of only one cell, such as the *protococcus* or red-snow, which, to take Hooker's description, consists of "globules exactly spherical, very minute purple-red gelatinous masses, pale spreading. . . . It was brought by Captain Ross from the arctic regions, where it was observed covering the surface of the snow in patches many miles in extent, and penetrating in some places to the depth of twelve feet. It has been observed to occur commonly on most of the mountains of Europe in similar situations." The green snow is merely an earlier condition of the same plant. Amongst these plants is to be found a species of rotifer, which several naturalists consider to be an animalcule, the product of these red globules, and which they look upon as merely the egg, and not in reality belonging to the vegetable kingdom. This is, however, doubted by the best botanists to be the case. The red colour of agates and carnelians is stated by Turpin to be owing to a number of the small *Protococci nivalis*, agglomerated together in patches, giving that peculiar tint to the stone.

The meteoric paper, which fell in a snow-storm in Courland in 1686, and of which two large pieces were preserved in the library of Bernhadin, is composed of interwoven confervæ and grass leaves; one side is smooth, and of a brownish ash-gray colour, the other of a greenish red-brown. One of these pieces preserved was thirty-four feet long, and from two to three feet wide. The gray side was the more compact, and much resembled gray blotting-paper. This gray smooth side is clearly the upper, and received its paler hue from the bleaching effects of the sun's rays; and the looser green side, the one which was in contact with the grass. A similar deposit was left on the surface of low lands in 1736, on the subsidence of a great flood of the Oder in Silesia. This latter deposit was productive of great distress, in consequence of its preventing the growth of the grass beneath. In both cases, the substance was found to be composed of confervæ, oscillatoriæ, &c. and an immense quantity of infusorial shells. In all saccharine fluids undergoing the alcoholic fermentation, minute fungoid vegetables, or *torulæ*, as they are termed, make their appearance. These stand in the relation of cause and effect, no spirit being formed until these plants are produced, and which nourish themselves at the expense of some organic principle, causing thereby the alcohol to be set free. The *Torula cerevisiæ*, or yeast plant, consists of a number of small vesicles strung together in a moniliform or necklace-manner, one to the other. By the time that five or six vesicles are strung together, the fermentation is sufficiently advanced, and the manufacturer checks it. The vegetation is then suspended, and the groups of vesicles separate into individuals, the mass of which thus constitutes the yeast. The same kind of plant is developed by the acetous fermentation; and when paste turns sour, a small mycoderm, very closely resembling, if not perfectly identical, is found.

It is a curious fact, that the plant which is found in tinea, or scald-head, is so very like the yeast plant, that little or no difference is apparent, save that the vesicles of which it is composed are a little larger; but the wonder ceases when we reflect that all vegetable growths composed of small rounded cells strung together must necessarily in a great degree resemble each other. The disease in tinea is caused by this adventitious growth, and the application of any remedy which destroys this plant speedily puts a stop to the disease. The thrush, as it is popularly called, in children, affords another example of a minute cryptogamic plant vegetating on the mucous membrane; these white appearances frequently extend to nearly the whole length of the alimentary canal, occurring frequently in white patches. The sordes on the teeth, occurring in persons affected with low typhoid fever, afford examples of vegetable life, as also in the disease known by the name of mentagra, affecting the beard of men. We have several times, when examining the sputa of patients labouring under phthisis, by the aid of the microscope, met with minute plants belonging to the same order springing in full luxuriance from the epithelial cells. Frogs are liable to be attacked on the surface of the body by a similar vegetable growth, as also are fishes, and nearly all the water birds. These growths seem to be the effect of a diseased state, as it is possible to inoculate animals when in bad health, though, if healthy, it is productive of no bad consequences. Where death takes place in an animal previously infected, the parasitic growths spread with great rapidity. In the generality of cases where animals are infected, they die of what is termed marasmus, or a slow kind of wasting. In all probability they are not the cause, but the effect of disease, the termination of which in death they probably accelerate; but it is not unlikely that the germs or spores of these organisms float about in the air, or swim in the water, until they meet with localities favourable for their development.

Almost every plant is possessed of its own peculiar vegetable parasite, commonly known by the name of *rust.* The plant of wheat is frequently infected in this manner, as also are the leaves of the hop, and in no plant is it more common than in the leaves of the rose-tree. These parasites are nourished at the expense of the plant, and serve also to produce disease by blocking up the stomata, and thus hinder the respiration of the plant. In autumn, when the leaves of trees have fallen to the ground, their progress to decay is materially hastened by the growth of the *penicillum*, a small moniliform fungoid plant, which attacks the whole surface, and frequently proves a source of great annoyance to the botanist, if his herbarium happens to be placed for a few days in a damp situation. When once attacked, it is a difficult matter to get rid of, as the slightest moisture serves to bring back a return of this troublesome growth. The *mucoroideæ*, or moulds, consist of a great number of varieties, and are to be met with on almost every kind of edible substance which we are in the habit of consuming, when kept too long, or in a warm and damp situation. These plants consist of a stalk, at the summit of which is to be seen, by the aid of a microscope, a small pellucid capsule, containing in its interior a great number of spores or seeds. Many of these plants arrive at perfection in a few hours, and others take three or four days before they are ripe; the capsules then burst, and a cloud of spores escapes, and is diffused in the atmosphere, where the seeds float about until they are deposited on some body which is favourable to their development, when they start up into full life.


Mucor mucedo.

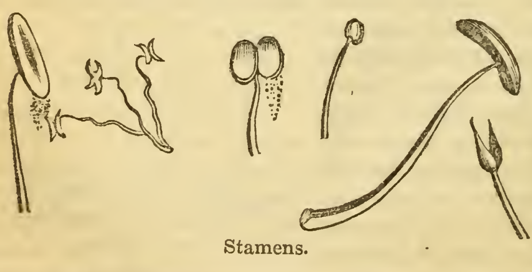
Some of these plants are highly poisonous, others perfectly innocuous. It occasionally happens that a family is taken seriously ill after eating of a newly-made cake or bread-loaf, and affected with all the usual symptoms attendant upon the presence of an irritant metallic poison in the food; and on cutting a few slices of the bread or cake, a bluish-green substance has been found, which was supposed to be owing to the presence of a salt of copper. On subjecting some of the suspected substance to the microscope, it was found to be owing to the presence of a great number of small fungoid plants of the *mucor* genus, to which the symptoms were all attributable. One or two instances of poisoning in this manner have come under our own notice; and if we mistake not, a full account is given of several assumed cases of poisoning, supposed to be owing to the presence of copper, but afterwards discovered to be referable to the presence of these plants, in Gilbert Burnet's "History of Botany."

The *mucorideæ* are of great service in the economy of nature, from the offices which they fulfil of accelerating the processes of decay, and removing from the atmosphere what might otherwise be productive of serious inconvenience—namely, noxious gases.

The *Uredo segetum* is another species of vegetable parasite, which attacks the seed of wheat, and is popularly known by the name of "smut." It fills the whole grain with a fine black dust, and consists of a vast number of minute round sporules. The *Puccinia grammis*, or "rust," is a small plant developed on the stems of wheat and grasses, and consists of a filament on which are situated two or three small cells, the upper one being filled with a large quantity of minute spores.

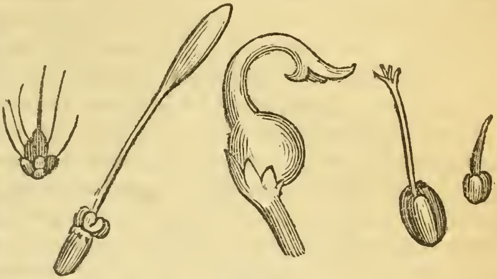
MICROSCOPIC PHYSIOLOGY.

Our space will not allow us to enter on a description of the anatomy of plants—a subject of itself so copious, that a small number of pages would not suffice for even a general treatment; but we cannot let the opportunity escape us of glancing at the wonderful manner by which the fertilisation of the young seed by means of the pollen is effected. Within the floral envelopes of the great majority of plants will be found organs, which are designated by the names of stamens and pistils. In some instances, the stamens are found in the one flower, and the pistils in the other, yet both flowers growing on the same tree. In others, the flowers having stamens are produced on one plant,



Stamens.

whilst those having pistils are found on another. The stamen consists of two parts, the filament or stalk, and which has attached to its upper extremity the anther, which is usually composed of two cells, which contain a number of little balls, known under the name of "pollen;" these pollen grains contain a semifluid matter called "fovilla," somewhat resembling minute oil globules. The female part of the flower consists of the pistil, which is divided into the stigma, which occupies the upper part of the style, this latter being intermediate between it and the ovarium. The stigma is usually covered with a thick viscid matter, which serves partly to retain the pollen when it has been shed thereon, after the valves of the anther have opened. The style is formed internally of cellular tissue, which either occupies the whole substance of the style as far down as the ovarium, but more often includes a central cavity, extending from the stigma to the ovarium, where it divides into as many hollow branches as there are ovules. The ovarium is a hollow case, containing the ovules, and consists of one or more cavities, which may contain one or a number of ovules, or young seeds.


Pistils.

At the period of fertilisation, the anthers of flowers, which are bisexual, approach the stigma, and shed their pollen copiously on it. In plants where the sexes are distinct, the pollen is often brought from a considerable distance by means of the wind, or by insects. After a short time the pollen grains are observed to emit a fine tube, which increases by real vegetative growth, the means of which are afforded by the imbibition of the viscous fluid on the stigma. This pollen tube travels down the stigma, threading its way through the canal of the style, or penetrating through the cellular tissue to the ovulum. According to Schleiden, a celebrated German botanist and physiologist, the pollen tube becomes ingrafted on the ovule, and is the future embryo. The part thus attached he conceives to be separated by a constriction from the rest of the pollen tube, and forms the rudiment of the future embryo, and also becomes the rudiment for the development of new cells. Be this as it may, it is certain that unless the pollen tube finds its way to the young ovule, none of the seeds, however ripe and perfect they may appear, will ever succeed in germinating.

This mode of fertilisation obtains only, as is self-evident, with plants or trees which bear true flowers. The manner in which it is performed in the cryptogamic tribes, such as lichens, fungi, ferns, &c. is still undetermined; but it is thought that in those mentioned no such process takes place at all, but that the spores are produced, susceptible at any time, under favourable circumstances, of germination. In the mosses and jungermannia, anthers are found concealed amongst the leaves. In the former, the cells contain minute tadpole-like animalcules, one in each cell; in the latter, the anther contains a very minute granulated substance, which escapes by an aperture formed at the extremity; and both the animalcules of the anthers of the mosses, and the powder of the same in the jungermannia, are supposed to be subservient to the fertilisation of the spores; but the manner in which they conduce to that operation is at present a mystery. In the capsules of the jungermannia will be found, on examination under the microscope, a vast number of small chain-like filaments, sometimes lying loose in the capsule, and sometimes attached by one extremity to each of the four valves composing the capsule. These chain-like appendages are called "elaters," and they are affected hygrometrically by the damp or dry state of the atmosphere: if the air be dry, the capsule is disposed thereby to open, and the little elaters are excited to contract unequally, causing a wriggling and half-leaping kind of motion, which has the effect of dispersing the spores. If one of the fixed elaters be subjected to a high magnifying power, it will be found to consist of a long tube terminating in a head, and containing internally a spiral fibre, on which its elasticity would seem to depend. The ducts, vessels, woody-fibre, &c. of all vegetables, are formed originally from cells; these cells are formed from what are called *cytoblasts.* In the interior of a cell may be seen, by the aid of high-power magnifiers, small granular-looking globules, and amongst these are to be found two or three larger bodies termed *nuclei;* and these contain within smaller yet granular substances, the *nucleoli:* these nuclei, and their contained nucleoli, are the rudiments of the future new cell, and constitute the cytoblast. In a short time a small pellucid vesicle forms over the nucleus, bearing the same relation to it as a watch-glass does to a watch: this increases in size, and becomes the perfect cell, the cytoblast becoming either absorbed, or being lost in the increasing thickness of the walls. The young cells lie free at first in the parent cell, and by the effects of mutual pressure against each other, assume the polyhedral form.

The cytoblast is observed in the cells of animal structure also, but in the generality of cases, the new cell is formed externally to the old cell, although in some cases the young cells are formed in a parent cell analogous to what obtains in vegetables. In the formation of animal cellular tissue, the cells are observed to become elongated at both ends, so as to acquire a spindle-like shape; and during the process of growth, these attenuated ends become more and more lengthened, until at last they are resolved into bundles of delicate fibres. The muscular fibre in the very young embryo consists at first of a number of delicate globules, arranged in a line; these globules ultimately disappear, and a cylindrical tube is formed, in which nuclei are visible. It is supposed by Valentin that the globules are nucleated cells, which, coalescing, form the hollow tube, each end of the globule becoming absorbed; that the nuclei occupy the walls of the tube; and that the tube becomes afterwards filled by a deposition of new matter, and thus muscular fibre is produced. Each muscular fibre presents the appearance, under the glass, of a solid cylinder, with beautiful transverse striæ. The blood consists of a number of red particles, swimming in the *liquor sanguinis* or lymph; for the purpose of viewing blood with the microscope, it should not be diluted with water, as this directly changes the shapes of the globules—but in some of its own lymph, or a weak solution of salt in water. In man, and the mammalia generally, the globules are round and flattened discs, with the exceptions of those of the dromedary and alpaca; in which animals, as also in birds, reptiles, and fishes, they are elliptical. In man, the thickness of their particles is about one-fourth of their transverse diameter, and measures about the 1-4000th of an inch. In the interior of the corpuscle may be seen a small spot, the central nucleus of the blood. The corpuscles of the *Proteus anguinus* are the largest known; the next perhaps in size are those of the skate-fish. The diameter of the former measures about the 1-387th of an English inch, of the latter, 1-1107th.

The use of the microscope is now generally had recourse to in the anatomical schools, as well as in the medical ones; and the practitioner who received his education twenty years ago, would be astonished to find that structure is not described as it appears to the eye and touch, but as it is seen beneath a good magnifier. In pathology also, it is getting to be generally referred to, in order that the changes in structure caused by disease may be accurately made out. As yet, its use in this latter respect is limited; but a time will shortly arrive when its application shall be, we predict, universal. In renal diseases it is of incalculable value, as a single glance at the deposits arising from functional disorders of the kidneys shows at once the affection under which the patient is labouring, and a competent knowledge of chemistry at once points out the remedy. Its aid is adverted to in medical jurisprudence, and more than one instance of life having been saved by its means is on record. We are unfortunately not able to do more than take a mere glance at what it is doing, and has done, for science; but every day brings forward fresh proofs of its applicability to the extension of knowledge in nearly every one of its branches. We need only refer, for examples, to the various scientific works and periodicals of the day.

PRACTICAL DIRECTIONS.

A few directions will now be given as to the best localities for procuring the different subjects for examination. Every stagnant pool or ditch will be found fruitful in the various tribes of infusoria. The water-plants, such as flags, arrow-head, water-plantain, frequently have their stems covered with a white efflorescence, which, if carefully removed, and put in a bottle, will be found to contain many of the rarer specimens. The surface of ponds should be swept with a fine muslin net, and then the scum collected be carefully rinsed out in a little clean water. In this manner may be obtained many of the naked-bodied infusoria. The infusorial shells may be obtained by sweeping gently the bottoms of ditches, ponds, rivers, &c. so as only to skim off the upper stratum of mud: grips cut in meadows often contain many beautiful and rare species, especially in summer, after a shower, when the hay is lying on the ground. The *diatomaceæ* are found most plentifully in rocky streams, adhering to stones, or growing on confervæ. Peat-bogs are extremely rich in the *desmidiaceæ*, a tribe of beautiful little plants, closely allied to diatoma. The names of most of the infusory animalcules may be obtained by reference to Mr Pritchard's book on the subject, which contains above five hundred beautifully-executed engravings, with classification, for the price of five shillings; and the diatomaceæ and desmidiaceæ in Mr Ralf's book, which is to be had for a guinea, and is one of the most perfect works we ever saw on any branch of natural history. To examine these, a drop of the fluid is to be placed on a slip of glass, with a cell on it, made in the way about to be described, which is then to be covered with another slip, and submitted to the microscope. If the sediment is required, it should be by means of a thin glass tube, open at both ends; by keeping the finger on the top, and then withdrawing it when the other end is in contact with the mud, a quantity will be carried into the tube; the finger is then replaced, and the tube withdrawn. The soft-bodied animalcules cannot be preserved, but the siliceous ones may be converted into splendid objects.

There are two methods of mounting microscopical preparations—one by means of Canada balsam; the other where the object is preserved in a cell in fluid. Slips of glass, of different sizes, are cut: those we are in the habit of using measure two and a half inches by five-eighths in breadth; the object, say the foot of a spider, is placed on the glass, in a drop of water; it is then carefully compressed, by means of a piece of thin glass placed on it, so as to squeeze out the muscular substance, and flatten the object; the top-glass is then removed, and the foot, adhering to the lower glass, is placed in the sun, or on the warm bars of a grate, to dry. When perfectly free from all moisture, the plate of glass is placed in spirits of turpentine for a short time, which will render the object transparent, then taken out, and the superfluous turpentine allowed to drain away. A drop or two of Canada balsam is then placed on the object, which is to be held for a few seconds, after being added, over the flame of a spirit or naphtha lamp; a top-glass, first warmed, is then put carefully on, and pressed gently down; the balsam exuded is then removed by a bit of rag wetted with turpentine, and the preparation is laid aside for a few days to dry, when it will be fit to be covered with paper. Coloured glazed papers are generally used for this purpose, with a hole punched in the centre to view the object, and the name is written on one end.* It will require some little practice to make a preparation free from air bubbles, which requires what is termed "knack." Infusorial shells, dissections of insects, corallines, &c. are best fitted for this mode of mounting; but a little experience will show at once the best plan of mounting—the wet or the balsamic mode. The other method of mounting is as follows:—A cell is prepared by painting a piece of glass with black japan varnish, which is obtained at the painters' shops (it is necessary that this should be old), leaving a space in the middle; the cells may be made of different depths by successive additions of varnish, added one by one as soon as the former ones are dry. Exposure to the atmosphere for a few hours, or placing the prepared cells on a stone, will firmly set the varnish. When it is wished to mount an object, a drop or two of water should be placed in the cell, so as to fill it, and the object be placed in the midst; a thin top-piece is then to be added, and gently placed thereon with a slight degree of pressure; the fluid which is displaced by the addition of the top-glass is to be absorbed by applying carefully a small bit of blotting-paper, and then, by means of a fine paint-brush, varnish of the same kind is to be carefully placed all round the upper glass, so as to cement it firmly to the lower. This coating will be dry in two days, when a second, and ultimately a third one, is to be added; and, after all, the preparation is to be papered. This species of preparation is best fitted for vegetable substances. Insects, or parts of them, are most conveniently dissected with a little water in a large cell, and a low power is most appropriate for such a purpose. A couple of needles, fixed in wooden handles, are the best instruments for tearing the parts, and floating them asunder. A little experience, founded on perseverance and a few failures, will teach more in this art than volumes of written instructions.

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* Slides containing objects, recent and fossil, glass-tubes, live-boxes, and all the usual requirements for microscopical investigation, may be obtained from various artists; such, for example, as Mr Topping, 1, York Place, Pentonville, London.

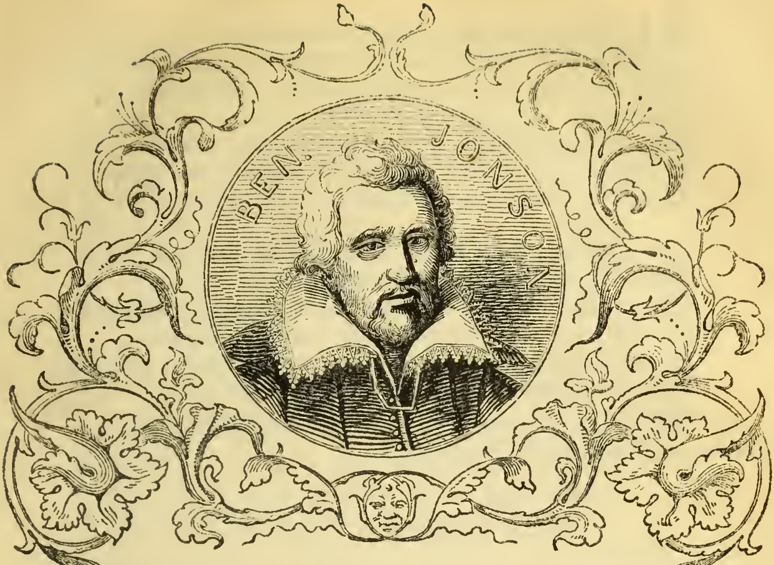
CONCLUSION.

We have now concluded our instructions; and if, by our humble means, we shall have been instrumental in causing only one person to examine closely into the wonders which surround him in nature, and thereby enable him to while away a few hours which otherwise might have passed uselessly or heavily, we shall feel that we have not altogether laboured in vain.

Thoroughly are we convinced, that the man who studies intimately the works of the Creator, must thereby have his ideas of the mercy and goodness of that Almighty Being infinitely raised beyond what is ordinarily entertained, and must inevitably be led to the conclusion, that if "God so clothe the grass of the field, which to-day is, and to-morrow is cast into the oven," how much more will he not care for man, his last, greatest, and most perfect work; and to agree with the poet, that

"Every science, power, or art,
Which tends to foster in the heart
Knowledge of nature's laws,
Must, sanctified by grace divine,
Precept on precept, line on line,
Exalt the great First Cause!"

Or in the still more poetic and impressive language of Dr Chalmers:—"While the *telescope* enables us to see a system in every star, the *microscope* unfolds to us a world in every atom. The one instructs us that this mighty globe, with the whole burthen of its people and its countries, is but a grain of sand in the vast field of immensity—the other, that every atom may harbour the tribes and families of a busy population. The one shows us the insignificance of the world we inhabit—the other redeems it from all its insignificance, for it tells us, that in the leaves of every forest, in the flowers of every garden, in the waters of every rivulet, there are worlds teeming with life, and numberless as are the stars of the firmament. The one suggests to us, that above and beyond all that is visible to man, there may be regions of creation which sweep immeasurably along, and carry the impress of the Almighty's hand to the remotest scenes of the universe—the other, that within and beneath all that minuteness which the aided eye of man is able to explore, there may be a world of invisible beings; and that, could we draw aside the mysterious veil which shrouds it from our senses, we might behold a theatre of as many wonders as astronomy can unfold—a universe within the compass of a point, so small, as to elude all the powers of the microscope, but where the Almighty Ruler of all things finds room for the exercise of His attributes, where he can raise another mechanism of worlds, and fill and animate them all with evidences of His glory."



SELECTIONS FROM THE ELIZABETHAN POETS.

OLD AGE.

AND next in order sad, Old Age we found:
His beard all hoar, his eyes hollow and blind;
With drooping cheer still poring on the ground,
As on the place where nature him assigned
To rest, when that the sisters had untwined
His vital thread, and ended with their knife
The fleeting course of fast-declining life:

There heard we him with broke and hollow plaint
Rue with himself his end approaching fast,
And all for nought his wretched mind torment
With sweet remembrance of his pleasures past.
And fresh delights of lusty youth forewaste;
Recounting which, how would he sob and shriek,
And to be young again of Jove beseek!

But an the cruel fates so fixed be,
That time forepast cannot return again,
This one request of Jove yet prayed he—
That in such withered plight, and wretched pain,
As eld, accompanied with her loathsome train,
Had brought on him, all were it wo and grief,
He might a while yet linger forth his life,

And not so soon descend into the pit;
Where Death, when he the mortal corpse hath slain,
With reckless hand in grave doth cover it:
Thereafter never to enjoy again
The gladsome light, but in the ground ylain,
In depth of darkness waste and wear to nought,
As he had ne'er into the world been brought:

But who had seen him sobbing how he stood
Unto himself, and how he would bemoan
His youth forepast—as though it wrought him good
To talk of youth, all were his youth foregone—
He would have mused, and marvelled much whereon
This wretched age should life desire so fain,
Yet know full well life doth but lengthen pain.

—Thomas Sackville (1536—1608).

REJECTED LOVE.

Whence comes my love? Oh heart, disclose;
It was from cheeks that shamed the rose,
From lips that spoil the ruby's praise,
From eyes that mock the diamond's blaze:
Whence comes my wo? as freely own;
Ah me! 'twas from a heart like stone.

The blushing cheek speaks modest mind,
The lips befitting words most kind,
The eye does tempt to love's desire,
And seems to say 'tis Cupid's fire;
Yet all so fair but speak my moan,
Since nought doth say the heart of stone.

Why thus, my love, so kind bespeak
Sweet eye, sweet lip, sweet blushing cheek—
Yet not a heart to save my pain;
Oh Venus, take thy gifts again!
Make not so fair to cause our moan,
Or make a heart that's like our own.

—John Harrington (1534—1583).

SLEEP.

Come, sleep, oh sleep! the certain knot of peace,
The baiting place of wit, the balm of wo,
The poor man's wealth, the prisoner's release,
The indifferent judge between the high and low.

With shield of proof shield me from out the press
Of those fierce darts despair at me doth throw;
Oh make in me those civil wars to cease:
I will good tribute pay, if thou do so.
Take thou of me smooth pillows, sweetest bed;
A chamber, deaf to noise, and blind to light;
A rosy garland, and a weary head.
And if these things, as being thine by right,
Move not thy heavy grace, thou shalt in me
Livelier than elsewhere Stella's image see.

—Sir Philip Sidney (1554—1586).

HIGHER ASPIRATIONS.

Leave me, oh Love! which reachest but to dust;
And thou, my mind, aspire to higher things,
Grow rich in that which never taketh rust:
Whatever fades but fading pleasure brings.
Draw in thy beams, and humble all thy might
To that sweet yoke where lasting freedoms be;
Which breaks the clouds, and opens forth the light,
That doth but shine and give us sight to see.
Oh! take fast hold, let that light be thy guide
In this small course which birth draws out of death,
And think how ill becometh him to slide,
Who seeketh heaven, and comes of heavenly breath.
Then farewell, world, thine uttermost I see;
Eternal Love, maintain thy life in me.

—*Ibid.*

THE COUNTRY'S RECREATIONS.

Heart-tearing cares and quivering fears,
Anxious sighs, untimely tears,
Fly, fly to courts,
Fly to fond worldling's sports;
Where strained sardonic smiles are glozing still,
And Grief is forced to laugh against her will;
Where mirth's but mummery,
And sorrows only real be.

Fly from our country pastimes, fly;
Sad troop of human misery!
Come, serene looks,
Clear as the crystal brooks,
Or the pure azured heaven that smiles to see
The rich attendance of our poverty.
Peace and a secure mind,
Which all men seek, we only find.

Abused mortals, did you know
Where joy, heart's ease, and comforts grow,
You'd scorn proud towers,
And seek them in these bowers;
Where winds perhaps our woods may sometimes shake,
But blustering care could never tempest make;
Nor murmurs e'er come nigh us,
Saving of fountains that glide by us.

* * * *

Blest silent groves! Oh may ye be
For ever mirth's best nursery!
May pure contents
For ever pitch their tents
Upon these downs, these meads, these rocks, these mountains,
And peace still slumber by these purling fountains,
Which we may every year
Find when we come a-fishing here!

—Sir Walter Raleigh (1552—1618).

TO SLEEP.

Care-charmer sleep, son of the sable night,
Brother to death, in silent darkness born,
Relieve my anguish, and restore the light,
With dark forgetting of my care, return.
And let the day be time enough to mourn
The shipwreck of my ill-advised youth;
Let waking eyes suffice to wail their scorn,
Without the torments of the night's untruth.
Cease, dreams, the images of day-desires,
To model forth the passions of to-morrow;
Never let the rising sun prove you liars,
To add more grief, to aggravate my sorrow.
Still let me sleep, embracing clouds in vain,
And never wake to feel the day's disdain.

—S. Daniel (1562—1619).

THE SHEPHERD'S INVITATION.

Come live with me, and be my love,
And we will all the pleasures prove
That valleys, groves, and hills and fields,
Woods or steepy mountains yields.

And we will sit upon the rocks,
Seeing the shepherds feed their flocks,
By shallow rivers, to whose falls
Melodious birds sing madrigals.

And I will make thee beds of roses,
And a thousand fragrant posies;
A cap of flowers and a kirtle,
Embroidered all with leaves of myrtle:

A gown made of the finest wool,
Which from our pretty lambs we pull;
Fair lined slippers for the cold,
With buckles of the purest gold:

A belt of straw and ivy buds,
With coral clasps and amber studs;
And if these pleasures may thee move,
Come live with me, and be my love.

The shepherd swains shall dance and sing,
For thy delight, each May-morning:
If these delights thy mind may move,
Then live with me, and be my love.

—Christopher Marlowe (1568—1593).

TIMES GO BY TURNS.

The lopped tree in time may grow again,
Most naked plants renew both fruit and flower;
The sorriest wight may find release of pain,
The driest soil suck in some moistening shower:
Time goes by turns, and chances change by course,
From foul to fair, from better hap to worse.

The sea of Fortune doth not ever flow;
She draws her favours to the lowest ebb:
Her tides have equal times to come and go;
Her loom doth weave the fine and coarsest web;
No joy so great but runneth to an end,
No hap so hard but may in fine amend.

Not always fall of leaf, nor ever spring,
Not endless night, yet not eternal day:
The saddest birds a season find to sing,
The roughest storm a calm may soon allay.
Thus, with succeeding turns, God tempereth all,
That man may hope to rise, yet fear to fall.

A chance may win that by mischance was lost;
That net that holds no great, takes little fish;
In some things all, in all things none are crossed;
Few all they need, but none have all they wish.
Unmingled joys here to no man befall;
Who least, hath some; who most, hath never all.

—Robert Southwell (1560—1595).

SCORN NOT THE LEAST.

WHERE words are weak, and foes encountering strong,
  Where mightier do assault than do defend,
The feebler part puts up enforced wrong,
  And silent sees, that speech could not amend:
Yet higher powers must think, though they repine,
When sun is set the little stars will shine.

While pike doth range, the silly tench doth fly,
  And crouch in privy creeks with smaller fish;
Yet pikes are caught when little fish go by,
  These fleet afloat, while those do fill the dish;
There is a time even for the worms to creep,
And suck the dew while all their foes do sleep.

The merlin cannot ever soar on high,
  Nor greedy greyhound still pursue the chase;
The tender lark will find a time to fly,
  And fearful hare to run a quiet race.
He that high growth on cedars did bestow,
Gave also lowly mushrooms leave to grow.

In Haman's pomp poor Mardochéus wept,
  Yet God did turn his fate upon his foe.
The Lazar pined while Dives' feast was kept,
  Yet he to heaven—to hell did Dives go.
We trample grass, and prize the flowers of May;
Yet grass is green, when flowers do fade away.

—*Ibid.*

CONTENTMENT.

ENOUGH I reckon wealth;
  That mean, the surest lot
That lies too high for base contempt,
  Too low for envy's shot.

My wishes are but few,
  All easy to fulfil:
I make the limits of my power
  The bounds unto my will.

I fear no care for gold;
  Well-doing is my wealth;
My mind to me an empire is,
  While grace affordeth health.

I clip high-climbing thoughts,
The wings of swelling pride;
Their fall is worst that from the height
Of greatest honour slide.

Since sails of largest size
The storm doth soonest tear;
I bear so low and small a sail
As freeth me from fear.

I wrestle not with rage,
While fury's flame doth burn;
It is in vain to stop the stream
Until the tide doth turn.

But when the flame is out,
And ebbing wrath doth end,
I turn a late enraged foe
Into a quiet friend.

And taught with often proof,
A tempered calm I find
To be most solace to itself,
Best cure for angry mind.

Spare diet is my fare,
My clothes more fit than fine:
I know I feed and clothe a foe,
That, pampered, would repine.

I envy not their hap
Whom favour doth advance;
I take no pleasure in their pain
That have less happy chance.

To rise by others' fall,
I deem a losing gain;
All states with others' ruin built,
To ruin run amain.

No change of fortune's calm
Can cast my comforts down;
When fortune smiles, I smile to think
How quickly she will frown.

And when, in froward mood,
She proves an angry foe,
Small gain I find to let her come—
Less loss to let her go.

—*Ibid.*

THE HAPPY LIFE.

How happy is he born and taught,
That serveth not another's will;
Whose armour is his honest thought,
And simple truth his utmost skill!

Whose passions not his masters are,
Whose soul is still prepared for death,
Untied unto the worldly care
Of public fame or private breath;

Who envies none that chance doth raise,
Or vice; who never understood
How deepest wounds are given by praise;
Nor rules of state, but rules of good:

Who hath his life from rumours freed,
Whose conscience is his strong retreat;
Whose state can neither flatterers feed,
Nor ruin make oppressors great;

Who God doth late and early pray,
More of his grace than gifts to lend;
And entertains the harmless day
With a religious book or friend;

This man is freed from servile bands
Of hope to rise, or fear to fall;
Lord of himself, though not of lands;
And having nothing, yet hath all.

—Sir Henry Wotton (1568—1639).

FAREWELL TO THE VANITIES OF THE WORLD.

Farewell, ye gilded follies, pleasing troubles;
Farewell, ye honoured rags, ye glorious bubbles!
Fame's but a hollow echo; gold pure clay;
Honour the darling but of one short day;
Beauty the eye's idol, but a damasked skin;
State but a golden prison to live in,
And torture freeborn minds; embroidered trains
Merely but pageants for proud swelling veins;
And blood allied to greatness, is alone
Inherited, not purchased, nor our own:
Fame, honour, beauty, state, train, blood, and birth,
Are but the fading blossoms of the earth.

* * * *

Welcome, pure thoughts; welcome, ye silent groves;
These guests, these courts, my soul most dearly loves:
Now the winged people of the sky shall sing
My cheerful anthems to the gladsome spring:
A prayer-book now shall be my looking-glass,
In which I will adore sweet virtue's face.
Here dwell no hateful looks, no palace cares,
No broken vows dwell here, nor pale-faced fears:
Then here I'll sigh, and sigh my hot love's folly,
And learn t' affect a holy melancholy;
And if contentment be a stranger then,
I'll ne'er look for it but in Heaven again.

—*Ibid.*

THE DIGNITY OF MAN.

Oh what is man, great Maker of mankind!
That thou to him so great respect dost bear;
That thou adornest him with so bright a mind,
Makest him a king, and even an angel's peer?

Oh what a lively life, what heavenly power,
What spreading virtue, what a sparkling fire,
How great, how plentiful, how rich a dower
Dost thou within this dying flesh inspire!

Thou leavest thy print in other works of thine,
But thy whole image thou in man hast writ;
There cannot be a creature more divine,
Except, like thee, it should be infinite:

But it exceeds man's thought to think how high
God hath raised man, since God a man became;
The angels do admire this mystery,
And are astonished when they view the same:

Nor hath he given these blessings for a day,
Nor made them on the body's life depend;
The soul, though made in time, survives for aye;
And though it hath beginning, sees no end.

—Sir John Davies (1570—1626).

THE SWEET NEGLECT.

Still to be neat, still to be drest,
As you were going to a feast;
Still to be powdered, still perfumed:
Lady, it is to be presumed,

Though art's hid causes are not found,
All is not sweet, all is not sound.
Give me a look, give me a face,
That makes simplicity a grace;
Robes loosely flowing, hair as free;
Such sweet neglect more taketh me
Than all the adulteries of art:
They strike mine eyes, but not my heart.

—Ben Jonson (1574—1637).

GOOD LIFE, LONG LIFE.

It is not growing like a tree
In bulk, doth make man better be,
Or standing long an oak, three hundred year,
To fall a log at last, dry, bald, and sear.
A lily of a day
Is fairer far, in May,
Although it fall and die that night;
It was the plant and flower of light!
In small proportions we just beauties see:
And in short measures life may perfect be.

—*Ibid.*

ADVICE TO A RECKLESS YOUTH.

What would I have you do? I'll tell you, kinsman;
Learn to be wise, and practise how to thrive;
That would I have you do: and not to spend
Your coin on every bauble that you fancy,
Or every foolish brain that humours you.
I would not have you to invade each place,
Nor thrust yourself on all societies,
Till men's affections, or your own desert,
Should worthily invite you to your rank.
He that is so respectless in his courses,
Oft sells his reputation at cheap market.
Nor would I you should melt away yourself
In flashing bravery, lest, while you affect
To make a blaze of gentry to the world,
A little puff of scorn extinguish it,
And you be left like an unsavoury snuff,
Whose property is only to offend.
I'd have you sober, and contain yourself;
Not that your sail be bigger than your boat;
But moderate your expenses now (at first)
As you may keep the same proportion still.

Nor stand so much on your gentility,
Which is an airy, and mere borrowed thing,
From dead men's dust, and bones; and none of yours,
Except you make, or hold it.

—*Ibid.*

SONG—TO CELIA.

Drink to me only with thine eyes,
And I will pledge with mine;
Or leave a kiss but in the cup,
And I'll not look for wine.
The thirst that from the soul doth rise,
Doth ask a drink divine;
But might I of Jove's nectar sup,
I would not change for thine.

I sent thee late a rosy wreath,
Not so much honouring thee,
As giving it a hope that there
It could not withered be.
But thou thereon didst only breathe,
And sent'st it back to me;
Since when it grows, and smells, I swear,
Not of itself, but thee.

—*Ibid.*

HYMN TO DIANA.

Queen and huntress, chaste and fair,
Now the sun is laid to sleep;
Seated in thy silver chair,
State in wonted manner keep.
Hesperus intreats thy light,
Goddess excellently bright!

Earth, let not thy envious shade
Dare itself to interpose;
Cynthia's shining orb was made
Heaven to clear when day did close;
Bless us then with wishéd sight,
Goddess excellently bright!

Lay thy bow of pearl apart,
And thy crystal shining quiver:
Give unto the flying hart
Space to breathe, how short soever;
Thou that makest a day of night,
Goddess excellently bright!

—*Ibid.*

TO MY SON.

What I shall leave thee none can tell,
But all shall say I wish thee well:
I wish thee, Vin, before all wealth,
Both bodily and ghostly health;
Nor too much wealth, nor wit come to thee,
So much of either may undo thee.
I wish thee learning not for show,
Enough for to instruct and know;
Not such as gentlemen require
To prate at table or at fire.
I wish thee all thy mother's graces,
Thy father's fortunes and his places.
I wish thee friends, and one at court,
Not to build on, but support;
To keep thee not in doing many
Oppressions, but from suffering any.
I wish thee peace in all thy ways,
Nor lazy nor contentious days;
And when thy soul and body part,
As innocent as now thou art.

—Richard Corbet (1582—1635).

SIC VITA.

Like to the falling of a star,
Or as the flights of eagles are;
Or like the fresh spring's gaudy hue,
Or silver drops of morning dew;
Or like a wind that chafes the flood,
Or bubbles which on water stood:
Even such is man, whose borrowed light
Is straight called in, and paid to-night.
The wind blows out, the bubble dies;
The spring entombed in autumn lies;
The dew dries up, the star is shot;
The flight is past—and man forgot.

—Dr Henry King (1591—1669).

THE DIRGE.

What is the existence of man's life,
But open war, or slumbered strife;
Where sickness to his sense presents
The combat of the elements;
And never feels a perfect peace
Till death's cold hand signs his release?

It is a storm—where the hot blood
Outvies in rage the boiling flood;
And each loose passion of the mind
Is like a furious gust of wind,
Which beats his bark with many a wave,
Till he casts anchor in the grave.

It is a flower—which buds, and grows,
And withers as the leaves disclose;
Whose spring and fall faint seasons keep,
Like fits of waking before sleep;
Then shrinks into that fatal mould
Where its first being was enrolled.

It is a dream—whose seeming truth
Is moralised in age and youth;
Where all the comforts he can share,
As wandering as his fancies are;
Till in a mist of dark decay,
The dreamer vanish quite away.

It is a dial—which points out
The sunset, as it moves about;
And shadows out in lines of night
The subtle stages of time's flight;
Till all-obscuring earth hath laid
His body in perpetual shade.

It is a weary interlude—
Which doth short joys, long woes, include;
The world the stage, the prologue tears,
The acts vain hopes and varied fears;
The scene shuts up with loss of breath,
And leaves no epilogue but death.

—*Ibid.*

ON THE TOMBS IN WESTMINSTER.

Mortality, behold and fear,
What a charge of flesh is here!
Think how many royal bones
Sleep within these heap of stones:
Here they lie had realms and lands,
Who now want strength to stir their hands;
Where, from their pulpits sealed with dust,
They preach—in greatness is no trust.
Here's an acre sown indeed
With the richest, royalest seed,

That the earth did e'er suck in
Since the first man died for sin:
Here the bones of birth have cried,
Though gods they were, as men they died:
Here are wands, ignoble things,
Dropt from the ruined sides of kings.
Here's a world of pomp and state
Buried in dust, once dead by fate.

—FRANCIS BEAUMONT (1585—1616).

MELANCHOLY.

HENCE all you vain delights,
As short as are the nights
Wherein you spend your folly!
There's nought in this life sweet,
If man were wise to see't,
But only melancholy!

Welcome folded arms, and fixed eyes,
A sigh that piercing mortifies,
A look that's fastened to the ground,
A tongue chained up, without a sound!

Fountain heads, and pathless groves,
Places which pale passion loves!
Moonlight walks, when all the fowls
Are warmly housed, save bats and owls!

A midnight bell, a parting groan!
These are the sounds we feed upon;
Then stretch our bones in a still gloomy valley:
Nothing's so dainty-sweet as lovely melancholy.

—*Ibid.*

VIRTUE.

SWEET day! so cool, so calm, so bright,
The bridal of the earth and sky;
The dews shall weep thy fall to-night;
For thou must die.

Sweet rose! whose hue, angry and brave,
Bids the rash gazer wipe his eye;
Thy root is ever in its grave;
And thou must die.

Sweet spring! full of sweet days and roses;
A box where sweets compacted lie;
Thy music shows ye have your closes;
And all must die.

Only a sweet and virtuous soul,
Like seasoned timber never gives;
But, though the whole world turn to coal,
Then chiefly lives.

—GEORGE HERBERT (1593—1632).

MORTIFICATION.

How soon doth man decay!
When clothes are taken from a chest of sweets
To swaddle infants, whose young breath
Scarce knows the way:
They are like little winding-sheets,
Which do consign and send them unto death.

When boys go first to bed,
They step into their voluntary graves;
Sleep binds them fast; only their breath
Makes them not dead:
Successive nights, like rolling waves,
Convey them quickly, who are bound for death.

When youth is frank and free,
And calls for music while his veins do swell,
All day exchanging mirth and breath
In company;
That music summons to the knell
Which shall befriend him at the house of death.

When man grows staid and wise,
Getting a house and home, where he may move
Within the circle of his breath,
Schooling his eyes;
That dumb enclosure maketh love
Unto the coffin that attends his death.

When age grows low and weak,
Marking his grave, and thawing every year,
Till all do melt, and drown his breath
When he would speak;
A chair or litter shows the bier
Which shall convey him to the house of death.

Man, ere he is aware,
Hath put together a solemnity,
And dressed his hearse, while he hath breath
As yet to spare.
Yet, Lord, instruct us so to die,
That all these dyings may be life in death.

—*Ibid.*

BLOSSOMS.

Fair pledges of a fruitful tree,
Why do you fall so fast?
Your date is not so past,
But you may stay yet here a while,
To blush and gently smile,
And go at last.

What! were ye born to be
An hour or half's delight,
And so to bid good-night?
'Tis pity nature brought ye forth
Merely to show your worth,
And lose you quite.

But you are lovely leaves, where we
May read how soon things have
Their end, though ne'er so brave:
And after they have shown their pride,
Like you a while, they glide
Into the grave.

—Robert Herrick (1591—1660).

TO CORINNA.

TO GO A-MAYING.

Get up, get up, for shame! the blushing morn
Upon her wings presents the god unshorn;
See how Aurora throws her fair
Fresh quilted colours through the air;
Up, up, sweet slug-a-bed! and see
The dew-bespangled herb and tree.
Each flower has wept, and bowed toward the east,
Above an hour since, yet you're not dressed:
Nay, not so much as out of bed,
When all the birds have matins said,
And sung their grateful hymns: 'tis sin,
Nay, profanation to keep in,
When thousand virgins, on this day,
Spring sooner than the lark, to fetch in May.

Rise, and put on your foliage, and be seen
To come forth like the spring-time, fresh and green,
And sweet as Flora. Take no care
For jewels for your gown or hair;
Fear not, the leaves will strew
Gems in abundance upon you.
Besides, the childhood of the day has kept,
Against you come, some orient pearls unwept:
Come, and receive them, while the light
Hangs on the dew-locks of the night,
And Titan on the eastern hill
Retires himself, or else stands still
Till you come forth; nay, then be brief in praying,
Few beads are best when we do go a-Maying.

* * * *

Come, let us go, while we are in our prime,
And take the harmless folly of the time:
We shall grow old apace, and die
Before we know our liberty:
Our life is short, and our days run
As fast away as does the sun;
And as a vapour, or a drop of rain,
Once lost, can ne'er be found again;
So when or you or I are made
A fable, song, or fleeting shade,
All love, all liking, all delight,
Lie drowned with us in endless night.
Then, while time serves, and we are but decaying,
Come, my Corinna, come, let's go a-Maying.

—*Ibid.*

TO PRIMROSES,

FILLED WITH DEW.

Why do ye weep, sweet babes? can tears
Speak grief in you,
Who were but born
Just as the modest morn
Teemed her refreshing dew?
Alas! you have not known that shower
That mars a flower;
Nor felt the unkind
Breath of a blasting wind;
Nor are ye worn with years;
Or warped, as we,
Who think it strange to see
Such pretty flowers, like to orphans young,
Speaking by tears before ye have a tongue.

Speak, whimpering younglings, and make known
The reason why
Ye droop and weep;
Is it for want of sleep
Or childish lullaby?
Or that ye have not seen as yet
The violet?
Or brought a kiss
From that sweetheart to this?
No, no; this sorrow, shown
By your tears shed,
Would have this lecture read:—
"That things of greatest, so of meanest worth,
Conceived with grief are, and with tears brought forth."
—*Ibid.*

A THANKSGIVING FOR HIS HOUSE.

Lord, Thou hast given me a cell,
Wherein to dwell;
A little house, whose humble roof
Is weatherproof;
Under the spars of which I lie
Both soft and dry.
Where Thou, my chamber for to ward,
Hast set a guard
Of harmless thoughts, to watch and keep
Me while I sleep.
Low is my porch, as is my fate,
Both void of state;
And yet the threshold of my door
Is worn by the poor,
Who hither come, and freely get
Good words or meat.
Like as my parlour, so my hall,
And kitchen small;
A little buttery, and therein
A little bin,
Which keeps my little loaf of bread
Unchipt, unflead.
Some brittle sticks of thorn or brier
Make me a fire,
Close by whose living coal I sit,
And glow like it.
Lord, I confess, too, when I dine,
The pulse is Thine,
And all those other bits that be
There placed by Thee.
The worts, the purslain, and the mess
Of water-cress,

Which of Thy kindness Thou hast sent:
And my content
Makes those, and my beloved beet,
To be more sweet.
'Tis Thou that crown'st my glittering hearth
With guiltless mirth;
And giv'st me wassail bowls to drink,
Spiced to the brink.
Lord, 'tis Thy plenty-dropping hand
That sows my land:
All this, and better, dost Thou send
Me for this end:
That I should render for my part
A thankful heart,
Which, fired with incense, I resign
As wholly thine:
But the acceptance—that must be,
Oh Lord, by Thee.

—Ibid.

TO DAFFODILS.

Fair daffodils! we weep to see
You haste away so soon;
As yet the early-rising sun
Has not attained his noon:
Stay, stay,
Until the hastening day
Has run
But to the even-song;
And having prayed together, we
Will go with you along!

We have short time to stay as you;
We have as short a spring;
As quick a growth to meet decay,
As you or anything:
We die,
As your hours do; and dry
Away
Like to the summer's rain,
Or as the pearls of morning dew
Ne'er to be found again.

—Ibid.

DEATH'S FINAL CONQUEST.

The glories of our birth and state,
Are shadows, not substantial things;
There is no armour against fate:
Death lays his icy hands on kings;

Sceptre and crown,
Must tumble down,
And in the dust be equal made
With the poor crookéd scythe and spade.

Some men with swords may reap the field,
And plant fresh laurels where they kill;
But their strong nerves at last must yield,
They tame but one another still;
Early or late,
They stoop to fate,
And must give up their murmuring breath,
When they, pale captives, creep to death.

The garlands wither on your brow,
Then boast no more your mighty deeds;
Upon death's purple altar, now,
See where the victor victim bleeds:
All heads must come
To the cold tomb,
Only the actions of the just
Smell sweet, and blossom in the dust.

—JAMES SHIRLEY.

TEMPERANCE, OR THE CHEAP PHYSICIAN.

Go now, and with some daring drug
Bait thy disease; and whilst they tug,
Thou, to maintain their precious strife,
Spend the dear treasures of thy life.
Go, take physic, dote upon
Some big-named composition,
The oraculous doctors' mystic bills—
Certain hard words made into pills;
And what at last shalt gain by these?
Only a costlier disease.
That which makes us have no need
Of physic, that's physic indeed.
Hark, hither, reader! wilt thou see
Nature her own physician be?
Wilt see a man all his own wealth,
His own music, his own health;
A man whose sober soul can tell
How to wear her garments well;
Her garments that upon her sit,
As garments should do, close and fit;
A well-clothed soul that's not oppressed,
Nor choked with what she should be dressed:

A soul sheathed in a crystal shrine,
Through which all her bright features shine;
As when a piece of wanton lawn,
A thin aërial veil, is drawn
O'er beauty's face, seeming to hide,
More sweetly shows the blushing bride;
A soul, whose intellectual beams
No mists do mask, no lazy steams—
A happy soul, that all the way
To heaven hath a summer's day?
Wouldst see a man whose well-warmed blood
Bathes him in a genuine flood?
A man whose tunéd humours be
A seat of rarest harmony?
Wouldst see blithe looks, fresh cheeks, beguile
Age? Wouldst see December smile?
Wouldst see nests of new roses grow
In a bed of reverend snow?
Warm thoughts, free spirits flattering
Winter's self into a spring?
In sum, wouldst see a man that can
Live to be old, and still a man?
Whose latest and most leaden hours
Fall with soft wings, stuck with soft flowers;
And when life's sweet fable ends,
Soul and body part like friends;
No quarrels, murmurs, no delay;
A kiss, a sigh, and so away.
This rare one, reader, wouldst thou see?
Hark, hither! and thyself be he.

—RICHARD CRASHAW.

FLOWERS.

NOT Iris in her pride and bravery,
Adorns her arch with such variety;
Nor doth the milk-white way in frosty night,
Appear so fair and beautiful in sight,
As do these fields and groves, and sweeter bowers,
Bestrewed and decked with party-coloured flowers,
Along the babbling brooks, and silver glide,
That at the bottom doth in silence slide,
The watery flowers, and lilies on the banks,
Like blazing comets, burgeon all in ranks;
Under the hawthorn, and the poplar-tree,
Where sacred Phœbe may delight to be:
The primrose, and the purple hyacinth,
The dainty violet and wholesome minthe,

The double daisy, and the cowslip, queen
Of summer flowers, do overpeer the green;
And round about the valley as you pass,
Ye may no see, for peeping flowers, the grass.
—G. Peele (1584).

REVENGE OF INJURIES.

The fairest action of our human life
Is scorning to revenge an injury;
For who forgives without a further strife,
His adversary's heart to him doth tie.
And 'tis a firmer conquest truly said,
To win the heart, than overthrow the head.

If we a worthy enemy do find,
To yield to worth it must be nobly done;
But if of baser metal be his mind,
In base revenge there is no honour won.
Who would a worthy courage overthrow,
And who would wrestle with a worthless foe?

We say our hearts are great, and cannot yield;
Because they cannot yield, it proves them poor:
Great hearts are tasked beyond their power, but seld
The weakest lion will the loudest roar.
Truth's school for certain doth this same allow,
High-heartedness doth sometimes teach to bow.

A noble heart doth teach a virtuous scorn.
To scorn to owe a duty overlong;
To scorn to be for benefits forborne;
To scorn to lie, to scorn to do a wrong.
To scorn to bear an injury in mind;
To scorn a freeborn heart slave-like to bind.

But if for wrongs we needs revenge must have,
Then be our vengeance of the noblest kind;
Do we his body from our fury save,
And let our hate prevail against our mind?
What can 'gainst him a greater vengeance be,
Than make his foe more worthy far than he?

Had Mariam scorned to leave a due unpaid,
She would to Herod then have paid her love,
And not have been by sullen passion swayed.
To fix her thoughts all injury above
Is virtuous pride. Had Mariam thus been proud,
Long famous life to her had been allowed.
—Lady Elizabeth Carew.

RETIREMENT.

THRICE happy he who by some shady grove,
Far from the clamorous world, doth live his own;
Though solitary, who is not alone,
But doth converse with that eternal love.
Oh how more sweet is bird's harmonious moan,
Or the hoarse sobbings of the widowed dove,
Than those smooth whisperings near a prince's throne,
Which good make doubtful, do the ill approve!
Oh how more sweet is Zephyr's wholesome breath,
And sighs embalmed which new-born flowers unfold,
Than that applause vain honour doth bequeath!
How sweet are streams to poison drank in gold!
The world is full of horror, troubles, slights;
Woods' harmless shades have only true delights.

—WILLIAM DRUMMOND (1585—1649).

TO THE NIGHTINGALE.

SWEET bird! that sing'st away the early hours
Of winters past, or coming, void of care.
Well pleaséd with delights which present are,
Fair seasons, budding sprays, sweet-smelling flowers:
To rocks, to springs, to rills, from leafy bowers,
Thou thy Creator's goodness dost declare,
And what dear gifts on thee he did not spare,
A stain to human sense in sin that lowers.
What soul can be so sick which by thy songs
(Attired in sweetness) sweetly is not driven
Quite to forget earth's turmoils, spites, and wrongs,
And lift a reverend eye and thought to Heaven?
Sweet, artless songster! thou my mind dost raise
To airs of spheres—yes, and to angels' lays.

—*Ibid.*

SPRING.

SWEET spring, thou com'st with all thy goodly train,
Thy head with flames, thy mantle bright with flowers,
The zephyrs curl the green locks of the plain,
The clouds for joy in pearls weep down their showers.
Sweet spring, thou com'st; but ah! my pleasant hours,
And happy days, with thee come not again;
The sad memorials only of my pain
Do with thee come, which turn my sweets to sours.

Thou art the same which still thou wert before,
Delicious, lusty, amiable, fair;
But she whose breath embalmed thy wholesome air
Is gone; nor gold nor gems can her restore.
Neglected virtue, seasons go and come,
When thine forgot lie closed in a tomb.

—*Ibid.*

LOVE.

There is no worldly pleasure here below,
Which by experience doth not folly prove;
But among all the follies that I know,
The sweetest folly in the world is love.

But not that passion, which by fools' consent,
Above the reason bears imperious sway,
Making their lifetime a perpetual Lent,
As if a man were born to fast and pray.

No! that is not the humour I approve,
As either yielding pleasure or promotion;
I like a mild and lukewarm zeal in love,
Although I do not like it in devotion.

For it hath no coherence with my creed,
To think that lovers die as they pretend;
If all that say they die had died indeed,
Sure long ere now the world had had an end.

Besides, we need not love but if we please,
No destiny can force men's disposition;
And how can any die of that disease
Whereof himself may be his own physician?

But some seem so distracted of their wits,
That I would think it but a venial sin,
To take one of these innocents that sit
In bedlam out, and put some lover in.

Yet some men, rather than endure the slander
Of true apostates, will false martyrs prove;
But I am neither Iphis nor Leander,
I'll neither drown nor hang myself for love.

Methinks a wise man's actions should be such
As always yield to reason's best advice;
Now, for to love too little, or too much,
Are both extremes, and all extremes are vice.

Yet have I been a lover by report,
  Yea, I have died for love as others do;
But praised be God, it was in such a sort
  That I revived within an hour or two.

Thus have I lived, thus have I loved till now,
  And found no reason to repent me yet;
And whosoever otherwise will do,
  His courage is as little as his wit.

—Sir Robert Aytoun (1570—1638).

ON A LADY THAT PAINTED.

Pamphilia hath a number of good arts,
Which commendation to her worth imparts;
But, above all, in one she doth excel—
That she can *paint* incomparably well;
And yet so modest, that if praised for this,
She'll swear she does not know what painting is,
But straight will blush with such a portrait grace,
That one would think *vermilion* dyed her face.
One of her pictures I have ofttimes seen,
And would have sworn that it herself had been;
And when I bade her it on me bestow,
I swear I heard the picture's self say—No!
What! think you this a prodigy? It's none—
The *painter* and the *picture* both were one!

—*Ibid.*

ON RETURNING LATE AT NIGHT FROM COURT.

The other night, from court returning late,
Tired with attendance, out of love with state,
I met a boy who asked if he should go
Along to light me home? I answered, No!
Yet he did urge the darkness of the night,
The foulness of the way required a light.
" It's true, good boy," quoth I; " yet thou mayst be
More useful to some other than to me;
I cannot miss my way; but they that take
The way from whence I came, have need to make
A light their guide; for boldly do I say,
It's ten to one but they shall lose their way."

—*Ibid.*

DISDAIN RETURNED.

He that loves a rosy cheek,
  Or a coral lip admires,
Or from starlike eyes doth seek
  Fuel to maintain his fires;

As old Time makes these decay,
So his flames must waste away.

But a smooth and steadfast mind,
  Gentle thoughts and calm desires,
Hearts with equal love combined,
  Kindle never-dying fires.
Where these are not, I despise
Lovely cheeks, or lips, or eyes!

No tears, Celia, now shall win
  My resolved heart to return;
I have searched thy soul within,
  And find nought but pride and scorn;
I have learned thy arts, and now
Can disdain as much as thou.
Some power, in my revenge, convey
That love to her I cast away.

—THOMAS CAREW (1589—1639).

FAIRY ARMOUR.

PIGWIGGEN arms him for the field,
A little cockle-shell his shield,
Which he could very bravely wield,
    Yet could it not be pierced:
His spear a bent both stiff and strong,
And well near of two inches long:
The pile was of a horse-fly's tongue,
    Whose sharpness naught reversed.

And puts him on a coat of mail,
Which was of a fish's scale,
That when his foe should him assail,
    No point should be prevailing.
His rapier was a hornet's sting,
It was a very dangerous thing;
For if he chanced to hurt the king,
    It would be long in healing.

His helmet was a beetle's head,
Most horrible and full of dread,
That able was to strike one dead,
    Yet it did well become him:
And for a plume, a horse's hair,
Which being tosséd by the air,
Had force to strike his foe with fear,
    And turn his weapon from him.

Himself he on an earwig set,
Yet scarce he on his back could get,
So oft and high he did curvet,
E'er he himself could settle:
He made him turn, and stop, and bound,
To gallop, and to trot the round;
He scarce could stand on any ground,
He was so full of mettle.

—M. DRAYTON (1563—1631).

SUMMER'S EVE.

CLEAR had the day been from the dawn,
All chequered was the sky,
Thin clouds, like scarfs of cobweb lawn,
Veiled heaven's most glorious eye.

The wind had no more strength than this,
That leisurely it blew,
To make one leaf the next to kiss,
That closely by it grew.

The flowers, like brave embroidered girls,
Looked as they most desired,
To see whose head with orient pearls
Most curiously was tyred.

The rills that on the pebbles played
Might now be heard at will;
This world the only music made,
Else everything was still.

And to itself the subtle air
Such sovereignty assumes,
That it received too large a share
From Nature's rich perfumes.

—*Ibid.*

RICHES DESPISING POVERTY.

IF well thou viewest us with no squinted eye,
No partial judgment, thou wilt quickly rate
Thy wealth no richer than my poverty;
My want no poorer than thy rich estate:
Our ends and births alike; in this, as I,
Poor thou wert born, and poor again shalt die.

My little fills my little-wishing mind;
Thou, having more than much, yet seekest more:
Who seeks, still wishes what he seeks to find;
Who wishes, wants; and who so wants, is poor:
  Then this must follow of necessity—
  Poor are thy riches, rich my poverty.

Though still thou gettest, yet is thy want not spent,
But as thy wealth, so grows thy wealthy itch:
But with my little I have much content.
Content hath all, and who hath all, is rich:
  Then this in reason thou must needs confess—
  If I have little, yet that thou hast less.

Whatever man possesses, God hath lent,
And to his audit liable is ever,
To reckon how, and where, and when he spent;
Then thus thou braggest, thou art a great receiver:
  Little my debt, when little is my store;
  The more thou hast, thy debt still grows the more.

—Phineas Fletcher (1584—1650).

TO FIND GOD.

Weigh me the fire; or canst thou find
A way to measure out the wind;
Distinguish all those floods that are
Mixt in that watery theatre,
And taste thou them as saltless there,
As in their channel first they were.
Tell me the people that do keep
Within the kingdoms of the deep;
Or fetch me back that cloud again,
Beshivered into seeds of rain.
Tell me the motes, dusts, sands, and spears
Of corn, when summer shakes his ears;
Show me that world of stars, and whence
They noiseless spill their influence:
This if thou canst, then show me Him
That rides the glorious cherubim.

—*Ibid.*

CONTENT.

Sweet are the thoughts that savour of content:
The quiet mind is richer than a crown:
Sweet are the nights in careless slumber spent:
The poor estate scorns fortune's angry frown.

Such sweet content, such minds, such sleep, such bliss,
Beggars enjoy when princes oft do miss.
The homely house that harbours quiet rest,
The cottage that affords no pride nor care,
The mean, that 'grees with country music best,
The sweet consort of mirth's and music's fare.
Obscured life sets down a type of bliss;
A mind content both crown and kingdom is.

—Robert Greene (1560—1592).

TIME BREEDETH CHANGE.

In time we see the silver drops
  The craggy stones make soft;
The slowest snail in time we see
  Doth creep and climb aloft.

With feeble puffs the tallest pine
  In tract of time doth fall;
The hardest heart in time doth yield
  To Venus' luring call.

Where chilling frost alate did nip,
  There flasheth now a fire;
Where deep disdain bred noisome hate,
  There kindleth now desire.

Time causeth hope to have his hap:
  What care in time not eased?
In time I loathed that now I love,
  In both content and pleased.

—*Ibid.*

SHORTNESS OF LIFE.

And what's a life?—a weary pilgrimage,
Whose glory in one day doth fill the stage
With childhood, manhood, and decrepit age.

And what's a life?—the flourishing array
Of the proud summer meadow, which to-day
Wears her green plush, and is to-morrow hay.

Read on this dial how the shades devour
My short-lived winter's day! hour eats up hour:
Alas! the total's but from eight to four.

Behold these lilies, which thy hands have made,
Fair copies of my life, and open laid
To view, how soon they droop, how soon they fade!

Shade not that dial, night will blind too soon;
My non-aged day already points to noon;
How simple is my suit!—how small my boon!

Nor do I beg this slender inch to wile
The time away, or falsely to beguile
My thoughts with joy: here's nothing worth a smile.
-Francis Quarles (1592—1644).

MAN.

Can he be fair, that withers at a blast?
Or he be strong, that airy breath can cast?
Can he be wise, that knows not how to live?
Or he be rich, that nothing hath to give?
Can he be young, that's feeble, weak, and wan?
So fair, strong, wise, so rich, so young is man.
So fair is man, that death (a parting blast)
Blasts his fair flower, and makes him earth at last;
So strong is man, that with a gasping breath
He totters, and bequeaths his strength to death;
So wise is man, that if with death he strive,
His wisdom cannot teach him how to live;
So rich is man, that (all his debts being paid)
His wealth's the winding-sheet wherein he's laid;
So young is man, that, broke with care and sorrow,
He's old enough to-day, to die to-morrow:
Why bragg'st thou then, thou worm of five feet long?
Thou'rt neither fair, nor strong, nor wise, nor rich, nor young.
-*Ibid.*

SHEPHERD'S SONG.

We that have known no greater state
Than this we live in, praise our fate;
For courtly silks in cares are spent,
When country's russet breeds content.
The power of sceptres we admire,
But sheep-hooks for our use desire.
Simple and low is our condition,
For here with us is no ambition:
We with the sun our flocks unfold,
Whose rising makes their fleeces gold;
Our music from the birds we borrow,
They bidding us, we them, good-morrow.
Our habits are but coarse and plain,
Yet they defend from wind and rain;
As warm too, in an equal eye,
As those bestained in scarlet dye.

The shepherd, with his homespun lass,
As many merry hours doth pass
As courtiers with their costly girls,
Though richly decked in gold and pearls;
And though but plain, to purpose woo,
Nay, often with less danger too.
Those that delight in dainties' store,
One stomach feed at once, no more;
And when with homely fare we feast,
With us it doth as well digest;
And many times we better speed,
For our wild fruits no surfeits breed.
If we sometimes the willow wear,
By subtle swains that dare forswear,
We wonder whence it comes, and fear
They've been at court and learnt it there.

—THOMAS HEYWOOD (1580).

SONG.

PACK clouds away, and welcome day,
  With night we banish sorrow;
Sweet air blow soft, mount larks aloft,
  To give my love good-morrow.
Wings from the wind to please her mind,
  Notes from the lark I'll borrow;
Bird, prune thy wing, nightingale sing,
  To give my love good-morrow.
    To give my love good-morrow,
    Notes from them both I'll borrow.

Wake from thy rest, robin redbreast,
  Sing birds in every furrow;
And from each hill let music shrill,
  Give my fair love good-morrow.
Blackbird, and thrush, in every bush,
  Stare, linnet, and cock-sparrow!
You pretty elves, amongst yourselves,
  Sing my fair love good-morrow.
    To give my love good-morrow,
    Sing birds in every furrow.

—*Ibid.*

MY MIND TO ME A KINGDOM IS.

MY mind to me a kingdom is,
  Such perfect joy therein I find,
That it excels all other bliss
  That God or nature hath assigned:
Though much I want that most would have,
Yet still my mind forbids to crave.

No princely port, nor wealthy store,
  Nor force to win a victory;
No wily wit to salve a sore,
  No shape to win a loving eye:
To none of these I yield as thrall,
For why, my mind despise them all.

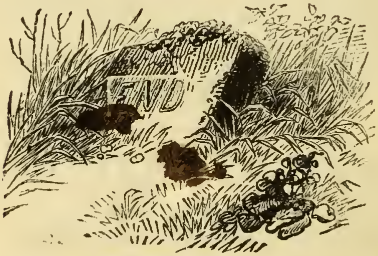
I see that plenty surfeits oft,
  And hasty climbers soonest fall;
I see that such as are aloft,
  Mishap doth threaten most of all:
These get with toil, and keep with fear;
Such cares my mind can never bear.

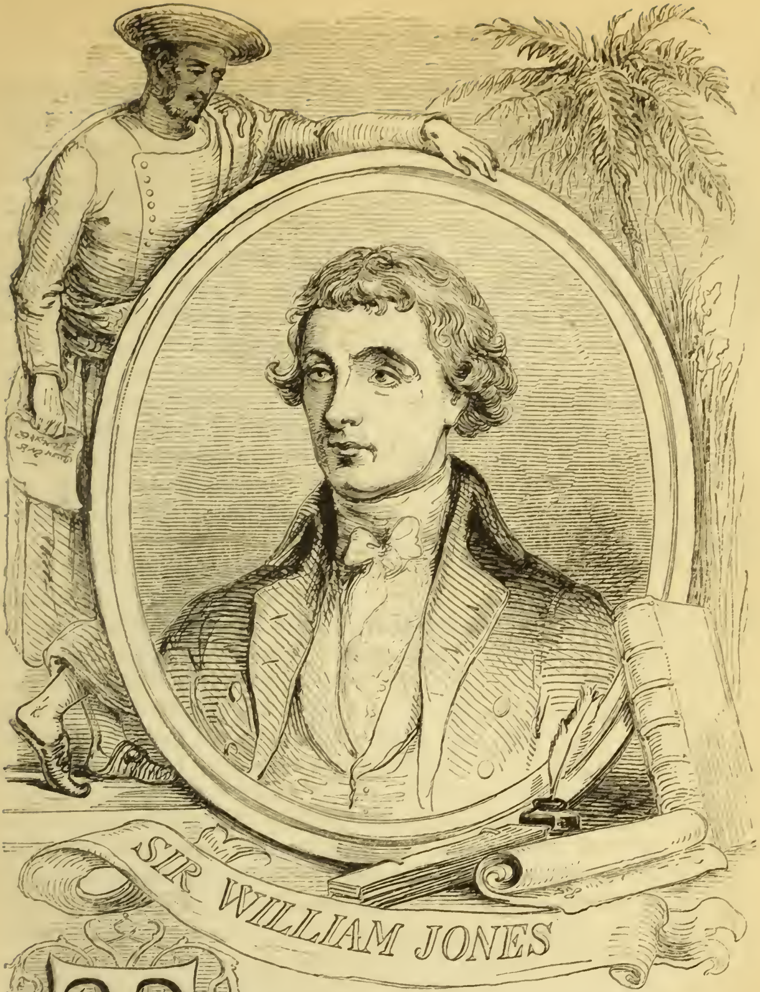
I press to bear no haughty sway;
  I wish no more than may suffice;
I do no more than well I may,
  Look what I want, my mind supplies:
Lo, thus I triumph like a king,
My mind's content with anything.

I laugh not at another's loss,
  Nor grudge not at another's gain;
No worldly waves my mind can toss;
  I brook what is another's bane:
I fear no foe, nor fawn on friend;
I loathe not life, nor dread mine end.

My wealth is health and perfect ease,
  And conscience clear my chief defence;
I never seek by bribes to please,
  Nor by desert to give offence:
Thus do I live, thus will I die;
Would all do so as well as I!

—Byrd.





SIR WILLIAM JONES

THE extraordinary industry and ability displayed in the acquisition of languages by the subject of the present memoir, affords one of the best examples of what persevering diligence may usefully accomplish. William Jones was born in London September 20, 1746. He lost his father when only three years of age, and the care of his education fell on his mother, a lady of uncommon endowments. While yet in infancy, he was a miracle of industry, and showed how strongly he was inspired with the love of knowledge. It is related of him that, when he was only three or four years of age, if he applied to his mother for information upon any subject, her constant answer to him was, "Read, and you will know." He thus acquired a passion for books, which only grew in strength with increasing years. At the close of his seventh year, he was placed at the school at Harrow, and in 1764 he entered University College, Oxford. Unlike the majority of youths at these educational establishments, young Jones devoted his whole mind to his studies, his voluntary exertions always exceeding in amount his prescribed task. Such was his activity at school, that one of his masters was wont to say of him, "that if he were left naked and friendless on Salisbury Plain, he would, nevertheless, find the road to fame and riches." At this time he was frequently in the habit of devoting whole nights to study, when he would generally take coffee or tea to ward off sleep—a practice, however, which was anything but commendable. He had already, merely to divert his leisure hours, commenced the study of the law; and it is mentioned that he would often amuse and surprise his mother's legal acquaintance by putting cases to them from an abridgment of "Coke's Institutes," which he had read and mastered.

The leaning of Jones's genius seems to have been towards the study of languages. It may be very frequently remarked, that individuals who possess the knack of acquiring languages, seldom have a genius for anything else; but such does not appear to have been the case with respect to Jones, whose intellect grasped at several of the most important departments of human knowledge and polite learning. While at Oxford, he became desirous of studying the Oriental languages, and he supported a native of Aleppo, at his own expense, to instruct him in the pronunciation of the Arabic tongue. The Greek and Latin languages he was already master of. During the college vacations, he embraced the opportunity of learning riding and fencing, and to read all the best authors in Italian, Spanish, Portuguese, and French. To these accomplishments he found leisure to add dancing, the use of the broadsword, music, and the art of playing on the Welsh harp, the instrument of the country of his forefathers.

While engaged in these various studies, he did not allow himself to rest in the pursuit of the object he had in view—namely, a fellowship, in order to spare his mother the expense of his education. Not succeeding to his wish in obtaining this object of his ambition, he accepted, in 1765, the office of tutor to Lord Althorp, afterwards Earl Spencer; and, some time afterwards, he obtained a fellowship also. He availed himself of a residence at the German Spa, with his pupil, in 1767, to acquire the German language, and on his return translated into French a Persian life of Nadir Shah, brought over in manuscript by the king of Denmark, at the request of the under-secretary of the Duke of Grafton. Another tour to the continent with his pupil and family followed, which occupied his time until 1770, when his tutorship ceasing, he entered himself as a law student in the Temple. He did not, however, wholly sacrifice literature to his professional pursuits; but on the appearance of the life and works of Zoroaster, by Anquetil du Perron, he vindicated the university of Oxford, which had been attacked by that writer, in an able pamphlet in the French language, which he wrote with great elegance. He also published, in 1772, a small collection of poems, chiefly from the poets of Asia, and was the same year elected a fellow of the Royal Society. In 1774 appeared his work "De Poesi Asiatica," containing commentaries on Asiatic poetry in general, with metrical specimens in Latin and English. He was soon after called to the bar, and, in 1776, made a commissioner of bankrupts. About this time his correspondence with his pupil evinced the manly spirit of constitutional freedom by which he was actuated; and to his feelings on the American contest he gave vent in a spirited Latin "Ode to Liberty." In 1778 appeared his translation of the "Orations of Isæus," with a prefatory discourse, notes, and commentary, which, for elegance of style and profound critical and historical research, excited much admiration.

In the meantime he rapidly advanced in professional reputation, although his opinion of the American contest stood in the way of his progress to legal honours. The tumults of 1780 induced him to write a pamphlet on the "Legal Mode of Suppressing Riots;" and in the following winter he completed a translation from the Arabic of seven poems of the highest repute. He also wrote the much-admired ode, commencing "What constitutes a state?" These pursuits did not prevent a professional "Essay on the Law of Bailments." He distinguished himself, in 1782, among the friends to a reform in parliament, and also became a member of the Society for Constitutional Information. The same year he drew up a "Dialogue between a Farmer and a Country Gentleman on the Principles of Government;" for the publication of which the dean of St Asaph, afterwards his brother-in-law, had a bill of indictment preferred against him for sedition. Upon this event he sent a letter to Lord Kenyon, then chief-justice of Chester, owning himself the author, and defending his positions. On the accession of the Shelbourne administration, through the influence of Lord Ashburton he obtained, what had long been the object of his ambition, the appointment of judge in the Supreme Court of Judicature, Bengal, to which he was nominated in March 1783, and knighted.

Jones (now Sir William) arrived at Calcutta in September 1783. Here a new and extensive field of action opened to him. While filling the office of judge in the Supreme Court of Bengal, and loaded with professional duties of the most laborious nature, he contrived to do more than ever in the study of general literature and philosophy. He had scarcely arrived in the country, when he exerted himself to establish a society in Calcutta on the model of the Royal Society of London, of which he officiated as president as long as he lived, enriching its transactions every year with the most elaborate and valuable disquisitions in every department of Oriental philology and antiquities.

Almost his only time for study now was during the vacation of the courts; and here is the account, as found among his papers, of how he was accustomed to spend his day during the long vacation in 1785. In the morning, after writing one letter, he read several chapters of the Bible, and then studied Sanscrit grammar and Hindoo law; the afternoon was given to the geography of India, and the evening to Roman history; when the day was closed by a few games at chess, and the reading of a portion of Ariosto.

Already, however, his health was beginning to break down under the climate, and his eyes had become so weak, that he had been obliged to discontinue writing by candle-light. But nothing could prevent him from pursuing the studies he loved, while any strength remained to him. Even while confined by illness to his couch, he taught himself botany; and it was during a tour he was advised to take for the recovery of his health, that he wrote his learned "Treatise on the Gods of Greece, Italy, and India," as if he had actually so disciplined his mind, that it adopted labour like this almost for a relaxation.

His health, after a time, was partially restored; and we find him again devoting himself both to his professional duties and his private studies with more zeal and assiduity than ever. When business required his attendance daily in Calcutta, he resided at a country-house on the banks of the Ganges, about five miles from the city. "To this spot," says his amiable and intelligent biographer, Lord Teignmouth, "he returned every evening after sunset, and in the morning rose so early, as to reach his apartments in town, by walking, at the first appearance of dawn. The intervening period of each morning, until the opening of court, was regularly allotted and applied to distinct studies." At this time his hour of rising used to be between three and four.

During the vacation of the court he was equally occupied. Writing from Crishna, his vacation residence, in 1787, he says—"We are in love with this pastoral cottage; but though these three months are called a vacation, yet I have no vacant hours. It rarely happens that favourite studies are closely connected with the strict discharge of our duty, as mine happily are: even in this cottage I am assisting the court by studying Arabic and Sanscrit, and have now rendered it an impossibility for the Mohammedan or Hindoo lawyers to impose upon us with erroneous opinions." It was these constant exertions, in truth, that gave its chief enjoyment to his life. In connection with this pursuit, he employed his active mind in planning the compilation of a complete digest of the Hindoo and Mohammedan laws, with a view to the better administration of justice among the natives. This work he did not live to finish, but its subsequent accomplishment was entirely owing to his recommendation and primary labours. His object in this instance was to secure a due attention to the rights of the natives; and he showed himself equally jealous of those of the British inhabitants, by opposing an attempt to supersede the trial by jury.

In 1789 he gave to the world the translation of an Indian drama entitled "Sacontala, or the Fatal Ring." His translation of the Ordinances of Menu, the famous Hindoo law-giver, appeared early in 1794, and is very interesting to the student of ancient manners and opinions. This eminent and admirable man, however, at last fell a sacrifice to an undue zeal in the discharge of his duty and his pursuits in literature. In April 1794 he was seized at Calcutta with an inflammation of the liver, which terminated his life on the 27th of the same month, in the forty-eighth year of his age.

It was by a persevering observance to a few simple maxims that Sir William Jones was principally enabled to accomplish what he did. One of these was, never to neglect an opportunity of improvement: another was, that whatever had been attained by others, was attainable by him, and that therefore the real or supposed difficulties of any pursuit formed no reason why he should not engage in it, and with perfect confidence of success. "It was also," says his biographer, Lord Teignmouth, "a fixed principle with him, from which he never voluntarily deviated, not to be deterred by any difficulties which were surmountable, from prosecuting to a successful termination what he had once deliberately undertaken. But what appears to me," adds his lordship, "more particularly to have enabled him to employ his talents so much to his own and the public advantage, was the regular allotment of his time to particular occupations, and a scrupulous adherence to the distribution which he had fixed; hence all his studies were pursued without interruption or confusion."

Few men have died more regretted, or whose loss to the world of letters was more deeply felt, than Sir William Jones, who, as a linguist, has scarcely ever been surpassed. His acquaintance with the history, philosophy, laws, religion, science, and manners of nations was most extensive and profound. As a poet, too, he would probably have risen to great eminence, if his ardour to transplant foreign beauties, and his professional and multifarious pursuits, had allowed him to cultivate his own invention with sufficient intensity. His private character was estimable in all the domestic relations, and he was equally liberal and spirited in public life.

The memory of Sir William Jones received many testimonies of respect both in England and India. The directors of the East India Company voted him a monument in St Paul's Cathedral, and a statue in Bengal; but the most effectual monument of his fame was raised by his widow, who published a splendid edition of his works, in six volumes quarto, 1799, and also, at her own expense, placed a fine marble statue of him, executed by Flaxman, in the antechamber of University College, Oxford.

The life of one who perished in the attempt to emulate this distinguished Oriental scholar, forms the succeeding biographic sketch.

DR JOHN LEYDEN.

The subject of this brief memoir will be long distinguished among those whom the elasticity and ardour of genius have raised to distinction from an obscure and humble origin. John Leyden was the son of a person whose vocation was little above that of a day-labourer, and who had been some time settled upon the estate of Cavers, in the vale of Teviot, Roxburghshire, in the south of Scotland. He was born at the village of Denholm on the 8th of September 1775, and bred, like other children in the same humble line of life, to such country labour as suited his strength.

About a year after his birth, the parents of Leyden removed to Henlawshiel, a lonely cottage about three miles from Denholm, on the farm of Nether Tofts, which was then held by Mr Andrew Blithe, his mother's uncle. Here they lived for sixteen years, during which his father was employed, first as shepherd, and afterwards in managing the whole business of the farm, his relation having had the misfortune to lose his sight. The cottage, which was of very simple construction, was situated in a wild pastoral spot near the foot of Ruberslaw, on the verge of the heath which stretches down from the sides of that majestic hill. The simplicity of the interior corresponded with that of its outward appearance. But the kind affections, cheerful content, intelligence, and piety that dwelt beneath its lowly roof, made it such a scene as poets have imagined in their descriptions of the innocence and happiness of rural life. Leyden was taught to read by his grandmother, who, after her husband's death, resided in the family of her son. Under the care of this venerable and affectionate instructress, his progress was rapid. That insatiable desire of knowledge which afterwards formed so remarkable a feature in his character, soon began to show itself. The historical passages of the Bible first caught his attention; and it was not long before he made himself familiarly acquainted with every event recorded in the Old and New Testament.

Thus Leyden was ten years of age before he had an opportunity of attending a public place of education; and as the death of his first teacher, William Wilson, schoolmaster at Kirktown, soon after took place, the humble studies of the future poet, antiquary, and Orientalist, were adjourned till the subsequent year (1786), when a Mr W. Scott taught the same school. But the sacred fire had already caught to the ready fuel which nature had adjusted for its supply. The ardent and unutterable longing for information of every description, which characterised John Leyden as much as any man who ever lived, was now roused, and upon the watch. The rude traditionary tales and ballads of the once warlike district of Teviotdale, were the readiest food which offered itself to this awakening appetite for knowledge. These songs and legends became rooted in his memory; and he so identified his feelings with the wild, adventurous, and daring characters which they celebrate, that the associations thus formed in childhood, and cherished in youth, gave an eccentric and romantic tincture to his mind; and many, if not all, of the peculiarities of his manner and habits of thinking may be traced to his imitating the manners and assuming the tone of a Borderer of former times.

Other sources of information now began to offer themselves, scanty, indeed, compared to those which are accessible to thousands of a more limited capacity, but to Leyden as invaluable as an iron spike or a Birmingham knife would have been to Alexander Selkirk during his solitary residence on Juan Fernandez. At a country school he acquired some smattering of the Latin language, principally through his own extraordinary efforts, for he had none to assist him in his juvenile exercises; and to this early dependence on himself he imputed the wonderful facility which he afterwards possessed in the acquisition of languages. As is nearly always the case when an aptitude for learning is shown by a boy in the ranks of the peasantry in Scotland, the parents of young Leyden determined to rear their son up to the church of Scotland, though without any means whatever of pushing him forward. Mr Duncan, a Cameronian minister at Denholm, became now his instructor in Latin. It does not appear that he had any Greek tutor; nevertheless, he probably had acquired some knowledge of the elements of that language before he attended the college of Edinburgh in 1790, for the purpose of commencing his professional studies. The late worthy and learned professor, Andrew Dalzell, used to describe, with some humour, the astonishment and amusement excited in his class when John Leyden first stood up to recite his Greek exercises. The rustic, yet undaunted manner, the humble dress, the high harsh tone of his voice, joined to the broad provincial accent of Teviotdale, discomposed, on this first occasion, the gravity of the professor, and totally routed that of the students. But it was soon perceived that these uncouth attributes were joined to qualities which commanded respect and admiration. The rapid progress of the young rustic attracted the approbation and countenance of the professor, who was ever prompt to distinguish and encourage merit; and to those among the students who did not admit literary proficiency as a shelter for the ridicule due since the days of Juvenal to the scholar's torn coat and unfashionable demeanour, Leyden was in no respect averse from showing strong reasons, adapted to their comprehension, and affecting their personal safety, for keeping their mirth within decent bounds.

Leyden was now at the fountain-head of knowledge, and availed himself of former privations, by quaffing it in large draughts. He not only attended all the lectures usually connected with the study of theology, but several others, especially some of the medical classes — a circumstance which afterwards proved important to his outset in life, although at the time it could only be ascribed to his restless and impatient pursuit after science of every description. Admission to these lectures was easy, from the liberality of the professors, who throw their classes gratuitously open to young men educated for the church —a privilege of which Leyden availed himself to the utmost extent. There were, indeed, few branches of study in which he did not make some progress. Besides the learned languages, he acquired French, Spanish, Italian, and German, was familiar with the ancient Icelandic, and studied Hebrew, Arabic, and Persian.

But though he soon became particularly distinguished by his talents as a linguist, few departments of science altogether escaped his notice. He investigated moral philosophy with the ardour common to all youths of talent who studied ethics under the auspices of Professor Dugald Stewart, with whose personal notice he was honoured. He became a respectable mathematician, and was at least superficially acquainted with natural philosophy, natural history, chemistry, botany, and mineralogy. These various sciences he acquired in different degrees, and at different times, during his residence at college. They were the fruit of no very regular plan of study. Whatever subject interested his mind at the time, attracted his principal attention till time and industry had overcome the difficulties which it presented, and was then exchanged for another pursuit.

The vacations which our student spent at home were employed in arranging, methodising, and enlarging the information which he acquired during his winter's attendance at college. His father's cottage affording him little opportunity for quiet and seclusion, he was obliged to look out for accommodations abroad, and some of his places of retreat were sufficiently extraordinary. In a wild recess, in the den or glen which gives name to the village of Denholm, he contrived a sort of furnace for the purpose of such chemical experiments as he was adequate to perform. But his chief place of retirement was the small parish church, a gloomy and ancient building. To this chosen place of study, usually locked during week-days, Leyden made entrance by means of a window, read there for many hours in the day, and deposited his books and specimens in a retired pew. It was a well-chosen spot of seclusion, for the kirk, excepting during divine service, is a place never intruded upon either by casual visitors or for any ecclesiastical purpose.

Books, as well as retirement, were necessary to the progress of Leyden's studies; but these were of difficult attainment, and he subjected himself to the utmost privations to purchase those that could not be borrowed from his friends. The reputation of his prosperous career of learning, however, introduced him to the acquaintanceship of a number of persons of eminence in letters, both in Edinburgh and elsewhere, which tended to advance him in life. In the year 1796, after five or six years spent at the college of Edinburgh, the recommendation of Professor Dalzell procured him the situation of private tutor to the sons of Mr Campbell of Fairfield—a situation which he retained for two or three years. He attended the two young gentlemen under his charge to their studies at the college of St Andrews. Here he had the advantage of the acquaintance of Professor Hunter, an admirable classical scholar, and to whose kind instructions he professed much obligation.

On Leyden's return to Edinburgh from St Andrews, he resided with his pupils in the family of Mr Campbell, where he was treated with that respect and kindness which every careful father will pay to him whose lessons he expects his children to receive with attention and advantage. His hours, excepting those of tuition, were at his own uncontrolled disposal; and such of his friends as chose to visit him at Mr Campbell's were sure of an hospitable reception. This class began now to extend itself among persons of an older standing than his contemporaries, and embraced several who had been placed by fortune, or had risen by exertions, to that fixed station in society to which his college intimates were as yet only looking forward. His acquaintance with Mr Richard Heber was the chief means of connecting him with several families of the former description. Among these may be reckoned the late Lord Woodhouselee, Mr Henry Mackenzie, the distinguished author of the "Man of Feeling," and the Rev. Mr Sidney Smith, then residing in Edinburgh, from all of whom Leyden received flattering attention, and many important testimonies of the interest which they took in his success. By the same introduction he became intimate in the family of Mr Walter Scott, where a congenial taste for ballad romance and border antiquities, as well as a sincere admiration of Leyden's high talents, extensive knowledge, and excellent heart, secured him a welcome reception; and by degrees his society extended itself still more widely, and comprehended almost every one who was distinguished for taste or talents in Edinburgh.

The manners of Leyden, when he first entered the higher ranks of society, were very peculiar. He possessed a large share of animal spirits, and he delighted to be accounted a master in out-of-door sports and athletic exertions, to which he was very partial. In company, his manner was animated and unpolished, and he perhaps erred in reckoning at too low a value the forms of a well-bred community—a circumstance which often excited a prejudice against him on his first appearance. This seems to have arisen from a false idea of sustaining his independence of feeling, and of marking the humility of his origin. He bore, however, with great good-humour, all decent raillery on his rough manners, and was often ready to promote such pleasantry by his own example. His temper was, in reality, of an exceedingly gentle nature; and to gratify the slightest wish of a friend, he would engage at once in the most toilsome and difficult researches. He also avoided the most fatal errors of men of genius. He was rigidly temperate, and the purity of his morals was attested by the most blameless line of conduct. His temperance even approached to abstinence; and although his pecuniary resources were exceedingly slender, he managed his funds so as to avoid all embarrassment.

In 1800 Leyden was ordained a preacher; but his pulpit appearances were more scholarly than evangelical, and it does not appear that he cared about pursuing the profession of a clergyman. He now engaged himself in procuring materials for the "Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border," a task congenial to his poetic temperament. In 1802 he was engaged by Mr Constable to edit the Scots Magazine, which he did for five or six months; and this employment was followed by the writing of his "Scenes of Infancy," a poem exhibiting his own early feelings and recollections, interwoven with the descriptive and traditional history of his native vale of Teviot. But all this was but a desultory mode of living. The writing of poetry yields no revenue, and barely furnishes bread to those whose talents are of the loftiest order. The friends of Leyden began now to be anxious for his permanent settlement in life, and he seconded their views. In 1802 he made some overtures to the African Society for undertaking a journey of discovery through the interior of Africa; but from this rash enterprise he was turned by the prospect of promotion in another quarter. A representation was made to a member of the Board of Control, stating the talents and disposition of Leyden, and it was suggested that such a person might be usefully employed in investigating the language and learning of the Indian tribes. The only appointment that could be given in this quarter was, however, that of surgeon's assistant, which could be held by none but a person having a surgical degree, and who could sustain an examination before the Medical Board at the India House.

It was upon this occasion that Leyden showed, in their utmost extent, his wonderful powers of application and comprehension. He at once intimated his readiness to accept the appointment under the conditions annexed to it; and availing himself of the superficial information he had formerly acquired by a casual attendance upon one or two of the medical classes, he gave his whole mind to the study of medicine and surgery, with the purpose of qualifying himself for his degree in the short space of five or six months. The labour which he underwent on this occasion was actually incredible; but with the powerful assistance of a gentleman of the highest eminence in his profession (the late Mr John Bell of Edinburgh), he succeeded in acquiring such a knowledge of this complicated and most difficult art, as enabled him to obtain his diploma as surgeon with credit, even in the city of Edinburgh, so long famed for its medical school, and for the wholesome rigour adopted in the distribution of degrees. Another Scottish university conferred the degree of M.D. upon him, and he immediately prepared to leave the country. It is not necessary in this sketch to detail the difficulties he encountered before his ultimate departure for India. After some trouble, he procured a passage in the Hugh Inglis, in which vessel he sailed in the beginning of April 1803. Having arrived at Madras, he was transferred to the duties of his new profession; but it was speedily demonstrated that his constitution was unfitted for the climate. He was therefore obliged to leave the presidency of Madras, suffering an accumulation of diseases, and reached with difficulty Prince of Wales Island, situated on the coast of Malacca. In this more salubrious spot he resided some time, busily engaging himself in the pursuit of the languages and literature of the East, and in which he soon acquired an extraordinary degree of knowledge, calculated to be extensively beneficial to his countrymen. He also continued to indulge his poetic fancies, and kept up a constant intercourse by letters with a number of his old friends in Europe; and some of his epistles furnish many amusing details of Oriental life and manners, as well as of his own arduous researches.

The health of Leyden being restored, in 1806 he took leave of Prince of Wales Island, regretted by many friends, whom his eccentricities amused, his talents enlightened, and his virtues conciliated. His reception at Calcutta, and the effect he produced upon society, were exceedingly flattering. The efficient and active patronage of Lord Minto—himself a man of letters, a poet, and a native of Teviotdale—was of most essential service to Leyden, and no less honourable to the governor-general. He was appointed a professor in the Bengal college, a promotion suited to his studies; and from this function he was subsequently transferred to fill the office of a judge of the twenty-four Purgunnahs of Calcutta. In this capacity he had a charge of police, which jumped well with his odd humour; for the task of pursuing and dispersing the bands of robbers who infest Bengal had something of active and military duty. He also exercised a judicial capacity among the natives, to the discharge of which he was admirably fitted, by his knowledge of their language, manners, and customs. To this office a very considerable yearly income was annexed. This was neither expended in superfluities, nor even in those ordinary expenses which the fashion of the East has pronounced indispensable; for Dr Leyden kept no establishment, gave no entertainments, and was, with the receipt of this revenue, the very same simple, frugal, and temperate student which he had been at Edinburgh. But, exclusive of a portion remitted home for the most honourable and pious purpose, his income was devoted to the pursuit which engaged his whole soul—to the increase, namely, of his acquaintance with Eastern literature in all its branches. The expense of native teachers of every country and dialect, and that of procuring from every quarter Oriental manuscripts, engrossed his whole emoluments, as the task of studying under the tuition of the interpreters, and deciphering the contents of the volumes, occupied every moment of his spare time. "I may die in the attempt," he writes to a friend; "but if I die without surpassing Sir William Jones a hundredfold in Oriental learning, let never a tear for me profane the eye of a Borderer!" The term was soon approaching when these regrets were to be bitterly called forth, both from his Scottish friends, and from all who viewed with interest the career of his ardent and enthusiastic genius, which, despising every selfish consideration, was only eager to secure the fruits of knowledge, and held for sufficient reward the fame of having gathered them.

In 1811, an expedition having been formed to proceed to the island of Java, Leyden accompanied the governor-general and the forces for the purpose of investigating the manners, language, and literature of the tribes which inhabit that island, and partly also because it was thought his extensive knowledge of the Eastern dialects and customs might be useful in settling the government of the country, or in communicating with the independent princes in the neighbourhood of the Dutch settlements. His spirit of romantic adventure led him literally to rush upon death; for, with another volunteer who attended the expedition, he threw himself into the surf, in order to be the first Briton of the expedition who should set foot upon Java. When the success of the well-concerted movements of the invaders had given them possession of the town of Batavia, Leyden displayed the same ill-omened precipitation, in his haste to examine a library, or rather a warehouse of books, in which many Indian manuscripts of value were said to be deposited. A library in a Dutch settlement was not, as might have been expected, in the best order; the apartment had not been regularly ventilated, and either from this circumstance, or already affected by the fatal sickness peculiar to Batavia, Leyden, when he left the place, had a fit of shivering, and declared the atmosphere was enough to give any mortal a fever. The presage was too just: he took his bed, and died in three days, on the eve of the battle which gave Java to the British empire.

Thus died John Leyden, in the thirty-sixth year of his age, precisely at the period when every avenue of new and interesting discovery was opening to his penetrating research. His great abilities, his prospects of benefiting his fellow-creatures, his stores of Eastern learning, were all in a moment quenched and sunk in death : a catastrophe the more lamentable, from having been produced by a culpable degree of rashness and disregard of personal suffering.

The poetical remains of Leyden were collected and given to the public in 1821, and in some instances exhibit a power of numbers which, for the mere melody of sound, has seldom been excelled in English poetry. Besides his poetical works, he compiled and translated the "Commentaries of Baber," from the Turki language, a work of great interest to those who love the study of Indian antiquities, and which was published in 1826 for the benefit of his aged father.

The remains of Leyden, honoured with every respect by Lord Minto, repose in a distant land, far from the green-sod graves of his humble ancestors at Hazeldean, to which he bids an affecting farewell in a solemn passage concluding his "Scenes of Infancy." His language is that of nature, moved by the kindly associations of country and of kindred affections. But little recks it where our bodies rest and exhale into their primitive elements. The best epitaph is the story of a life engaged in the practice of virtue and the pursuit of honourable knowledge; the best monument, the regret of the worthy and the wise.*

Another, and perhaps a still more interesting example of precocious diligence in acquiring languages, is found in the subject of the succeeding sketch.

DR ALEXANDER MURRAY.

This eminent linguist and scholar, who, from the lowly condition of a shepherd boy, raised himself to the situation of Professor of Oriental Languages in the University of Edinburgh, was born on the 22d of October 1775, at a place called Dunkitterick, in Galloway, in the south of Scotland, where his father followed the profession of a shepherd, and reared a large family in humble comfort and respectability. The following is a condensation of the narrative which Murray has written of himself, and which appeared in the "Literary History of Galloway:"—

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* The above article is chiefly condensed from a memoir of Leyden, written by Sir Walter Scott for the "Edinburgh Annual Register," and republished in the cheap and elegant series of his Miscellaneous Prose Works.

"Some time in autumn 1781, my father bought a catechism for me, and began to teach me the alphabet. As it was too good a book for me to handle at all times, it was generally locked up, and he throughout the winter drew the figures of the letters to me in his *written* hand, on the board of an old wool-card, with the black end of an extinguished heather stem or root snatched from the fire. I soon learned all the alphabet in this form, and became writer as well as reader. I wrote with the board and brand continually. Then the catechism was presented, and in a month or two I could read the easier parts of it. I daily amused myself with copying, as above, the *printed* letters. In May 1782 he gave me a small psalm-book, for which I totally abandoned the catechism, which I did not like, and which I tore into two pieces, and concealed in a hole of a dike. I soon got many psalms by memory, and longed for a new book. Here difficulties arose. The Bible, used every night in the family, I was not permitted to open or touch. The rest of the books were put up in chests. I at length got a New Testament, and read the historical parts with great curiosity and ardour. But I longed to read the Bible, which seemed to me a much more pleasant book, and I actually went to where I knew an old loose-leaved Bible lay, and carried it away piecemeal. I perfectly remember the strange pleasure I felt in reading the history of Abraham and of David. I liked mournful narratives, and greatly admired Jeremiah, Ezekiel, and the Lamentations. I pored on these pieces of the Bible in secret for many months, for I durst not show them openly; and as I read constantly, and remembered well, I soon astonished all our honest neighbours with the large passages of Scripture I repeated before them. I have forgot too much of my biblical knowledge; but I can still rehearse all the names of the patriarchs from Adam to Christ, and various other narratives seldom committed to memory.

"My father's whole property was only two or three scores of sheep, and four muirland cows, his reward for herding the farm of Kitterick for Mr Alexander Laidlaw in Clatteranshaws, on the other side of the Dee. He had no debts, and no money. We lived in a wild glen, five or six miles from Minigaff, and more from New Galloway. All his sons had been bred shepherds; he meant to employ me in that line; and he often blamed me for laziness and uselessness, because I was a bad and negligent herd-boy. The fact was, I was always a weakly child; not unhealthy, but not stout. I was short-sighted, a defect he did not know, and which was often the occasion of blunders when I was sent to look for cattle. I was sedentary, indolent, and given to books, and writing on boards with coals. In 1783, my fame for wondrous reading and a great memory was the discourse of the whole glen. But my father could not pay the expenses of lodging and wages for me at any school. In harvest 1783, William Cochrane, a brother of my mother, returned from England, where he had made a few hundred pounds as a travelling merchant. He came to visit our family, and being informed of my genius, as they called it, undertook to place me next spring at New Galloway school, and to lodge me in the house of Alexander Cochrane, my grandfather, then alive, and dwelling about a mile from New Galloway. This simple expedient might have occurred to my parents, but I never heard them propose it; the idea of school wages frightened them from employing it. I was brought to New Galloway about the 26th of May 1784, and for a month made a very awkward figure in the school, then taught by Mr William Gordon: he read English well, and had many scholars. Mr Gillespie, who is almost my equal in years, being born in 1775 or 1776, was then reading the rudiments of Latin. My pronunciation of words was laughed at, and my whole speech was a subject of fun. But I soon gained impudence; and before the vacation in August, I often stood dux of the Bible class. I was in the meantime taught to write copies, and use paper and ink.

"In spring 1785 I was put to assist as a shepherd boy the rest of the family. I was still attached to reading, printing of words, and getting by heart ballads, of which I procured several. I had seen the ballad of 'Chevy Chase' at New Galloway, and was quite enraptured with it. About this time, and for years after, I spent every sixpence that friends or strangers gave me on ballads and penny histories. I carried bundles of these in my pockets, and read them when sent to look for cattle on the banks of Loch Greanoch, and on the wild hills in its neighbourhood. Those ballads that I liked most were 'Chevy Chase,' 'Sir James the Rose,' 'Jamie and Nancy,' and all heroic and sorrowful ditties. This course of life continued through 1785, 1786, and 1787. In that time I had read, or rather studied daily, 'Sir David Lindsay,' 'Sir William Wallace,' 'The Cloud of Witnesses,' 'The Hind let Loose,' and all the books of piety in the place. My fame for reading and a memory was loud, and several said I was 'a living miracle.' I puzzled the honest elders of the church with recitals of Scripture, and discourses about Jerusalem, &c. &c. In 1787 and 1788 I borrowed from John Kellie, then in Tenotrie, and still residing, I believe, in Minigaff, Salmon's Geographical Grammar, and L'Estrange's version of Josephus. I got immense benefit from Salmon's book. It gave me an idea of geography and universal history, and I actually recollect at this day almost everything it contains. I learned to copy its maps, but I did not understand the scale. In 1788, or early in 1789, Basil, Lord

Dear, came to attend a committee of the gentlemen on the line of road between New Galloway and Newton-Stewart. He had made a map of the whole valley of Palneur from Dee to Cree, which map he lost on the moors near Kitterick. It was found and given to me, and I practised drawing plans of the glen of Palneur, correcting and printing the names of places according to my own fancy.

"As I could read and write, I was engaged by the heads of two families in Kirkowen parish to teach their children. The name of the one was Robert Milligan, and the other was Alexander Milroy, laird of Morfad, an old and singular man, who had young grandchildren. I taught these pupils during the winter of 1787-8, but got acquainted with few books. I received copies of the numeration and multiplication tables from one M'William, a boy of my own age, and a brother teacher. I returned home in March 1788. My fees were fifteen or sixteen shillings. Part of this I laid out on books, one of which was the 'History of the Twelve Cæsars,' translated from Suetonius; another, Cocker's Arithmetic, the plainest of all books, from which in two or three months I learned the four principal rules of arithmetic, and even advanced to the rule of three, with no additional assistance, except the use of an old copy-book of examples, made by some boy at school, and a few verbal directions from my brother Robert, the only one of all my father's sons, by his first marriage, that remained with us. He was then a cattle-dealer on a small scale. In June 1788 I made a visit to Minigaff, and got from old John Simpson, a cart-wright, and a great reader, the loan of several volumes of Ruddiman's Weekly or Monthly Magazine during 1773, 1774, and 1775, and an old, ill-written, and superstitious history of the 'Four Monarchies, of the Popes, the Kings of England,' &c. My memory now contained a very large mass of historical facts and ballad poetry, which I repeated with pleasure to myself, and the astonished approbation of the peasants around me. On the 26th of May 1789, my father and his family left Kitterick, and came to herd in a place called Drigmorn, on Palkill Burn, four miles from Minigaff. He was engaged by Mr Ebenezer Wilson, now residing in Barncauchla. A prospect now opened of my attending Minigaff school. I set out by myself, and arrived in Minigaff village, where my friend, John Simpson, lived, and where Mr Cramond, schoolmaster of Minigaff, dwelt. I think he lodged in Simpson's house. Mr Cramond received me, and I travelled every day from Drigmorn to Minigaff. I read some English, but applied chiefly to writing and arithmetic. In the course of the summer I ran over Dilworth's Arithmetic. But I was not in stout health, and the distance from school was great, and I generally attended only three days in the week. My teacher allowed this. I made the most of these days: I came about an hour before the school met; I pored on my arithmetic, in which I am still a proficient; and

I regularly opened and read all the English books, such as the 'Spectator,' 'World,' &c. brought by the children to school. I seldom joined in any play at the usual hour, but read constantly. It occurred to me that I might get qualified for a merchant's clerk. I therefore cast a sharp look towards the method of book-keeping, and got some idea of its forms by reading Hutton in the school, and by glancing at the books of other scholars. When the vacation came on, I was obliged to quit school. At Martinmas 1789 I was engaged by three families in the moors of Kells and Minigaff to teach their children.

"A little before Whitsunday 1790 I returned home to Drigmorn. My father had been engaged to herd in Barncauchla, a farm within two miles of Minigaff village, to which farm we removed on the 26th of May 1790. I had now easy access to school, and went regularly. As I now understood writing and accounts, in imitation of other lads in the country, I wished to add to these a little French. These were the sum-total of qualifications deemed necessary for a clerk intending to go to the West Indies or America.

"I had, in 1787 and 1788, often admired and mused on the specimens of the Lord's Prayer in every language found in Salmon's Grammar. I had read in the magazines and 'Spectator,' that Homer, Virgil, Milton, Shakspeare, and Newton, were the greatest of mankind. I had been early informed that Hebrew was the first language, by some elders and good religious people. In 1789, at Drigmorn, an old woman who lived near showed me her psalm-book, which was printed with a large type, had notes on each page, and likewise what I discovered to be the Hebrew alphabet, marked letter after letter in the 119th psalm. I took a copy of these letters, by printing them off in my old way, and kept them.

"I borrowed from one Jack M'Bride, at Bridgend of Cree, Chambaud's Rudiments of French Grammar. About the 30th of May 1790, I set to work on it. My indulgent master gave me whole pages of lessons, and in less than a fortnight I began to read lessons in the second volume of the 'Diable Boiteux,' a book which he gave me. Robert Kerr, a son of William Kerr in Risque, was my friend and companion. He, in preparation for Grenada, whither he soon went, had for some time read French. His grammar was Boyer's, and the book which he read in, an old French New Testament. There was another grammar in the school, read by Robert Cooper, son of Mr Cooper, late tenant in Clarie. In the middle of the days I sat in the school and compared the nouns, verbs, &c. in all these books; and as I knew much of the New Testament by memory, I was able to explain whole pages of the French to Kerr, who was not diligent in study. About the 15th of June Kerr told me that he had once learned Latin for a fortnight, but had not liked it, and still had the Rudiments beside him. I said, 'Do lend me them; I wish to see what the nouns and verbs are like, and whether they resemble our French.' He gave me the book; I examined it for four or five days, and found that the nouns had changes on the last syllable, and looked very singular. I used to repeat a lesson from the French Rudiments every forenoon in school. On the morning of the midsummer fair of Newton-Stewart, I set out for school, and accidentally put into my pocket the Latin Grammar instead of the thin French Rudiments. On an ordinary day, Mr Cramond would have chid me for this, but on that festive morning he was mellow, and in excellent spirits—a state not good for a teacher, but always desired in him by me, for he was then very communicative. With great glee he replied, when I told him my mistake, and showed the Rudiments, 'Gad, Sandy, I shall try thee with Latin!' and he accordingly read over to me no less than two of the declensions. It was his custom with me to permit me to get as long lessons as I pleased, and never to fetter me by joining me to a class. There was at that time in the school a class of four boys advanced as far as the pronouns in Latin grammar. They ridiculed my separated condition. But before the vacation in August, I had reached the end of the Rudiments, knew a good deal more than they, by reading at home the notes on the foot of each page, and was so greatly improved in French, that I could read almost any French book at opening of it. I compared French and Latin, and rivetted the words of both in my memory by this practice. When proceeding with the Latin verbs, I often sat in the school all mid-day, and pored on the first pages of Robert Cooper's Greek Grammar, the only one I had ever seen. He was then reading Livy, and learning Greek. By help of his book I mastered the letters; but I saw the sense of the Latin rules in a very indistinct manner. Some boy lent me an old Corderius, and a friend made me a present of Eutropius. I got a common vocabulary from my companion Kerr. I read to my teacher a number of colloquies, and before the end of July was permitted to take lessons in Eutropius. There was a copy of Eutropius in the school that had a literal translation. I studied this last with great attention, and compared the English and Latin. When my lesson was prepared, I always made an excursion into the rest of every book, and my books were not like those of other schoolboys, opened only in one place, and where the lesson lay. The school was dissolved in the harvest. After the vacation I returned to it a week or two, to read Eutropius. A few days before the vacation, I purchased from an old man, named William Shaw, a very bulky and aged edition of Ainsworth's Dictionary. This was an invaluable acquisition to me. It had all the Latin words, and the corresponding Greek and Hebrew, likewise a plan of ancient Rome, and a dictionary of proper names. I had it for eighteenpence, a very low price. With these books I went off, about Martinmas, to teach the children of Robert Kerr, tenant in Garlarg, English reading, writing, arithmetic, and Latin. In his house I found several more books, Ruddiman's Grammar—the most obscure of all works that ever were offered to children for their instruction, a book on which I laboured much to no great purpose—Cæsar, and Ovid. I employed every moment in pondering over these books. I literally read the dictionary throughout. My method was to revolve the leaves of the letter A, to notice all the principal words, and their Greek synonymes, not omitting a glance at the Hebrew; to do the same by B, and so on through the book. I then returned from X and Z to A, and in these winter months I amassed a large stock of Latin and Greek vocables. From this exercise I took to Eutropius, Ovid, and Cæsar, or at times to Ruddiman's Grammar. The inverted order often perplexed me, and I frequently mistook, but also frequently discerned, the sense. The wild fictions of Ovid have had charms for me ever since. I was not a judge of simple and elegant composition; but when any passage contained wild, sublime, pathetic, or singular expressions, I both felt, and tenaciously remembered them. Here I got another book, which from that time has influenced and inflamed my imagination. This was 'Paradise Lost,' of which I had heard, and which I was eager to see. I had the use of it for a year, until I replaced it with one of my own. I account my first acquaintance with Paradise Lost an era in my reading.

"About Whitsunday 1791 I returned to school, able to read Eutropius, Ovid, Cæsar, and Ruddiman's Grammar, in an intelligent, but not very correct style. I certainly knew a great deal of words and matters, but my prosody was bad, and my English neither fluent nor elegant. I found the young class reading Ovid and Cæsar, and afterwards Virgil. I laughed at the difficulty with which they prepared their lessons, and often obliged them by reading them over, to assist the work of preparation. My kind master never proposed that I should join them. He knew, indeed, that my time at school was uncertain; and he not only remitted a great part of my fees, but allowed me to read any book which I pleased. I studied his humour, and listened to his stories about his college life in the university of Aberdeen, where he had been regularly bred, and where he had been the class-fellow of Dr Beattie.

"I found my schoolfellow, Robert Cooper, reading Livy, the Greek Grammar, and the Greek New Testament. A few days before going to school this season, I had formed an acquaintance with John Hunter, a miner, under Mr George Muir, and who lived in the High Row of the Miners' Village, at Mr Heron's lead-mines. This man and his family had come from Leadhills. He showed me many civilities, and gave me the use of the following books, that had belonged to a brother of his, then deceased:—'Luciana Dialogi, cum Tabula Cebetis,' Greek and Latin; a Greek New Testament; 'Homer's Iliad,' Greek and Latin, in two small volumes; 'Buchanani Historia Rerum Gest. Scoticarum;' and 'Buchanani Opera Poetica.' The first portion of my wages had gone to Dumfries or Edinburgh to buy Moore's Greek Grammar and 'Schrevelii Lexicon.' I got the grammar, but I forget how I obtained the lexicon. My master allowed me to pass over Cæsar, Ovid, Virgil, and Sallust, of which last, however, I borrowed copies, and read them privately, or at times with the young class. Dr George Muir was one of the young class, and my intimate friend. After I had read my own lessons, I almost always read along with him his lesson in Virgil and Sallust. But Mr Cramond permitted me to read Livy along with Robert Cooper, and Buchanan's history by myself. Robert Cooper was indolent, and I was proud to see that I had overtaken him, and could repeat the Greek Grammar and read Greek in the New Testament with more ease. He was given to *taw*, but I joined in no sports, but sat all day in the school. My amusement consisted in reading the books of history and poetry brought to school by the other scholars. At home I attacked Homer, and attempted to translate him by the help of the Latin translation. In June 1791 we were allowed to read a daily lesson in the first book and volume of the 'Iliad,' which we prepared in the school. But I kept the second volume at home, and pored on it till I fairly became, in an incorrect way, master of the sense, and was delighted with it. I remember that the fate of Hector and Sarpedon affected me greatly; and no sensation was ever more lively than what I felt on first reading the passage which declares that 'Jupiter rained drops of blood on the ground, in honour of his son Sarpedon, who was to fall far from his country.' My practice was to lay down a new and difficult book, after it had wearied me; to take up another—then a third—and to resume this rotation frequently and laboriously. I always strove to seize the sense; but when I supposed that I had succeeded, I did not weary myself with analysing every sentence.

"In July 1791 I found my Greek knowledge increase. I began to translate sentences into Greek, by help of certain phrases at the end of Schrevelius. And so far as I remember, I, during that summer or autumn, attempted to introduce myself to your notice by letters in Greek and Latin. The Greek one was short, and no doubt very inaccurate likewise, but less exceptionable. From that time you began to give me the use of books, and good advice as to my future behaviour and studies, which in my situation were very desirable. I had from you the loan of 'Longinus,' the 'Œdipus Tyrannus,' a volume of Cicero's Orations, which I read with great delight, and some others. All that summer and harvest were devoted to hard and continued reading, which was not limited to works in Greek and Latin, but extended to the history and poetry in the several books. I carried Homer in my pocket abroad, and studied him with great diligence.

"I had long possessed the Hebrew letters, and knew the meanings of many words. I was now determined to learn that language. I sent for a Hebrew Grammar to Edinburgh, by the man who rode post. He brought me Robertson's Grammar, and the first edition of that book, which contains the Arabic alphabet in the last leaf. Mr Cramond, to whom I showed it in September 1791, at the time when I received it, informed me that he once was able to read Hebrew, but that he had now forgotten it entirely. I had for a long time known the alphabet; I found the Latin easy and intelligible; I soon mastered the points; and in the course of a month, got into the whole system of Jewish grammar. On an accidental visit to New Galloway, I was told by John Heron, a cousin of mine, and father to Robert Heron, author of several works, that he could give me a small old lexicon belonging to his son. This present was to me astonishingly agreeable. It contained, besides the words and their Latin interpretations, the book of Ruth in the original. When I came home, some person informed me that a relation of Mr Wilson's, in Auchinleck, then living in Minigaff village, had in her possession a Hebrew Bible, the property of her brother, Mr William Wilson, a dissenting clergyman in Ireland. She consented to let me have the use of it for several months. It was a small edition in several volumes, I forget from which press. I made good use of this loan: I read it throughout, and many passages and books of it a number of times.

"I returned to school in the summer of 1792, and read Latin and Greek, rather for practice than in a rudimental way. The fault of our teacher was a slovenly inattention to grammatical minutiæ, which hurt my future appearance at college, and is more or less the evil of all country schools. In return for this, he was kind, familiar, and communicative. His foible was the love of drink. He had nobody to prepare a comfortable meal for him in his little way, and he went to the alehouse in order to avoid the wearisomeness and inattention which distressed him at home. You know he at length became unfit for any public situation. Yet had I been placed under a more formal and regular master, I should never have been able to make a respectable progress; for the broken state of my time would have compelled me to wait on children in low and young classes, in order to get by memory every part of the Rudiments; and every absent winter, and inaccuracy in reading, would have been a pretext for beginning me anew in the rudiments and grammar. All the accurate men have this way of thinking. Mr Dalzell, the professor of Greek, rebuked me severely for looking into Plato and Aristophanes in my first year at college. I received his admonitions, but still persisted in reading those writers. Desultory study is no doubt a bad thing; but a lad whose ambition never ceases, but stimulates him incessantly, enlarges his mind and range of thought by excursions beyond the limits of regular forms.

"In 1792 I read portions of Homer, Livy, Sallust, and any other author used in the school. In the autumn of 1792 my companion, Cooper, left the school, and went, I believe, to Glasgow university. I could not imitate him for want of funds. In the winter of 1792–3 I engaged myself with Thomas Birkmyre, miller, of Minigaff Mill, and taught his children during that season till March 1793. My wages were only thirty shillings [for the half year], but my object was to get a residence near Newton-Stewart, and to have liberty of going, in the winter forenights, to a school taught by Mr Nathaniel Martin in Bridgend of Cree. Several young lads attended it with a view to exercise themselves in reading English poetry, and in spending their hours agreeably. Martin had been at Edinburgh, and possessed many new books, such as the 'Bee,' Duncan's Cicero, some of the best English collections, and so forth. In the mill I got 'Gulliver's Travels' and 'Clarke's Evidences of Christianity.' I did not understand the one, nor care much for the other. My companions at the night-school were William Gifford, lately a writer's first clerk in Edinburgh; one Thomas Baird, a clerk to a tobacconist; John Mackilwraith, son-in-law to John M'Kie, lately merchant in Castle Douglas. John Mackilwraith was an old friend, for his father-in-law was tenant of Kitterick in 1783. From him I got the loan of Baillie's English Dictionary, which I studied, and learned from it a vast variety of useful matters. I gained from it the Anglo-Saxon alphabet, the Anglo-Saxon paternoster, and many words in that venerable dialect.

"In 1791 I had the loan of a stray volume of the 'Ancient Universal History' from my neighbour schoolfellows, the Maclurgs, who lived in Glenhoash, below Risque. It contained the history of the ancient Gauls, Germans, Abyssinians, and others. It included a very incorrect copy of the Abyssinian alphabet, which, however, I transcribed, and kept by me for future occasions. I was completely master of the Arabic alphabet, by help of Robertson's Grammar, in the end of which (first edition) it is given in the most accurate manner.

"In the autumn of 1792, about the time I went to the mill, I had, in the hour of ignorance and ambition, believed myself capable of writing an epic poem. For two years before, or rather from the time that I had met with 'Paradise Lost,' sublime poetry was my favourite reading. Homer had encouraged this taste, and my schoolfellow, George Muir, had lent me, in 1791, an edition of 'Ossian's Fingal,' which is, in many passages, a sublime and pathetic performance. I copied Fingal, as the book was lent only for four days, and carried the manuscript about with me. I chose Arthur, general of the Britons, for my hero, and during 1792–3 wrote several thousands of blank verses about his achievements. This was my first attempt in blank verse. In 1790 I had purchased 'The Grave,' a poem by Blair, and committed it almost entirely to memory.

"I passed the summer of 1793 at home, and in long visits to my friends in Newton-Stewart and other parts. During that summer I began to translate from Buchanan's poetical works, his 'Fratres Franciscani.' I made an attempt to obtain the situation of teacher of the school of Mochrum; but the Rev. Mr Steven, minister of that parish, who received me very kindly, told me that it was promised, and that my youth would be objected to by the heritors and parish. In 1791 I bought for a trifle a manuscript volume of the lectures of Arnold Drackenburg, a German professor, on the lives and writings of the Roman authors, from Livius Andronicus to Quinctilian. This was a learned work, and I resolved to translate and publish it. I remained at home during the winter of 1793–4, and employed myself in that task. My translation was neither elegant nor correct. My taste was improving; but a knowledge of elegant phraseology and correct diction cannot be acquired without some acquaintance with the world, and with the human character in its polished state. The most obscure and uninteresting parts of the 'Spectator,' 'World,' 'Guardian,' and Pope's works, were those that described life and manners. The parts of those works which I then read with rapture were accounts of tragic occurrences of great but unfortunate men, and poetry that addressed the passions.

"Early in 1794 I resolved to go to Dumfries, and present my translation to the booksellers there. As I had doubt respecting the success of a 'History of the Latin Writers,' I likewise composed a number of poems, chiefly in the Scottish dialect, and most of them very indifferent. I went to Dumfries in June 1794, and found that neither of the two booksellers there would undertake to publish my translation; but I got a number of subscription papers printed, in order to promote the publication of the poems. I collected, by myself and friends, four or five hundred subscriptions. At Gatehouse, a merchant there, an old friend, gave me a very curious and large printed copy of the Pentateuch, which had belonged to the celebrated Andrew Melvin, and the Hebrew Dictionary of Pagninus, a huge folio. During the visit to Dumfries I was introduced to Robert Burns, who treated me with great kindness; told me that if I could get out to college without publishing my poems, it would be better, as my taste was young, and not formed, and I would be ashamed of my productions when I could write and judge better. I understood this, and resolved to make publication my last resource. In Dumfries I bought six or seven plays of Shakspeare, and never read anything, except Milton, with more rapture and enthusiasm. I had seen his poems before.

"During this summer, my friend M'Harg being in Edinburgh, employed as a hawker, or itinerant dealer in tea and other articles, described my situation to James Kinnear, a journeyman printer, a very respectable man, who informed him that if I could be brought to town, Dr Baird and several other gentlemen would take notice of me. In consequence of this communication, I arrived in Edinburgh at the beginning of November 1794."

Such is Dr Murray's singular narrative, on which any comment would but weaken the impression which it is calculated to convey. On his arrival in Edinburgh, he was kindly received by Mr Kinnear. The only letter of introduction which he brought to town was one from Mr Maitland to Dr Baird, who received him with great kindness. Too much praise cannot be paid to these two gentlemen for their generous conduct, particularly as they were strangers to each other, and were actuated solely by the motive of bringing into notice indigent merit, and opening to a young man of extraordinary promise a wider field for the cultivation of his genius and talents. Nor was Murray unworthy of the patronage of these respectable individuals. On the first day after his arrival in town, he underwent an examination in presence of Dr Baird, Dr Finlayson, and Dr Moodie; and, to use the language of one of his examinators, he read freely, and also explained and analysed accurately, a passage of French, an ode of Horace, a page of Homer, and a Hebrew psalm. In consequence of his uncommon acquirements, not only the direct advantages of the college were procured to him without expense, but such pecuniary aid was extended to him as was necessary for the effectual prosecution of his studies. At the end of two years he obtained a bursary from the town; and about that time he began to support himself by carrying on private teaching. Dr Baird continued through life his faithful friend and patron.

Dr Murray, after this period, prosecuted a successful career as a man of letters. In 1806 he undertook the ministerial charge of the parish of Urr, in his native county, which he resigned in 1812, on being appointed Professor of Oriental Languages at Edinburgh. Unfortunately, the weakly constitution of this extraordinary genius sunk under the fatigues of his first session, and he died, universally and deeply lamented, April 15, 1813. An elegant monument, commemorative of his life and talents, was some years afterwards erected by subscription near the place of his nativity.

ALEXANDER WILSON.

THIS extraordinary man, who, from being originally an operative weaver, became, by his own unaided exertions, one of the most celebrated ornithologists of his day, was born in Paisley on the 6th of July 1766. His father was a distiller, poor in fortune, though said to have been endowed with an active and sagacious mind. He was so unfortunate as to lose his mother at the early age of ten, and was left without the tender and judicious care which a mother alone can give. On attaining his thirteenth year, he was bound apprentice for three years to his brother-in-law, to learn the business of a weaver, and on the expiry of this term, continued to work as a journeyman for four years more.

The employment of a weaver was by no means congenial to the disposition and propensities of the future ornithologist; but as his father, though a highly respectable man in character, was in very indifferent circumstances, young Wilson had no choice left, but was compelled to adopt that which was readiest and most easily attained. It is much to his credit, however, that though he must have felt—indeed it is certain that he did feel, and that at a very early age—that he was fitted for higher things, he yet diligently laboured at the humble but honourable calling to which his destiny had appointed him, and never allowed such feelings to interrupt his industry. At this period of his life he indulged in a predilection for poetical composition, and wrote several pieces which appeared in the "Glasgow Advertiser;" but in these juvenile attempts he was not very successful, nor was he ever, at any after period, fortunate in this department of literature, though his poetical productions are certainly not without very considerable merit.

Having continued at the loom, as already said, for four years as a journeyman weaver, at the end of this period he abandoned the business, to accompany his brother-in-law, who had commenced travelling merchant or pedlar, in a tour through the eastern districts of Scotland—an employment which, though it could scarcely claim any sort of precedence in point of rank over that which he had left, he yet gladly embraced, as it at once released him from the confinement and dull monotony of his former occupation, and permitted him to indulge in one of his strongest propensities, which was to ramble over hill and dale, and to enjoy, unfettered and unrestrained, the beauties of his native land. With such a disposition, it is not to be wondered at that, as a pedlar, he made much greater progress in the study of nature, and perhaps of man, and in the extending of his ideas, than in the improvement of his fortunes. The acquisition of money was no object with him, and of course, as it was not sought, it was not found.

At this time Burns was in the zenith of his fame, and Wilson, tempted by his success, resolved to publish his poems—the accumulated pieces of preceding years—and in 1789, contracted with a printer in Paisley for this purpose, but was obliged to abandon the idea for the time, for want of means to carry it into effect. He, however, published them some time afterwards, with the title of "Poems, Humorous, Satirical, and Serious," at his own risk, after having in vain endeavoured to procure subscribers, and carried them about with him in his hawking expeditions, but met with little or no success in the sale of them. Finding that he could make nothing of either poetry or traffic, he returned once more to his loom, at which he was again quietly seated, when he learned that a debating society in Edinburgh had proposed for discussion the question, whether Ferguson or Allan Ramsay had done most honour to Scottish poetry. Seized with an ambition to distinguish himself on this occasion, he borrowed from a friend the poems of Ferguson, which he had never read before, and in a few days produced a poem, which he entitled the "Laurel Disputed," and in which he awarded the palm to Ferguson. With this poem in his pocket, he proceeded to Edinburgh, and recited it before the audience assembled to hear the discussion. Before he left Edinburgh, he also recited in public two other poems, and acquired by all a considerable degree of respect and favour. He likewise contributed occasionally, about this time (1791), to a periodical work called "The Bee." But though Wilson's poetical efforts procured him some reputation, they did nothing for him in the way of advancing his worldly interests. The volume of poems which he published in 1789, at which period he was only twenty-two years of age, went through two small editions in octavo, but without yielding the author any pecuniary advantage. His literary reputation was, nevertheless, considerably increased by the publication of his "Watty and Meg," a poem in the Scottish dialect, and of such decided merit, that it was universally ascribed to Burns on its first appearance, which was in 1791. It is a droll and satirical description of a drunken husband and scolding wife, and shows that the author possessed a fund of broad humour.

Having soon after this embroiled himself in some serious disputes which took place in his native town between the operative weavers and their employers, by writing some severe personal satires on certain individuals of the latter class, he found his residence in Paisley no longer compatible with his comfort or happiness, and therefore determined on proceeding to America. But before taking his departure, he called on those persons whom he had satirised, expressed his sorrow for what he had done, and solicited their forgiveness. This circumstance is a pleasing proof of the generosity of his nature—that which follows a very striking one of the determination of his character. Although he had resolved on going to America, he did not possess a single shilling wherewith to pay his passage. To supply this desideratum, he instantly abandoned every other pursuit, and for four months laboured with incessant industry at his loom, confining the expense of his living during this time to one shilling in the week. The result of this perseverance and rigid economy was, that at the end of the period named, he found himself in possession of the requisite sum, but nothing more. With this he set out for

Portpatrick on foot, crossed to Belfast, and there engaged a passage to America; and he arrived at New York on the 14th of July 1794, with only a few shillings in his pocket, and even these were borrowed from a fellow-passenger.

Up till this period, and indeed for several years after, Wilson exhibited no indications of a genius or even predilection for that particular department of natural history in which he afterwards acquired so brilliant a name; but it is said that, immediately after landing in America, and while proceeding from the place of his disembarkation to Newcastle, his attention was strongly excited by the specimens of the feathered inhabitants of the New World which he met with, and that he was particularly delighted with the splendour of the plumage of a red-headed woodpecker, which he shot by the way. Whether or not his genius received on this occasion that bent which afterwards led to such splendid results, it is certain that he always retained a lively recollection of the feelings of surprise and delight with which he for the first time contemplated the beauties of the American woodpecker.

For many years after his arrival in America, Wilson's condition underwent but little improvement. He found there nearly the same difficulties to contend with, and prospects nearly equally cheerless, with those he had left behind him in his native land. The first employment he obtained was with a copperplate printer in Philadelphia; but this he soon relinquished, and betook him to his original trade, weaving. This he again resigned for the pack; but his success as a pedlar was not sufficient to induce him to continue by it, and he abandoned it also, and commenced teacher; making his first experiment in this laborious and somewhat precarious profession near the town of Frankford in Pennsylvania. While in this situation, he in a great measure repaired the defects of his early education, by close and unremitting study in various departments of science and knowledge; and, as has often been the case, by instructing others, he taught himself. He afterwards removed to Milestown, where he remained for several years, adding a little to the limited income arising from his school, by surveying land for farmers.

At the end of this period he applied for and obtained the appointment of schoolmaster of the Union School in the township of Kingsessing, within a few miles of Philadelphia; and it is from this period that his history in the pursuit of the bird creation commences, although he yet entertained that branch of natural history only in common with others, and by no means confined his studies to the feathered tribes. His attention was equally engrossed by a host of other animals; and his apartment, as described by himself, had the appearance of Noah's ark, being crowded with opossums, squirrels, snakes, lizards, and other animals. Finding his ignorance of drawing a serious drawback in his new pursuit, he applied to the acquisition of this art with such diligence and determination of purpose, that he in a very short time succeeded in obtaining a command of the pencil, that enabled him to sketch from nature with great fidelity and spirit. It was not, however, till the year 1803 that Wilson conceived the magnificent design of his American Ornithology, and even then his ideas on the subject fell very far short of the great work he afterwards achieved. At this period he contemplated little more than "making a collection of the finest American birds," as he himself writes to a friend in Paisley. Having mentioned his intention to some of his American friends, they endeavoured to dissuade him from prosecuting it, and, with a sincere regard for his interest, pointed out to him the formidable difficulties which he would have to encounter, and which appeared to them insurmountable. But they spoke in vain. Wilson's ardour and enthusiasm was more than a match for their prudence; and trusting to his own resources, he quietly but resolutely proceeded with his design; although—and it is a curious fact—when he began his stupendous work on American Ornithology, he did not know even the names of more than three or four of the American birds. But from this moment he devoted himself with a zeal and energy to the accomplishment of his enterprise, which removed all obstacles as fast as they presented themselves, and swept away all difficulties, as straws are swept away by the stream.

In October 1804, with his gun on his shoulder, he made the first of that series of perilous journeys through the wilds of America, which he found it necessary to perform to obtain an accurate and intimate knowledge of the birds of the forest; and amidst privations and hardships which few men but himself would have voluntarily encountered, he completed a journey of twelve hundred miles on foot, through deep snows, boundless forests, deep and dangerous rivers, and over wild and desolate mountains. But the experience of this perilous and painful excursion, instead of damping his ardour, had the effect only of increasing it. In the spring of the following year, he had completed drawings of twenty-eight rare birds, and about this time also made an attempt to acquire the art of engraving on copper, thinking, in the devotedness of his enthusiasm, that he might, by diligence and perseverance, soon attain such a proficiency in this art as would enable him to execute the plates for his contemplated work; and he actually completed two: but when he had got this length, he became dissatisfied with the result of his labours, and abandoned the pursuit. At this period the general aspect of his affairs, and those, in particular, which related to his undertaking, were exceedingly gloomy. He was without means and without money, and was persevering in a course which his friends thought an imprudent one, and was therefore without even words of encouragement to cheer him on his way. But neither these disheartening considerations, nor any other, could deter him from prosecuting his great design. So far from being discouraged by the difficulties which surrounded him, he declared that he would proceed with his plan even if it should cost him his life; and, in that noble spirit which belongs to true genius alone, exclaimed, "I shall at least leave a small beacon to point out where I perished."

At the close of the year 1805, he made an unsuccessful attempt to be appointed to take part in an exploratory expedition which the American government was then about to send to the valley of the Mississippi. He addressed his application on this occasion to President Jefferson, stating to that functionary what he had done in the prosecution of his intended work on American ornithology, and representing the advantages which the being permitted to accompany the party would afford him in furthering his views. To this communication—from what cause is now unknown—he obtained no reply, and of course did not join the expedition. Soon after this, more cheering prospects presented themselves to the enterprising ornithologist. A Mr Samuel F. Bradford, a publisher in Philadelphia, who was about to print an edition of Rees's Cyclopædia, engaged Wilson, on what the latter himself called liberal terms, to superintend the publication of that work. But this connection presented another inducement to Wilson, and one which had infinitely greater attractions for him than any which related to his own personal advantage. This was the prospect it afforded him of procuring a publisher for his work; and so far he was not disappointed. On his explaining the nature and object of his undertaking, Mr Bradford readily consented to become his publisher; and in September 1808, the first volume of "American Ornithology" appeared, one of the most splendid books by far which had then emanated from the American press; but unfortunately the price was, though necessarily, much too high for a country comparatively in its infancy, and which had not then had time to turn its attention to the arts or sciences, or to acquire a sufficient taste for them to encourage such an expensive appeal on their behalf. The price of the work, when completed, was to be one hundred and twenty dollars. It is not therefore at all surprising to find that, even a considerable time after its publication, its ingenious, but in this respect certainly injudicious author, could only boast of forty-one names on his list of subscribers. This number, however, he afterwards increased to two hundred and fifty, by travelling through the country, and visiting the different towns in quest of patrons; but these, he himself says, were obtained "at a price worth more than five times the amount;" and they no doubt were so, if wounded feelings, fatigue of body and mind, and all the humiliations to which such a mission must of necessity have frequently subjected him, be taken into the account. From this tour he returned to New York in March 1809.

Two hundred copies only of the first volume of the Ornithology had been printed, but it was now thought advisable to throw off three hundred more; which was accordingly done: and in the meantime Wilson assiduously employed himself in preparing the second volume for the press, although he neither had yet benefited to the extent of a single dollar by the publication of his work, nor was likely to do so. The second volume appeared in January 1810; and immediately after its appearance, the author set out on another tour in quest of support and patronage. This time he penetrated into the western part of the States, or valley of the Ohio and Mississippi. At Pittsburg, he succeeded beyond his expectations in getting subscribers; and after ascertaining that the roads were such as to render a land journey impossible, he bought a small boat, which he named the *Ornithologist*, intending to proceed in it down the Ohio to Cincinnati, a distance of more than five hundred miles. Some advised him not to undertake the journey alone; but he had made up his mind, and only waited, exploring the woods in the interval, till the ice had left the stream. At length the time arrived for his departure on this inland voyage. His provision consisted of some biscuit and cheese, and a bottle of cordial, given him by a gentleman in Pittsburg: one end of the boat was occupied by his trunk, greatcoat, and gun; and he had a small tin vessel, with which to bale his boat, and to drink the water of the Ohio. Thus equipped, he launched into the stream. The weather was calm, and the river like a mirror, except where fragments of ice were floating down. His heart expanded with delight at the novelty and wildness of the scene. The song of the red-bird in the deep forests on the shore, the smoke of the various sugar-camps rising gently along the mountains, and the little log-huts which here and there opened from the woods, gave an appearance of life to a landscape which would otherwise have been lonely and still. He could not consent to the slow motion of the river, which flowed two miles and a half an hour; he therefore stripped himself for the oar, and added three miles and a half to his speed. Our traveller's lodgings by night were less tolerable than his voyage, as he went down the desolate stream. The first night was passed in a log-cabin, fifty-two miles below Pittsburg, where he slept on a heap of straw.

Having reached Cincinnati, he there got a few subscribers for his work, and then proceeded to Louisville, where he sold his boat. He next walked a distance of seventy-two miles to Lexington, whence he travelled to Nashville, exploring on his journey some of the remarkable caverns of Kentucky. He had thoughts of extending his tour to St Louis; but after considering that it would detain him a month, and add four hundred miles to his journey, without perhaps adding a single subscriber to his list, he gave up the plan, and prepared for a passage through the wilderness towards New Orleans. He was strongly urged not to undertake it, and a thousand alarming representations of hardship and danger were set before him; but, as usual, he gave fears to the winds, and quietly made preparations for the way. He set out on the 4th of May, on horseback, with a pistol in each pocket, and a fowling-piece belted across his shoulder. During this adventurous journey he suffered severely from the heat of the sun, and all the changes of the weather. His exposure by night and day brought on an illness, which he with difficulty surmounted. He had occasion to travel among the Indians, who, it seems, treated him with great kindness; and though dreadfully worn out with fatigue, he enjoyed the journey very much. He reached New Orleans on the 6th of June, and shortly after embarked in a vessel for New York, and from thence he proceeded to Philadelphia, where he arrived on the 2d of August 1810.

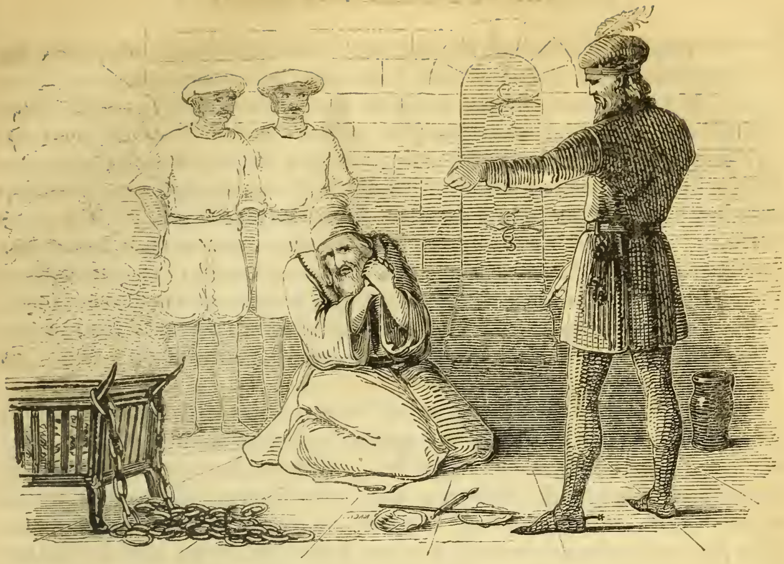
Wilson now applied himself with unwearied industry to the preparation of the third volume of his Ornithology. At this time, he says that the number of birds which he had found, and which had not been noticed by any other naturalist, amounted to forty. Between this period and 1812 he made several other journeys throughout the country, partly with the view of promoting the sale of his publication, and partly to procure materials for his study, an object which he never lost sight of—seldom travelling, whatever might be the immediate or ostensible cause of his changing place, without his fowling-piece.

In the year above named, he received a gratifying proof of the estimation in which his merits were beginning to be held. This was his being chosen a member of the Society of Artists of the United States; and in the spring of the following year, he was admitted to the American Philosophical Society in Philadelphia. But this extraordinary man was not destined to see either the completion of his meritorious labours, or to enjoy the triumph of achieving all that he designed. The excessive labour and fatigue of both body and mind to which he had for many years subjected himself, gradually undermined his constitution, and prepared it to yield to the first act of indiscretion to which it should be exposed; and this, unfortunately, now very soon occurred.

While sitting one day with a friend, he caught a glimpse from the window of a rare bird, for which he had long been vainly looking out. The instant he saw it, he seized his gun, rushed out of the house in pursuit of it, and after an arduous chase, during which he swam across a river, succeeded in killing it; but he succeeded at the expense of his life. He caught a violent cold; this was followed by dysentery, which carried him off after an illness of ten days. He died on the morning of the 23d August 1813, in the forty-seventh year of his age, and was buried in the cemetery of the Swedish church in Southwark, Philadelphia. A plain marble monument, with an inscription, intimating his age, the place and date of his birth, and of his death, marks the place of his sepulture.

Wilson had completed the seventh volume of his Ornithology before he died, and was engaged, when seized with his last illness, in collecting materials for the eighth. At this he laboured with an assiduity and unintermitting industry which called forth the remonstrances of his friends. His reply, while it seems to indicate a presentiment of his premature fate, is at the same time characteristic of his extraordinary enthusiasm and diligence. "Life is short," he would say on these occasions, "and nothing can be done without exertion." Nor is a wish, which he repeatedly expressed to a friend some time before his death, less characteristic of his amiable nature and deep admiration of the works of his Creator. This wish was, that he might be buried *where the birds might sing over his grave.*

His person is described as having been tall and handsome, rather slender than robust; his countenance expressive and thoughtful, and his eye intelligent. Unfortunately for himself, the speculation in which he engaged with so much ardour yielded him no remuneration; for he had committed the serious error of issuing his work on too expensive a scale. From the publication he derived no profits whatever; and the heavy expenses he had to incur in his journeys, as well as his ordinary outlays, were only paid by the wages he received in the capacity of colourer of his own plates. Of the many active men whose biographies are before the public, there is not, perhaps, one whose life presents such a heroic resolution in the pursuit of science as Wilson. Although this most indefatigable genius did not live to enjoy the reward of his diligence, he certainly anticipated what has come to pass—that his work would always be regarded as a subject of pride by his adopted country, as it certainly is by the country which gave him birth, and would secure a high degree of honour for him whose name it bears.



HISTORY OF THE JEWS IN ENGLAND.

THE Hebrew nation, as is well known, has been for ages scattered over the face of the earth, and now exists in different portions in every civilised country; retaining, however, in all situations, the religion, manners, and recollections of its ancestry—almost everywhere less or more oppressed, yet everywhere possessing the same unconquerable buoyancy of spirit and the same indomitable industry. It would be a very long and dismal story to tell of the settlement and sufferings of the Jews in the various countries of Europe, and we propose, therefore, to confine ourselves to a brief narration principally concerning their residence and treatment in Great Britain.

Whence or by what route the exiles of Judea found their way to this island, cannot now be satisfactorily traced; but, scattered as they were over the extensive domains of their Roman conquerors, it is not unlikely that they originally crossed the Channel whilst England also was under imperial sway, their numbers increasing as centuries rolled on, and as the gradual desertion of the island by the Romans gave them a more peaceful and secure retreat than was enjoyed by their brethren scattered nearer the seat of empire.

During the struggles between the Britons and Saxons, and afterwards between Saxons and Saxons, till the Heptarchy was finally established, the Hebrew strangers remained unnoticed; but when Christianity was introduced, and monks and priests obtained supreme ecclesiastical authority, decrees were issued as early as 740 by Egbert, archbishop of York, and again in 833 by the monks of Croyland, prohibiting Christians from appearing at Jewish feasts. From these decrees we infer that the Jews must have become both numerous and influential, and their feasts and ceremonies attractive to the people, who in the very early stages of Catholicism might have found a puzzling similarity in the outward ceremonies of the two religions—gorgeousness and splendour being at that time characteristic of the rites of both. The distinctions of actual creed were too subtle and too carefully made the study of churchmen alone to be understood or cared for by the multitude, and the priests must have feared some danger to their new and simple-minded converts from a too close intimacy with the Hebrews, or these prohibitions need not have been made.

No further allusion being made to the Jews during the Saxon monarchy, the decrees of the priests were probably obeyed, and no excuse given for persecution. When Canute of Denmark conquered England, however, the Jews shared the servitude of their Saxon brethren; and in 1020, without any assigned cause but the will of the sovereign, were banished from the kingdom. They crossed the Channel, and took refuge in the dominions of William, Duke of Normandy, where they were so kindly received that, on his conquest of England and assumption of her crown, they returned, increased in numbers, to their old homes, and purchased from William the right of settlement in the island.

The sons of the Conqueror pursued their father's kindly policy towards them. Under William Rufus they established themselves in London and Oxford, erecting in the latter town three halls or colleges—Lombard Hall, Moses Hall, and Jacob Hall—where they instructed young men of either persuasion in the Hebrew language and the sciences. Until this reign the only burial-ground allowed them in all England was St Giles, Cripplegate, where Jewen Street now stands; but under Rufus they obtained a place of interment also at Oxford, now the site of part of Magdalen College. Indeed Rufus, from what is narrated to us by the chroniclers, would appear to have respected the feelings of the Jews more than those of the Christian portion of his subjects. "He appointed," says Milman, "a public debate in London between the two parties, and swore, by 'the face of St Luke,' that if the rabbins defeated the bishops, he would turn Jew himself. He received at Rouen the complaint of certain Jews, that their children had been seduced to the profession of Christianity. Their petition was supported by a liberal offer of money. One Stephen offered sixty marks for his son's restoration to Judaism, but the son had the courage to resist the imperious monarch. Rufus gave still deeper offence by farming to the Jews the vacant bishoprics."

During this breathing-time from persecution their opulence naturally increased, and with it their unpopularity. The civil wars between Matilda and Stephen had drained the royal coffers; money became more and more imperatively needed; and, following the example of the continental nations, charges the most false, but from their very horror and improbability eagerly credited by the ignorant populace, were promulgated against the Jews, and immense sums extorted from them to purchase remission from suffering and exile. Those who refused acceptance of the royal terms were mercilessly banished, and their estates and other possessions confiscated to the crown.

During the reigns of Stephen and Henry II. these persecutions continued with little intermission, yet still they remained industrious and uncomplaining, eager on every occasion to testify their loyalty and allegiance.

In the last year of Henry II.'s reign (1188), a parliament was convened at Northampton to raise supplies for an expedition to the Holy Land. The whole Christian population were assessed at £70,000, while the Jews alone, in numbers but a very small fraction of the king's native subjects, were burdened with a tax of £60,000; £3330 having been during this one reign already tortured from them. The abandonment of the project, followed as it was by the king's death, prevented this illegal extortion; and it was perhaps from joy at this unexpected relief that the Hebrews thronged in crowds to Westminster to witness the coronation of Richard, sumptuously attired, and bearing rich offerings, to testify their eager desire to conciliate the king.

This, however, was not permitted. The nobles and populace—whose strongest link of union in those days was jealous hatred of a people whose only crime was wealth—resolved on their exclusion. The presence of such ill-omened sorcerers at the coronation, it was declared, would blight every hope of prosperity for the reign, and commands were peremptorily issued that no Jews should be admitted to witness the ceremony. Some few individuals dared the danger of discovery, and made their way within the church. Their boldness was fatal; and not to themselves alone. Insulted and maltreated almost to death, they were dragged from the church, and the signal given for universal outrage. The populace spread through every Jewish quarter, destroying and pillaging without pause, setting even the royal commands at defiance; for avarice and hatred had obtained sole possession of their hearts. For a day and a night these awful scenes continued in London, and not a Jewish dwelling in the city escaped. England was at that time thronged with friars preaching the Crusade; and, as had previously been the case on the continent, they urged the sacrifice of the unbelieving Jews as a fit commencement for their holy expedition. The example of London was held forth as an exhibition of praiseworthy enthusiasm; and at Edmondsbury, Norwich, and Stamford the same scenes of blood and outrage were enacted. At Lincoln the miserable Hebrews obtained protection from the governor. At York, after a vain attempt to check the popular fury, a great number retreated to the castle with their most valuable effects. Those not fortunate or expeditious enough to reach the temporary shelter were all put to the sword, neither age nor sex spared, their riches appropriated, and their dwellings burnt to the ground.

For a short time the castle appeared to promise a secure retreat, but gradually the suspicion spread that the governor was secretly negotiating for their surrender, the price of his treachery being a large portion of their wealth. Whether this suspicion were correct or not was never ascertained, but it worked so strongly on the minds of the Jews, that they seized the first occasion of the governor's absence from the castle, on a visit to the town, to close the gates against him. They then themselves manned the ramparts, and awaited a siege. It happened that the sheriff of the county (without whose permission no measures to recover the castle could be taken) was passing through York with an armed force; the incensed governor instantly applied to him, and demanded the aid of his men. Recollecting the king's attempt to keep peace between his Christian and Jewish subjects in London, the sheriff at first hesitated; but, urged on by the indignant representations of the governor, he at length permitted the assault.

The frantic fury with which the shouting rabble rushed to the attack, the horrid nature of the scenes which he knew must inevitably ensue, caused him, even at that moment, to revoke the order; but it was too late. License once given, the passions of the surging multitude could not be assuaged. The clergy fanned them into yet hotter flame, by encouraging their mad fury as holy zeal, promising salvation to all who shed the blood of a Jew; and themselves, in strange contradiction to the professions signified by the garbs they wore, joining in the affray, and often heading the attack. The unshrinking courage, the noble self-denial and heroic endurance of the hapless Hebrews, could little avail them against the wild excitement and immense multitude of their assailants; yet still they resisted with vigour. Accused as they were of never handling the weapons or experiencing the emotions of the warrior, it was now shown that circumstances and not character were at fault. The spirit of true heroism peculiar to their race in the olden time might indeed *appear* crushed and lost beneath the heavy fetters of oppression, but it burned still, ready to burst into life and energy whenever occasion demanded its display.

Notwithstanding the bold defence of the besieged, resistance was too soon seen to be hopeless, and in stern unbending resolution they assembled in the council-room. Their rabbi (a Hebrew word signifying chief or elder), a man of great learning and eminent virtue, rose up, and with mournful dignity thus addressed them:—"Men of Israel, the God of our ancestors is omniscient, and there is no one who can say, 'What doest thou?' This day he commands us to die for his law—that law which we have cherished from the first hour it was given, which we have preserved pure throughout our captivity in all nations, and for which, for the many consolations it has given us, and the belief in eternal life which it communicates, can we do less than die? Posterity shall behold its solemn truths sealed with our blood; and our death, while it confirms our sincerity, shall impart strength to the wanderers of Israel. Death is before our eyes; we have only to choose an easy and an honourable one. If we fall into the hands of our enemies, which fate you know we cannot elude, our death will be ignominious and cruel; for these Christians, who picture the Spirit of God in a dove, and confide in the meek Jesus, are athirst for our blood, and prowl like wolves around us. Let us escape their tortures, and surrender, as our ancestors have done before us, our lives with our own hands to our Creator. God seems to call for us; let us not be unworthy of that call."

It was a fearful counsel, and the venerable elder himself wept as he ceased to speak; but by far the greater number declared that he had spoken well, and they would abide by his words. The few that hesitated were desired by their chief, if they approved not of his counsel, to depart in peace; and some obeyed. It was night ere the council closed, and during the hours of darkness not a sound betrayed the awful proceedings within the castle to the besiegers. At dawn the multitudes furiously renewed the attack, falling back appalled for the minute by the sight of flames bursting from all parts of the citadel. A few miserable objects rushing to and fro on the battlements also became visible, with wild cries intreating mercy for themselves, imploring baptism rather than death, and relating with groans and lamentations the fate of their companions. The men had all slain their wives and children, and then fallen by each others' hands, the most distinguished receiving the sad honour of death from the sword of their old chief, who was the last to die. Their precious effects were burnt or buried, according as they were combustible or not; so that, when the gates were flung open, and the rabble rushed in, eager to appropriate the wealth which they believed awaited them, they found nothing but heaps of ashes. Maddened with disappointment, all pledges of safety to the survivors, if the gates were opened, were forgotten, and every human being that remained was tortured and slain. Five hundred had already fallen by their own hands, and these voluntary martyrs were mostly men forced by persecution into such mean and servile occupations as to appear incapable of a lofty thought or heroic deed.

No punishment followed the atrocious proceedings at York. The laws of England never interfered in behalf of the king's Jewish subjects, though they would have been somewhat rigidly obeyed had the sufferers been the offenders. On King Richard's return from captivity, the Hebrews were, under certain statutes, acknowledged as the exclusive property of the crown. John commenced his reign with a semblance of extreme lenity towards them. The privileges formerly granted to them by Henry I. were confirmed. They might settle in any part of England, instead of being confined to certain quarters of certain towns; hold lands, and receive mortgages. Their evidence might be taken in courts of justice. All English subjects were commanded to protect their persons and possessions as they would the especial property of the king. Other laws equally lenient were issued; and, misled by such favourable appearances, many of the continental Hebrews flocked to England. This increase of Jewish population of course materially increased Jewish wealth; the hatred of the people was anew excited, and several indignities were perpetrated against the Jews. The king wrote a strong rebuke to the perpetrators; and then, at the very time that the Jews were rejoicing at this undeniable proof of his sincerity, and their own security, completely changed his policy, and from the extreme of lenity proceeded to the extreme of rigour. He had, in fact, only favoured them to multiply their wealth, and then revelled in its seizure; glad that there were now some possessions he could appropriate without any interference from the pope. The unhappy Israelites were imprisoned, tortured, murdered, and their treasures all confiscated to the crown. A Jew of Bristol having refused to betray his hoards, was condemned to have a tooth pulled out every day until he should yield. The man suffered seven of his teeth to be extracted before he complied: the king gained 10,000 marks by his cruel device. In the war between John and his barons they were persecuted by both parties—by the king for their wealth; by the barons, because they were vassals of the king. Even the stern and noble assertors of liberty, the heroes of the Magna Charta, seeking justice and freedom for all classes of Englishmen, had no pity for the wretched Jews; seizing their possessions, and demolishing their homes, to repair the walls of London, which had been greatly injured in the civil war.

The guardians of England during the reign of Henry III. sought in some degree to meliorate the condition of the Jews. Twenty-four burgesses of every town, where they resided, were appointed to protect their persons and property; but the protection even of royalty could avail little when every class of men conspired to detest and oppress them. The merchants were jealous of the privileges permitting the Jews to buy and sell. The people hated them, from the idle tales of horrible crimes attributed to them, which had no foundation whatever in truth, but which ignorance and prejudice not only believed, but so magnified and multiplied as to cause them to be inseparably associated with the word Jew. The clergy—men who, both professors and preachers of a religion of peace, should have been the first to protect the injured, and calm the turbulent passions of the populace—were the constant incitors to persecution and cruelty, believing, by a most extraordinary hallucination, that to maltreat the Jew was the surest evidence of Christian zeal.

The guardians of the young king had, however, so guided him, that for a brief interval after attaining his majority, the royal protection shielded the Jews in some measure from popular oppression. But this was only until the king's coffers became impoverished: when these were empty, the only means of refilling them was to follow the example of his predecessors, and by fair means or foul, extort money from the Jews. In this reign alone, the enormous sum of 170,000 marks was, under various pretences and various cruelties, wrung from them; and when all other means of extortion seemed exhausted, an extraordinary spectacle was displayed in the convention of a Jewish parliament. The sheriffs of the different towns had orders to return six of the wealthiest and most influential Jews from the larger cities, and two from the smaller. In those times almost the only function of a parliament was to *vote supplies;* this Jewish parliament, therefore, in being informed by the sovereign that he must have 20,000 marks from the Jews of England, served for the Jewish part of the population pretty nearly the same purpose as the ordinary parliament served for the rest of the community. The assembled members were probably left to decide the amount of assessment which the various ranks of Jews should pay, so as to make up the total sum required; and as this right of proportioning the assessment was generally the only right exercised by ancient parliaments, properly so called, the particular hardship of the Jews, as compared with their fellow-subjects, consisted not in having no liberty of refusal—for that is a liberty which only modern parliaments have acquired—but in the enormous sum demanded from them, and in the rigours which they knew would be employed to enforce its speedy collection. Assembled, and made aware of the demand which was made upon them, the unfortunate Jewish representatives were dismissed to collect the money from their own resources as speedily as possible; and because it was not forthcoming as quickly as was requisite for the royal necessities, all their possessions were seized, and their families imprisoned.

Believing, at length, that their wealth must be exhausted by such demands, or weary of the trouble of extortion, Henry consummated his acts of oppression by actually selling his Jewish subjects, their persons and effects, to his brother Richard, Earl of Cornwall, for 5000 marks. The records of this disgraceful bargain are still preserved; and that the king had power to conclude it, marks the oppressed and fearful position of this hapless people more emphatically than any lengthened narrative. Yet the barbarity of the sovereign met with universal approbation; the wretchedness of the victims with neither sympathy nor commiseration.

On the election of Richard of Cornwall as king of the Romans, the Jews became again the property of the crown, and were again sold by Henry. This time their purchaser was the heir to the throne, Prince Edward, by whom they were sold, to still better advantage, to the merchants of Dauphine; and this traffic was actually the sale and purchase of human beings, in all respects like ourselves, gifted with immortal souls, intelligent minds, and the tenderest affections. Husbands, fathers, sons, wives, mothers, innocent childhood, and helpless age. The sufferers were inoffensive and unobtrusive, seeking no vengeance, patient, and even cringing under all their injuries. Of all the crimes imputed to them, and some of these were of the most horrible nature, not one appears ever to have been really proved against them, except, perhaps, that of clipping the coin of the realm; and even on this point the evidence is not clear. And yet, had all the accusations against them been true, one could hardly have wondered, considering their treatment.

After the battle of Lewes, reports became current that the Hebrews at Northampton, Lincoln, and London had sided with the king against the barons. This of course roused the latter in their turn to plunder and destroy; while Henry annulled his bargain with his son, and for a while treated them with greater lenity. But again one of the usual excuses for persecution—insult offered by the Jews to some symbol reverenced by the Catholics—found voice, and not only were extortions renewed, but a solemn statute was passed, disqualifying the Jews from possessing any lands or even dwellings. They might not erect any new habitations, only repair their present homes, or rebuild on the same foundations.

All lands and manors already in their hands were violently wrested from them; and those held in mortgages returned to their owners without any interest on the bonds. All arrears of charges were demanded, and imprisonment threatened if payment were postponed. An extortion apparently more oppressive than all the rest, as we find the distress it occasioned amongst the Jews actually moved the pity of their rivals, the Caorsini bankers, and of the friars, their deadliest foes.

The death of Henry was so far a reprieve that the above-named extortion was suspended; but the accession of Edward I. only aggravated their social bondage. Laws as severe, if not more severe in some respects than those of previous sovereigns, were issued against them, followed by an act of parliament prohibiting all usury, and desiring the Jews to confine themselves to the pursuits of traffic, manufactures, and agriculture; for which last, though they could not hold, they might hire farms for fifteen years. But how could men, debarred so long from similar occupations, so debased by oppression, with minds so disabled, as to render it difficult for them to commence any new pursuit, obey so violent a decree? Had they received the fit education for traffic, manufactures, and agriculture *before* the laws commanding such employments were passed, there would have been many glad and eager to obey them; but, as it was, obedience was impossible. That usurers and Jews in the dark ages were synonymous, and that the Jews in their capacity of money-lenders did exhibit an extraordinary spirit of rapacity and extortion, cannot be denied. But although this spirit of money-making, even by methods esteemed dishonourable, characterising, as it did, the Jews of the Roman empire, as well as those of Europe in the middle ages, must be referred partly to an inherent national bent; there can be no doubt that much of the meanness and criminality displayed by the Jews of the middle ages, in their quest of wealth, is attributable to the binding oppression which absolutely fettered them to that one pursuit. Even if there were times when a Shylock pressed for his pound of flesh, when it would have been nobler to show mercy, was it unnatural? Can we ever expect oppression to create kindness—social cruelty to bring forth social love?

After eighteen years of persecution, little varied in its nature and its causes from the persecutions of previous reigns, the seal was set on Jewish misery by an edict of total expulsion, issued in 1290. All their property was seized except a very scanty supply, supposed sufficient to transport them to other lands. No reason was given for this barbarous proceeding. The charge previously brought against them of clipping and adulterating the coin of the realm, for which 280 had been executed in London alone, was never fully proved; nor, as might naturally have been expected, had the charge been really true, was it made the cause of their expulsion. A people's unfounded hate, and a monarch's cruel pleasure, exposed 16,511 human beings to all the miseries of exile. There were very few countries which were not equally inhospitable; for edicts of expulsion had gone forth from many of the continental kingdoms. Even if they could find other homes, the confiscation of all their property before they left England exposed them to multiplied sufferings, which no individual efforts could assuage; and the loss of life ever attendant on these wholesale expulsions is fearful. The greater number probably never lived to reach another shore; and to what retreats those who were more fortunate betook themselves, history does not say. From this date (1290), therefore, all trace of the English Jews, properly so called, is lost.

Their great synagogue, situated in Old Jewry, was seized by an order of friars, called Fratres de Sacra or De Pententia, who had not been long established in England. In 1305, Robert Fitzwalter, the greater banner-bearer of the city, and whose house it adjoined, requested, we are told by the old chroniclers, that it might be assigned to him; a request no doubt complied with in return for a good round sum of money. During the fifteenth century it belonged to two or three successive mayors, and was ultimately degraded into a tavern, known by the sign of the Windmill. The locality of this early Jewish house of worship, however, still retains its name and associations as Old Jewry.

Their valuable libraries at Stamford and Oxford were appropriated by the neighbouring monasteries. From that at Oxford, fifty years previous to their expulsion, Roger Bacon is said to have derived much of that chemical and astronomical information which enabled him to startle the age in which he lived by the boldness and novelty of his views. The Babylonian Talmud, a series of gigantic tomes, of which, and of lesser works compiled from them, the Jewish libraries were composed, contained elaborate treatises on the various sciences which occupied the attention of the learned in the middle ages; including of course magic and astrology; and as it was to the Franciscan convent at Oxford, by which the Hebrew library had been appropriated, that Roger Bacon retreated on his return to England from Paris, it is by no means improbable that he may have been indebted to the Hebrew books thus placed within his reach.

From the year 1290 to 1655 the shores of Great Britain were closed against the Jews. No attempt ever appears to have been made on their part to revoke the order of expulsion. Oppression, perhaps, had left too blackened traces on their memories for England to be regarded with that strong feeling of local attachment which bound them, even after expulsion, so closely to Portugal and Spain. In France they were once and again recalled after being expelled. In the German and Italian states they were constantly persecuted and murdered by thousands, but never cast forth from the soil. In Spain and Portugal they had always held the highest offices, not only in the schools, but in the state and the camp; nay, royalty itself, in more than one instance, was closely connected with Jewish blood. Oppressive exactments and degrading distinctions were frequently made, but never interfered with the positions of trust and dignity which the larger portion of the nation enjoyed; so that when the edict of their universal expulsion from the peninsula came in 1492, there was no galling remembrance of debasing misery to conquer the love of fatherland, so fondly fostered in every human heart. Notwithstanding the danger from the constant dread of death, if discovered, secret Jews peopled the most Catholic kingdoms of Portugal and Spain. The extraordinary skill and ingenuity with which these Spanish and Portuguese Jews preserved their secret, and their numerous expedients for the strictest adherence to their ancient religion, under the semblance of most orthodox Catholicism, constitute a romance in history. If ever exposed to the suspicion of the Inquisition, however, the love of land was sacrificed to personal security; the suspected individuals taking refuge either in Holland, or in some of the newly-discovered East and West

India Islands, and there making public profession of their ancient faith.

Joseph Ben Israel was one of these fugitives. He was a Portuguese Jew, and a resident of Lisbon. Suspicion of secretly following Judaism having fallen upon him, he was twice incarcerated by the Inquisition, and twice released, from the impossibility of proving the charge against him. When confined within those dangerous precincts a third time, he would not wait another examination, but succeeded in scaling the walls of his prison, and secretly flying from Portugal, bearing with him his young son Menasseh. At Amsterdam, where Ben Israel settled, both father and son received the peculiar covenant of their faith, and publicly avowed and confessed it. In the Jewish college of that city Menasseh Ben Israel received his education; and so remarkable was his progress in the difficult studies of the Hebrew Accolyte, that when only seventeen he succeeded his master, Isaac Uzieli, as preacher in the synagogue and expounder of the Talmud, and commenced the then difficult task of arranging and amplifying the scanty rules of the Hebrew language in the form of a grammar—a work obtaining him much fame, not only from the extreme youth of the writer, but also for the assistance it rendered to the learned men of all countries in the attaining of a language so little known, yet so much valued. The grammar was speedily followed by numerous other works, written both in Spanish and Latin. Their subject is mostly theology; but Ben Israel's own learning was not confined to sacred subjects alone. Well versed in Hebrew, Greek, Arabic, Latin, Spanish, and Portuguese, he not only wrote these languages with ease and fluency, but was well acquainted with the literature of each, and had thus, by extensive culture and thought on a great variety of subjects, acquired larger views and sentiments than were possessed by the generality of his race.

The confiscation of all his paternal property at Lisbon compelled him to resort to commerce—an interruption to his literary pursuits which he would have gladly eluded; but, already a husband and a father, he met the necessity cheerfully, and soon became as influential and as highly respected in commercial affairs as in literature; in which, notwithstanding the many and pressing calls of business, he never allowed his labours to relax. After the marriage of his daughter, he visited, partly for pleasure and partly on business, the Brazils, where his brother-in-law and partner resided. It was a very unusual thing in those days for any Hebrew to travel: the minute and numerous ordinances of the Talmud interfering too closely with daily life, and rendering it difficult to obey them anywhere save in cities, where there were communities of Jews.

But Menasseh Ben Israel, while he gloried in being inwardly and outwardly a follower of the Hebrew faith, had a mind capable of distinguishing between the form and the spirit. The death of his eldest son, a youth of great promise, occurred soon after his return from Brazil, and caused him such intense grief, as, according to his own acknowledgment, to render him incapable of the least mental exertion. His only comfort and resource was the perusal of that Holy Book which had been the origin and end of all his studies. It did not fail him in his grief; and after some severe struggles, energy returned.

His literary fame had procured him the intimacy and friendship of the most eminent and learned men throughout Europe. Amongst these was John Thurloe, who, in the year 1651, had gone to the Hague as secretary to St John and Strickland, ambassadors from England to the states of the United Provinces. During his stay in Holland he became acquainted with Ben Israel, and with his earnest but then apparently fruitless wishes for the readmission of his nation into England. In 1653, Thurloe became secretary of state to Cromwell; and, discovering the enlarged and liberal ideas which the Protector individually entertained, he ventured, on his own responsibility, to invite Menasseh Ben Israel to the court of England, and introduced him to Cromwell in 1655. The independence, the amiable qualities, and the great learning of the Jewish stranger, obtained Cromwell's undisguised friendship and regard. Three hundred and sixty-five years had elapsed since a Jew had stood on British ground; and during that interval many changes and improvements, national and social, had taken place. The reformation had freed England from the galling fetters of ignorance and superstition which must ever attend the general suppression of the word of truth. Increase of toleration towards the Jews was already visible in those parts of the continent which were under Protestant jurisdiction; and it was therefore extremely natural in Menasseh Ben Israel to regard England as one of those favourite countries of Providence, where his brethren might enjoy security and rest.

Whether or not a formal act of readmission was passed during the Protectorship, is to this day a question. On the 4th of December 1655 a council was held at Whitehall, composed of the Lord Chief-Justice Glynn, Lord-Chief Baron Steele, the lord mayor and sheriffs of London, and sundry merchants and divines, to consider the proposals of Menasseh Ben Israel, which may be condensed into the following:—1. That the Hebrew nation should be received and admitted into the commonwealth under the express protection of his highness, who was intreated to command all generals and heads of armies, under oath, to defend them as his other English subjects on all occasions. 2. That public synagogues, and the proper observance of their religion, should be allowed the Jews, not only in England, but in all countries under English jurisdiction. 3. That a cemetery or grave-yard out of the town should be allowed them, without hindrance from any. 4. That they should be permitted to merchandise as others. 5. That a person of quality should be appointed to receive the passports of all foreign Jews who might land in England, and oblige them by oath to maintain fealty to the commonwealth. 6. That licence should be granted to the heads of the synagogue, with the assistance of officers from their own nation, to judge and determine all differences according to the Mosaic law, with liberty to appeal thence to the civil judges of the land. 7. That in case there should be any laws against the nation still existing, they should, in the first place, and before all things, be revoked, that by such means the Jews might remain in greater security under the safeguard and protection of his serene highness.

The council met again on the 7th, 12th, and 14th of December, on the last of which days, according to some authorities, the Jews were formally admitted; but, according to others, the council reassembled on the 18th, and dissolved without either adjournment or decision, the judges only declaring that there was *no* law prohibiting the return of the Jews. Burton, in his History of Oliver Cromwell, relates that the divines were divided in opinion; but on some asserting that the Scriptures promised their conversion, the Protector replied, "that if there were such promise, means must be taken to accomplish it, which is the preaching of the gospel; and that cannot be had, unless they were admitted where the gospel was publicly preached."

Thomas Violet, a goldsmith, drew up a petition in 1660 to Charles II. and his parliament, intreating that the Jews might be expelled from England, and their property confiscated; and in this petition he asserts that, in consequence of the decided disapproval of the clergy in the celebrated council of 1655, the proposal for their readmission had been totally laid aside. Bishop Burnett, in his "History of his own Times," refutes this assertion, and declares that, after attentively hearing the debates, Cromwell and his council freely granted Ben Israel's requests; and this appears really to have been the case, for the very next year, 1656, a synagogue for the Spanish and Portuguese Jews was erected in King's Street, Duke's Place, and a burial-ground at Mile End, now the site of the hospital for the same congregation, taken on a lease for nine hundred and ninety-nine years.

Leaving the question, then, as to whether or not an act of readmission really passed, it is evident that the deed of toleration, granted from the Protector individually, did as much for the real interests of the Jews as any formal parliamentary enactment. From that time the Jewish nation have found a secure and peaceful home, not in England alone, but in all the British possessions. We shall perceive, as we proceed, that prejudice was still often and violently at work against them; but though it embittered their social position, it did not interfere with their personal security, or prevent the public observance of their faith.

The pen of Menasseh Ben Israel had not been idle during this period of solicitation and suspense. Under the title of "Vindicie Judæorum" ("Defence of the Jews"), he published a work in which he ably and fully refuted the infamous charges which in darker ages had been levelled against his brethren. He had received, too, his degree as physician; and thus united the industry and information requisite for three professions—literature, commerce, and medicine. "He was a man," we are told, "without passion, without levity, and without opulence." Persevering and independent, full of kindly affection, and susceptible of strong emotion, with all the loftiness of the Spanish character, tempered, however, with qualities which gained for him the regard of the best and most learned men of his age. He did not continue in England—though it has been said he was solicited to do so by Cromwell—but rejoined his brother at Middleburg in Zealand, where he died in the year 1657.

The reign of Charles II. beheld the Jews frequently attacked and seriously annoyed by popular prejudice; but their actual position as British subjects remained undisturbed. Thomas Violet's petition we have already noticed; but its vindictive spirit did harm only to its originator. Four years afterwards, the security of their persons and property being threatened, they appealed to the king, who declared in council, that as long as they demeaned themselves peaceably, and with submission to the laws, they should continue to receive the same favours as formerly. At Surinam, the following year, the British government, by proclamation, confirmed all their privileges, guaranteed the full enjoyment and free exercise of their religion, rites, and ceremonies; adding, that any summons issued against them on their Sabbaths and holidays should be null and void; and that, except on urgent occasions, they should not be called upon for any public duties on those days. That civil cases should be decided by their elders, and that they might bequeath their property according to their own law of inheritance. All foreign Jews settling there were recognised as British-born subjects, and included in the above-enumerated privileges. As a proof how strongly the affections of the Hebrews were engaged towards England by this exhibition of tolerance, we may mention that when Surinam was conquered by, and finally ceded to the Dutch, although their privileges were all confirmed by the conquerors, they gave up their homes, synagogues, and lands, and braved all the discomforts of removal, and settled in Jamaica and other English colonies, rather than live under a government hostile to Great Britain.*

In 1673 we find prejudice again busy, in an indictment, charging the Jews with unlawfully meeting for public worship.

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* Surinam, or Dutch Guiana, situated on the north-eastern coast of South America, is still almost peopled with Jews; but they are emigrants from the Dutch possessions in Europe, not descendants of the former Anglo-Jewish settlers.

They again unhesitatingly appealed to the king, petitioning that, during their stay in England, they might be unmolested, or that time might be allowed them to withdraw from the country. Charles, pursuing his previous policy, peremptorily commanded that all proceedings against them should cease; and during the remainder of his reign no further molestation occurred.

On the accession of James II. old prejudices were renewed, and thirty-seven Jewish merchants were arrested on the Exchange for no crime or fault, but simply from their non-attendance on any church. Certain writs in statute 23 of Elizabeth, instituted, probably, to suppress innovations in Protestantism, were the pretext for this aggression. James, as his brother had done, befriended the Jews; and summoning a council composed of the highest dignitaries of his realm, both church and laymen, declared "that they should not be troubled on this account, but they should quietly enjoy the free exercise of their religion as long as they behaved themselves dutifully and obediently to the government."

The foregoing was the last public annoyance to which they were subjected in England. In 1690, indeed, a petition was sent to King William III. from the council of Jamaica, that all Jews should be made to quit the island; but it was positively refused. And we infer that King William's sentiments towards the Israelites must have been even more favourable than those of his predecessors, from the circumstance that a great increase of Jews took place in England during his reign. Until this reign, one synagogue had sufficed; the service and laws of which were conducted according to the principles of the Spanish Jews. In 1692 the first German synagogue was erected in Broad Court, Duke's Place; and from that time two distinct bodies of Jews, known as Spanish and Portuguese, German and Dutch, have been naturalised in England. No new privileges were granted them, however, during the reigns of either William or Anne.

It is not till the ninth year of George I., 1723, that we can discover a parliamentary acknowledgment of their being British subjects; granting them a privilege, which, in the present age, it would appear meagre enough, but which, at the time of its bestowal, marked a very decided advance in popular enlightenment. "Whenever any of his *majesty's subjects*, professing the *Jewish religion*, shall present themselves to take the oath of adjuration, the words on the *faith of a Christian* shall be omitted out of the said oath; and the taking of it by such persons professing the Jewish religion without the words aforesaid, in the manner as Jews are admitted to be sworn to give evidence in the courts of justice, shall be deemed a sufficient taking."

In the reign of George II., 1740, another act of parliament passed, recognising all Jews who resided in the American colonies, or had served as mariners during the war two years in British ships, as "natural born subjects, without taking the sacrament." Thirteen years afterwards, the naturalisation bill passed, but was repealed the year following, according to the petitions of the city of London, and other English towns. Since then the Jews have gradually gained ground in social consideration; but all attempts to place them on an exact equality with other British subjects of all religious denominations, by removing the disabilities which the more fondly they cling to the land of their adoption, the more heavily oppress them, have as yet been unavailing.

By the multitudes, the Jews are still considered aliens and foreigners; supposed to be separated by an antiquated creed and peculiar customs from sympathy and fellowship—little known and still less understood. Yet they are, in fact, Jews only in their religion—Englishmen in everything else. In point of fact, therefore, the disabilities under which the Jews of Great Britain labour are the last relic of religious intolerance. That which they chiefly complain of is, being subjected to take an oath contrary to their religious feelings when appointed to certain offices. In being called to the bar, this oath, as a matter of courtesy, is not pressed, and a periodical act of indemnity shelters the delinquent. Jews, therefore, now practise at the bar, but only by sufferance. The same indulgence has not been extended to entering parliament, and consequently no Jew is practically eligible as a member of the House of Commons. Is it not discreditable to the common sense of the age that such anomalies should exist in reference to this well-disposed and, in every respect, naturalised portion of the community?

SOCIAL ARRANGEMENTS OF THE ENGLISH JEWS.

In externals, and in all secular thoughts and actions, the English naturalised Jew is, as already mentioned, an Englishman, and his family is reared with the education and accomplishments of other members of the community. Only in some private and personal characteristics, and in religious belief, does the Jew differ from his neighbours. Many of the British Jews are descended from families who resided some time in Spain; others trace their origin to families from Germany. There have always been some well-defined differences in the appearance, the language, and the manners of these two classes. The Spanish Hebrews had occupied so high a position in Spain and Portugal, that even in their compulsory exile their peculiarly high and honourable principles, their hatred of all meanness, either in thought or act, their wealth, their exclusiveness, and strong attachment to each other, caused their community to resemble a little knot of Spanish princes, rather than the cowed and bending bargain-seeking individuals usually known as Jews.

The constant and enslaving persecution of the German Hebrews had naturally enough produced on their characters a very different effect. Nothing degrades the moral character more effectually than debasing treatment. To regard an individual as incapable of honour, charity, and truth, as always seeking to gratify personal interest, is more than likely to make him such. Confined to degrading employment, with minds narrowed, as the natural consequence—allowed no other pursuit than that of usury, with its minor branches, pawnbroking and old clothes selling—it was not very strange, that when the German Hebrews did make their way into England, and were compelled, for actual subsistence, still to follow these occupations, that their brethren from Spain should keep aloof, and shrink from all connexion with them. Time, however, looks on many curious changes: not only are the mutual prejudices of the Jews subsiding, but the position of the two parties is transposed. The Germans, making good use of peace and freedom, have advanced, not in wealth alone (for that even when oppressed, they contrived to possess), but in enlightenment, influence, and respectability. Time, and closer connexions with the Spanish Hebrews, will no doubt produce still further improvements.

These distinguishing characteristics, which we have just pointed out, belong, with some modifications, to the poor as well as the rich of these two Jewish sects. The faults of the poor Spanish and Portuguese Jews are so exactly similar to those of the lower orders of the native Spaniards, that they can easily be traced to their long naturalisation in that country. Pride is their predominant and most unhappy failing; for it not only prevents their advancing themselves, either socially or mentally, but renders powerless every effort made for their improvement. The Germans, more willing to work, and push forward their own fortunes, and less scrupulous as to the means they employ, are more successful as citizens, and as a class are less difficult to guide. Both parties would be improved by the interchange of qualities. And comparing the present with the past, there is some reason to believe that this union will be effected on British ground, and that the idle distinctions of Spanish and Portuguese, Dutch and German, will be lost and consolidated in the proud designation of British Jews.

The domestic manners of both the German and the Spanish Jews in Great Britain, are so exactly similar to those of their British brethren, that were it not for the observance of the seventh day instead of the first, the prohibition of certain meats, and the celebration of certain solemn festivals and rites, it would be difficult to distinguish a Jewish from a native household. The characteristics so often assigned to them in tales professing to introduce a Jew or a Jewish family, are almost all incorrect, being drawn either from the impressions of the past, or from some special case, or perhaps from attention to some Pole, Spaniard, or Turk, who may just as well be a Polish or Spanish Christian, or Turkish Mussulman, as a Jew. These great errors in delineation arise from the supposition, that because they are Hebrews they must be different from any other race. They *are* distinct in feature and religion, but in nothing else. Like the rest of the human race, they are, as individuals, neither wholly good nor wholly bad; as a people, their virtues very greatly predominate. Even in the lowest and most degraded classes, we never find those awful crimes with which the public records teem. A Jewish murderer, adulterer, burglar, or even petty thief, is actually unknown. This may perhaps arise from the fact, that the numerous and well-ordered charities of the Jews prevent those horrible cases of destitution, and the consequent temptations to sin, from which such a mass of crime proceeds. A Jewish beggar by profession is a character unheard of; nor do we ever find the blind or deformed belonging to this people lingering about the streets. The virtues of the Jews are essentially of the domestic and social kind. The English are noted for the comfort and happiness of their firesides, and in this loveliest school of virtue, the Hebrews not only equal, but in some instances surpass, their neighbours. From the highest classes to the most indigent, affection, reverence, and tenderness mark their domestic intercourse. Three, sometimes four generations, may be found dwelling together—the woman performing the blended duties of parent, wife, and child; the man those of husband, father, and son. As members of a community, they are industrious, orderly, temperate, and contented; as citizens, they are faithful, earnest, and active; as the native denizens of Great Britain, ever ready to devote their wealth and personal service in the cause of their adopted land.

Both the Spanish and German congregations have their respective charities, either founded by benevolent individuals, or supported by voluntary contributions and annual subscriptions. There are schools for poor children of both sexes and all ages, from the infant too young to walk, to the youth or maiden ready for apprenticeship; orphan asylums and orphan societies for clothing, educating, maintaining, and apprenticing both male and female orphans; hospitals for the sick, comprising also establishments for lying-in women, and an asylum for the aged; societies, far too numerous to specify by name, for clothing the poor; for relieving by donations of meat, bread, and coals; for cheering the needy at festivals; for visiting and relieving poor women, when confined, at their own dwellings, and enabling them to adhere to the rites of their religion in naming their infants; for allowing the indigent blind a certain sum weekly, which they forfeit if ever seen begging about the streets; for granting loans to the industrious poor, or gifts if needed; for outfitting boys who are to quit the country, and granting rewards for good behaviour to servants and apprentices; for furnishing persons to sit up with the sick poor, and granting a certain sum for the maintenance of poor families during the seven days' mourning for the dead, a period by the Jews always kept sacred;

for relieving distressed aliens of the Jewish persuasion; and, amongst the Portuguese, for granting marriage-portions, twice in the year, to one or more fatherless girls, and for giving pensions to widows. There are also almshouses for twenty-four poor women annexed to the Spanish and Portuguese synagogue, and others in Globe Lane for ten respectable poor families of the same congregation; and not many years ago, a philanthropic individual (A. L. Moses, Esq. of Aldgate) erected almshouses for twelve poor families of the German congregation, with a synagogue attached, in Bethnal Green Road, at his own sole expense.

When we remember how small is the number of Jewish denizens in the great city of London, compared with its Christian population, and observe the variety and number of these charities, we are surely borne out in our assertion, that benevolence is a very marked characteristic of the Jews. Nor is it a virtue confined to the rich. Beautiful is that charity which is shown by the poor to the poor, and it is in this that the Jews excel. To relieve the needy, and open the hand wide to their poor brother, is a repeatedly-enforced command of their religion, which they literally and lovingly obey. On the eve of their great festival, the Passover, the door of the poorest dwelling may be found open, an extra plate, knife, and fork laid on the frugal table; and whoever needs food, or even lodging, for that holy festival, may freely enter and appropriate to himself the reserved seat. That he may be quite a stranger is of little consequence; he is a Hebrew, and needy, and is therefore welcome to the same fare as the family themselves partake.

Nor are these charities confined only to their own race; they never refuse assistance, according to their means, whatever may be the creed. Neither prejudiced nor penurious in calls of philanthropy, their heart is open as their hand; and if they amass gold too eagerly, the fault is in some degree atoned by the use to which it is applied. Nor can it be doubted that as time rolls on, and even the remembrance of persecution is lost in the peace and freedom which will be secured them, the mind as well as the heart will be enlarged; and that while they shall still retain their energy and skill on the Exchange and in the mart, literature and art will enliven and dignify their hours at home. We may mention as a hopeful symptom the recent establishment of the "Jews' and General Literary and Scientific Institution" (the Sussex Hall of Leadenhall Street). Here Spanish and German Jews meet on common ground; classes, lectures, and an excellent library are open alike to the artisan, the tradesman, the merchant, the professor, and the idler; and from the eagerness with which all classes avail themselves of the advantages afforded by the institution, it would appear that its value is duly appreciated.

The domestic government of the Hebrews is very simple

Each synagogue is, as it were, a little independent state, governed by a sort of parliament, consisting of *parnassim* or wardens, *gaboy* or treasurer, and elders, with an attendant secretary, the congregation of the synagogue being like the members of a state. The wardens have the general superintendence of all the affairs of the congregation: the treasurer, the charge of all the sums coming into his hands for the use of the congregation, and of their expenditure. These officers are elected yearly—two wardens being chosen about Easter, which is generally the time of the Jewish Passover; and two more, and the treasurer, about Michaelmas, at the conclusion of the Jewish feast of Tabernacles. Four wardens, or parnassim, therefore, act together; each performing the part of president three months alternately, and during the time of his presidency, considered as the civil head of the little community, and receiving certain honours accordingly.

The wardens and treasurer, attended by the secretary, whose business it is to take note of their proceedings, and bring cases before them for their consideration, meet once or twice a-week in a large chamber adjoining the synagogue, to make grants of monies, distribute relief, and endeavour, by strict examination and impartial judgment, to settle all causes and disputes according to the laws, institutions, and penalties of the Jewish state (that is, synagogue), and so prevent the scandal of bringing petty offences and domestic differences before the English law. If, however, they cannot succeed in making peace, or the offence is of so grave a nature as to interfere with the British laws, the offender is indicted before the lord mayor, and must take his trial as any other English subject.

When questions of general importance are agitated, the gaboy, or treasurer, summon the elders to monthly meetings; where, in conjunction with the wardens, the subject is discussed, and decided by a majority. If the votes are equal, the president is allowed the casting vote in addition to his own; but all resolutions passed at one meeting must be confirmed in the next, to be considered valid.

No member of the synagogue can be an elder, unless he has served or been elected a warden or treasurer; but there are some meetings to which, in the Spanish congregation, all the members of the synagogue are summoned, women as well as men; all, in short, of either sex who pay a tax to the synagogue; the paying of which tax, or *finta*, as it is called, constitutes a member. There is no fixed assessment, but each member is taxed according to his means.

These remarks, however, refer principally to the Spanish and Portuguese congregation; the Dutch and German differs in some minor points, such as having three wardens instead of four, who serve sometimes two years instead of one. And in addition to the wardens and treasurer, they have an overseer of the poor and seven elders, who are annually elected from the members of the vestry, and regularly attend at monthly or vestry meetings; forming, with the honorary officers, wardens, &c. a committee, who deliberate on all matters essential to the congregation. The vestry of the Germans, like the elders of the Portuguese, consists of such members as have previously been elected to the honorary offices. Their duty is to attend all special and quarterly meetings for the general government of the synagogue.

In both synagogues, Spanish and German, all members residing within twelve miles of the synagogue are eligible for either of the honorary offices, and are elected by ballot; the president in this, as in other cases, having the casting vote. No election is considered valid without a majority of seven votes. The individual elected may or may not accept, but is subject to a fine if he refuse, unless incapacitated for the duties of the office by ill health or old age. Persons above seventy years of age are exempted from the fine.

In London, we might almost say in England, there is but one Spanish and Portuguese synagogue; that founded by Menasseh Ben Israel in the time of Cromwell. The Germans have so multiplied, that not only have they four or five synagogues in London, but form a congregation in almost every provincial town. It is a rare occurrence to find a family of Spanish or Portuguese extraction established elsewhere than in London; but wherever the Germans can discover an opening for business, there they will be found active and persevering, self-satisfied and happy; ever on the alert for the increase of wealth, and not over-scrupulous as to the means of its acquirement. The synagogues and Jewish congregations, therefore, in the provincial towns, it should be remembered, all belong to this body, and must not be considered as representatives of *all* the British Jews. Each synagogue belonging to the Germans has its own government of honorary officers, &c. who superintend the affairs of their own congregations, rich and poor. Formerly they were all considered tributary to the great synagogue of Duke's Place; but they are now independent, and the bond of union being one of amity and not of restraint, their individual and several interests have been preserved in mutual harmony.

In addition to the already-mentioned officers, each synagogue has two or more deputies, elected every seven years, as representatives of the Jewish nation to the British government. Their duty is to take cognisance of all political and statistical matters concerning the Hebrew communities throughout the British empire. In cases of general national importance, they meet together, consult, and then reporting the result of their deliberations to their elders and constituents, for such in fact are the several congregations by whom they are elected, and, receiving their assent, they proceed to act on the measures proposed. On all occasions of public rejoicing, as in the accession of a sovereign or national victory, &c. it is the office of the deputies to address the sovereign in the name of all their brethren; and in cases of petitions for increased privileges for themselves, or relief for their oppressed nation in other lands—as at the time of the Damascus persecution, or the recent Russian ukase—it is their duty to wait upon the premier, or any of the ministers in office, and request their interference.

JEWS OF CONTINENTAL EUROPE.

In the treatment of the Jews, Great Britain at present occupies a position between the United States of North America, France, and Belgium, on the one hand, and Germany and Russia, with some other countries, on the other. In the United States, Jews are eligible to all civil offices; and there it is far from uncommon to find Jews performing the functions of judges of the higher courts, sheriffs, and members of congress. All this is exactly as it should be. In France, Jews are likewise eligible for civil offices without violation of conscience; and also in Belgium, the Jews are not proscribed in the manner they too frequently have been.

Religious toleration cannot be said to extend farther in continental Europe than through France and the Netherlands. As respects the treatment of Jews, most continental nations are still less or more floundering in the darkness of the middle ages. In many nations the Jews are still liable to insults, oppressions, banishment, and even at intervals to torture and massacre. The same charge of kidnapping and murdering Christian children is in Poland, Prussia, and many parts of Germany, constantly fulminated against them—rousing the easily-kindled wrath and hate of the more ignorant, and occasioning such assaults as frequently demand the interference of the military to subdue—and the subsequent discovery that the supposed victim of Jewish bloodthirstiness has fled from the cruelty of Christian masters, found refuge, and kindness, and food in the Jewish households, to which he may have been tracked, and escaped thence, with their friendly aid, into the open country, where, happily for the release of his benefactors from unsparing slaughter, he is discovered and brought back. Repeatedly, however, as this occurs, and not only the innocence but the benevolence of the Jews publicly established, it has no power to prevent the repetition of the same charges whenever a Christian child disappears: a perseverance in prejudice and perversion of humanity scarcely credible in the present day, but proved only too true by the constant witness of the continental press.

It is very difficult to obtain a just and correct view of the domestic history of the Jews on the continent: scarcely possible, in fact, except by a residence of some weeks in the midst of them. Travellers notice them so casually, and these notices are so coloured with the individual feelings with which they are viewed, that we can glean no satisfactory information except as to their social position, which has been always that of a people apart. The less privileges they enjoy, the more marked of course this separation becomes. The prejudice on both sides is strengthened; and to penetrate the sanctuary of domestic life and their national government, is impossible. In France and Belgium, as we have seen in England, they are only Jews in the peculiar forms and observances of their religion: in everything else of domestic, social, or public life, they are as completely children of the soil as their Christian brethren. Elsewhere on the continent, they are so marked by degrading ordinances, even to their modes of dress, and the localities of their dwellings, that their individual and social identity is known at once, and they are shunned and hated as possessors of the plague. In Rome, the Jews are still confined to one quarter of the town, called the Ghett, which several months in the year is so completely inundated, as only to permit egress and ingress by means of boats. In the other towns of Italy, though the quarters of the towns assigned them may be somewhat less unhealthy, their social position is the same. In Austria, though Francis I., and after him Joseph II., sought to meliorate their condition, the endeavour does not appear to have been continued; for the humiliating and distressing liabilities to which they are subject in the empire have degraded them to the lowest ebb, and, except in a very few instances, utterly prevent their raising themselves, either socially or mentally. It so chanced, however, that a wealthy Jew did obtain such favour from the emperor, in return for some weighty service, as to be offered a patent of nobility, which, with a nobleness of soul needing no empty title to make it more distinguished, he refused, asking in its stead freedom of the city for his sons-in-law (he had no sons, and his daughters were then unmarried). It was granted; and the gift of his daughters obtained for their fortunate possessors a privilege granted to none other: for the sons-in-law of this honourable Jew are the only free Jewish citizens and merchants of Vienna.

In the time of Napoleon, several of the smaller German sovereignties befriended the Jews, issuing ordinances admitting them to many civil rights, exempting them from oppressive imposts, and permitting them to pursue trade and obtain professorships. In gratitude for these unusual privileges, several entered the army of the allies, formed in 1813 to break the galling yoke of Napoleon, and so distinguished themselves, as to receive as many medals and decorations of honour as their more naturally warlike compatriots. It was only reasonable that, as they performed all the duties of patriots and citizens to their respective states, they should demand and expect the abolition of all the oppressive enactments made against them in more barbarous times. And we find, in 1815, the Germanic Confederation assembled at Vienna, declaring in their sixteenth article, "The diet will take into consideration in what way the civil melioration of the Jews may best be effected, and in particular how the enjoyment of all civil rights, in return for the performance of all civil duties, may be most effectually secured to them in the states of the Confederation. In the meantime the professors of this faith shall continue to enjoy the rights already extended to them."

From the present condition of the Jews in Germany, however, this would appear mere words. With the cessation of the call for their patriotism from the general amnesty, the recollection of their services also ceased, and no decided means ever seems to have been taken to secure to them the promised privileges. The great trading towns, Hamburg, Lubeck, Bremen, and especially Frankfort-on-Maine, never showed even the profession of friendliness towards them. The jealousy awakened by that spirit of commercial enterprise, so peculiarly a Jewish characteristic, continues still, and effectually retards their social consideration; rivalry in commerce being unhappily as great a fosterer of prejudice as the ignorance of former years. In Frankfort, until a very few years ago, so heavily were they oppressed, that if any Jew, even of the most venerable age, did not take off his hat to the mere children of Christian parents, he was pelted with stones, and insulted by terms of the grossest abuse, for which there was neither redress nor retaliation; and this was but one of those social humiliations, the constant pressure of which must at length degrade their subjects to the narrow mind, closed-up heart, and sole pursuit of self-interest of which they are accused. The impoverished condition of the nobles and princes of the soil, during the late war, frequently compelled them to part with their estates to the only possessors of ready money—the Jews. When the immediate pressure of want had subsided, it was naturally galling to men, as proud as they were poor, to behold the castles and lands, the heritage of noble German families through many centuries, enjoyed by men of neither rank nor education, and whose sole consideration was great wealth. The very means by which that wealth was obtained—contracts entered into with the French emperor—increased the dislike of all classes towards them, heightened by the presumption and ostentation they displayed. In 1820 riots broke out against them at Meiningen, at Wurtzburg, and extended along the Rhine. Hamburg, and still farther northward, as far as Copenhagen, caught the infection; and so serious were the disturbances, so sanguinary the intentions of aroused multitudes, that it demanded the utmost vigilance of the various governments to prevent the nineteenth century from becoming a repetition of the twelfth, thirteenth, and fourteenth centuries. The very cry which was the signal for the old massacres, and which, once heard, was as certain doom to the hapless Jew as if the sword was already at his throat—"Hep! hep!" from the initials of the old Crusade cry, "Hierosolyma est perdita!" ["Jerusalem is lost!"]—was revived on this occasion;

a curious fact, as full four centuries had elapsed since it had last been heard. Nine years later, we are told that "when the states of Wirtemberg were discussing a measure which extended civil rights to the Israelites, the populace of Stuttgard surrounded the Hall of Assembly with savage outcries of 'Down with the Jews!' The states, however, calmly maintained their dignity, continued their sittings, and eventually passed the bill."

When we remember that this fanatical outbreak of prejudice took place scarcely twenty years ago, we may have some idea of the social position of the Jews in Germany. Notwithstanding its humiliating nature, however, they have shared the advancement of the age in the zealous cultivation of intellect and art. The extraordinary genius of their great countryman, Moses Mendelsohn, who flourished in the eighteenth century—the boldness with which he had flung aside the trammels of rabbinism, and the prejudices arising from long ages of persecution, making himself not only a name amongst the first of German literati, but forming friendships with Lessing, Lavater, and other great spirits of the age, completely destroying in his own person the unsocial spirit of his nation—had given an impulse to the Jews which even the excitement of the war, and its vast resources for amassing wealth, had not the power to diminish. German, and the other modern languages, which, until the master-mind of Mendelsohn appeared, had been considered profane, and therefore neglected, are now zealously cultivated, the literature of each appreciated and studied. They attend the universities, and have greatly advanced in all the departments of mental and physical science; thus proving that when the Jews appear so devoted to interest alone, as to neglect all the higher and more intellectual pursuits, it is position, not character, that is at fault. In the earlier ages we find them, in the brief intervals of peace, not merely merchants of splendour and opulence, but the sole physicians, sole teachers, sole ministers of finance in their respective realms to nobles and princes. Their superior intelligence and education at a period when it was rare for nobles and kings, and even the clergy, to write their names, marked them out for offices of trust, which they never failed to execute with ability and skill. And it is notorious that the ambassador between the Catholic Emperor Charlemagne, and the no less famous Mohammedan potentate Haroun al Raschid, holding in his sole trust the political interests of Europe and Asia—for at that time the princes we have named might be justly considered the representatives of the two continents—was neither knight, noble, nor prince, but simply Isaac, a Jew! But when these breathing-times had passed, when kings and princes needed wealth, and their exhausted coffers could only be replenished by the treasures of the Jews—when the multitude asked but a rumour to fan suppressed hatred to a flame—the horrors of persecution recommenced; the services of the Jews were forgotten; and statute after statute, each more degrading than the last, bound them to such a position, such pursuits, that they became ignorant of their own power themselves, and made no effort to prove themselves other than they were believed. But the power was quenched—not lost; and it is bursting forth again with renewed vigour wherever it has scope for development and growth.

There is a street in Frankfort-on-Maine called the Juden Strasse, or Jews Street, in which the houses look so aged and poverty-stricken, that to walk down it almost seems to transport one to the middle ages, and recalls all the painful stories of the Jews of that time, and the marvellous tale of the lavish splendour and great wealth which these hovel-like entrances concealed; the affectation of poverty and abject misery assumed, not from any miserlike propensities in themselves, but to deceive their cruel foes, to whom the scent of wealth was always the signal for blood. In this street, during the late war, dwelt an honest, hardworking Jew, little regarded by his fellows of his own or the Christian faith; he was poorer than the generality of his brethren, and there was nothing in his appearance or manner to denote a more than common mind. How it happened that he was selected as the guardian of certain monies and treasures belonging to a German prince, whom the fate of war had caused to fly from his possessions, does not appear; but certain it is that the trust was willingly accepted and nobly fulfilled. The confusion and alarm of the French invasion, and the various revolutions in Germany thence proceeding, extended to Frankfort. Many of the Jews were pillaged; for wealth being imagined synonymous with the word Jew, they were less likely to escape than any. The Jew we have mentioned was amongst the number, but so effectually were the prince's treasures concealed, that their existence was not even suspected. And when the tumult had ceased, and Frankfort was again left to its own quiet, the Jew's own little property had greatly diminished, but his *trust* was untouched. Some few years passed; the pillaging of Frankfort had reached the ears of the dispossessed prince, and he quietly resigned himself to the belief that his own treasures had shared the common fate, or at least had been appropriated by the Jew to atone for his own losses. As soon as he could, he returned to his country, but he was so fully possessed with the idea that he was utterly impoverished, that he made no effort at first even to inquire after the fate of his property. His astonishment—which, however, admiration and gratitude equalled—may be conceived when he received from the hands of the Jew the whole untouched; some assert with the full interest of certain sums which his necessities had compelled him to use; but this is traditional. We can only vouch for the truth as far as the immediate undiminished return of the whole property as soon as claimed. The *effects* of this honourable conduct can be traced to this day in the whole financial world.

The prince was not of that easy nature to be satisfied with the mere expressions of gratitude. He spread the tale—which, regarded as an utter contradiction to the imagined characteristic usurious practices of the Jews, appeared far more extraordinary than it really was—over all the courts of Germany. From them it spread to other kingdoms: the Jew found himself suddenly withdrawn from obscurity, and all his talents for financial enterprise—of the extent of which, perhaps, he had been ignorant himself till the *hour* found the *man*—called into play. Not only did he amass such wealth himself as perhaps sometimes to cause a smile at the treasures which had seemed of such moment to their owner, but his family, ennobled, accomplished, prince-like in their establishments and position, may be found scattered in almost every European court, and acknowledged on every Exchange as the great movers of the money market of the world. But the widow of their founder, now nearly a century old, refuses all state or grandeur: she receives the visits of her descendants, but in the same lowly dwelling that beheld the rise and growth of her husband's fortunes—in the old dilapidated Juden Strasse of Frankfort.

While Poland was an independent sovereignty, the Jews there had greater privileges than in any other European kingdom except Spain; and in fact many Spanish and Portuguese refugees fled to that country when expelled from their own. A charter is still extant, made by Duke Bodislas, who flourished in the thirteenth century, protecting them from oppressions of every kind, and breathing a spirit of toleration and benevolence strangely contrasting with the cruel enactments of contemporary sovereigns. The love said to be borne by Casimir, the great-grandson of Bodislas, for a Jewish girl, occasioned the confirmation of this deed. And even when, at a later period, and in the first heat of the controversy between the Catholics and Protestants, the latter faith was prohibited, the Jews still remained unmolested. They formed the only middle class of the kingdom, and, as such, were the sole engrossers of traffic, constituting in several towns and villages nearly the whole of the population. They had numerous academies, where, however, the rabbinical, more than general learning, was made a first object. Poland might at that time have been termed the seat of rabbinism, for nowhere were the traditions more considered, nor its teachers more revered. Jewish parents from all quarters sent their sons to the Polish schools, satisfied that there they must attain all the necessary knowledge.

With the dismemberment of Poland, the privileges of the Jews ceased. Prussia and Austria have often made professions of toleration, but there is little evidence in the condition of the Jews under either government to prove it. Nor was it likely that the Polish Jews should be the favoured portion of the emperor of Russia's Polish subjects, to be excluded from oppression. Mr Herschel has thus graphically delineated their miserable condition :—"They are driven from place to place, and not permitted to live in the same street where the so-called Christians reside. It not unfrequently happens that one or more wealthy Jews have built commodious houses in any part of a town not hitherto prohibited : this affords a reason for proscribing them. It is immediately enacted that no Jew must live in that quarter of the city; and they are forthwith driven from their houses, without any compensation for their loss. They are oppressed on every side, yet dare not complain; robbed and defrauded, yet obtain no redress. In the walk of social life, insult and contempt meet them at every turning. The very children in the streets often throw stones at the most respectable Jews, and call them the most opprobrious names, unchecked and unrebuked."

The late ukase, which, for the fault of one or two individuals, condemned 50,000 Jews to a doom far worse than the famous edict of expulsion from Spain in 1492, but too fearfully confirms this account. Banished from their dwellings, cast out from all trade, all employment, even from the poor occupation of breaking stones on the highway, by which three hundred families earned scarcely dry bread—not permitted to leave the kingdom, but sentenced to inhabit not only the most unhealthy part of the interior, but a space of ground not large enough to accommodate half their number, they perished by thousands; and the misery of the survivors it needs a powerful pen to picture. There was no escape, no hope, no remedy. The decree of a single individual sentenced 50,000 of his harmless subjects to a fate than which the slaughters and massacres of the middle ages were almost merciful. And this horrible ukase is of so late a date, that neither its execution nor its misery can yet be looked on as the past.

We would gladly turn from this melancholy picture: but the history of the continental Jews is almost all the same. In the Mohammedan kingdoms, indeed, they have enjoyed a toleration which might shame many a Christian sovereignty; the extreme indolence of the Mussulmen assisting in permitting them to obtain the almost exclusive trade of the Levant. Subject as they are to the oppression of individuals—sultans and pashas—needing wealth or excitement, still these are but temporary misfortunes. Their general position in the Ottoman provinces, both of Europe and Asia, is one of more security, peace, and consideration, than in contemporary and more enlightened kingdoms.

Scattered as they are all over the world, literally from north to south, and east to west, and in all the corners and islands of the globe, forming colonies, or being already domiciled in every newly-discovered land, yet America now seems their continental central home. They have there privileges and freedom in common with any and every other faith; they are debarred from no social advantages; can enjoy public honours, and perform public duties. Professions, military, naval, and civil, are open to them, and all the various branches of commerce and trade.

It is rather a remarkable coincidence, that the very year in which the Jews were expelled from Spain—the country which had been to them a second Judea—Christopher Columbus discovered America, the land which was to be to these persecuted people a home of security and freedom, such as they then could never have even hoped to enjoy. The edict of expulsion from Spain was never recalled; but yet, though outwardly and professedly the most rigidly Catholic kingdom of Europe, it was actually peopled with Jews, though with great secrecy.

Many families now naturalised in England trace their descent, and in no very remote degree, from individuals whose history in Portugal or Spain have all the elements of romance. About the middle of the eighteenth century, a merchant, whom we will call Garcias, though that was not his real name, resided in Lisbon, commanding the respect and consideration of all classes from his upright character, lavish generosity, and great wealth. He conducted his family, consisting of a wife, two young daughters, and a large establishment of domestics, so exactly in accordance with the strictly orthodox principles of Catholicism, that for several years all suspicion had been averted. How he contrived, with so many jealous eyes upon him, to adhere to the rigid essentials of the Jewish faith—keeping the festivals and Sabbaths, never touching prohibited meats, and celebrating the solemn fast once a-year—must now and for ever remain a mystery. We only know that it was done, and not only by him, but by hundreds of other families. At length suspicion was aroused. It was the eighth birthday of his younger daughter, celebrated with music and dancing, and all the glad festivities which such occasions call forth in an affectionate and generously-conducted household. His elder daughter, a young girl of sixteen, was engaged to the son of a friend, also in prosperous business in Lisbon, and life had never smiled more hopefully on Garcias than it did that night.

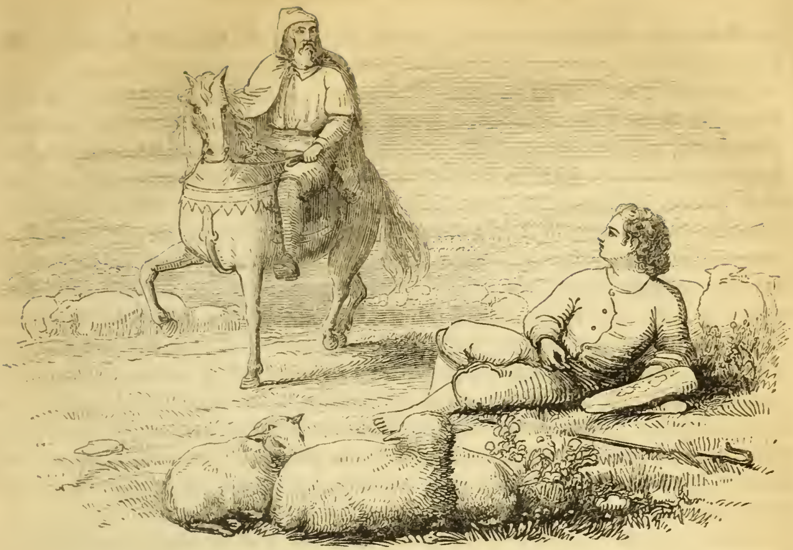
In the midst of the festive scene, the merchant was called out to speak with some strangers, who waited on business—important business they said—which could not be delayed. He descended to the hall of entrance; the strangers threw off their cloaks, and appeared in the garb and with the warrant of the Holy Office, authorised to demand and enforce the surrender of his person. From the very midst of his family, friends, and household, he was borne to the prisons of the Inquisition, and there remained without any communication with the outer world, without even knowing the fate of his family, for an interval of eight years. He was several times examined—a word in the present instance synonymous with torture, always applied to compel a confession of Judaism, which confiscated the whole property of the accused to the use and pleasure of his accusers; but Garcias was as firm and unflinching as his examiners. Neither torture nor imprisonment could succeed in obtaining one word which could betray the real truth, and condemn him as a secret Jew.

The devices to which he resorted to beguile his imprisonment might fill a moderate-sized volume; we have only space to mention one or two. His peculiarly gracious and winning manner, his courteous and gentle speech, which never changed, tried as he must have been by a variety of sorrows and anxieties in this weary interval, won him so far the regard of his jailor as to permit his employments to pass unnoticed, when otherwise they would undoubtedly have been forbidden. Undoing with some degree of care one of his own knitted socks gave him not only the materials but the knowledge how, if he could but contrive the necessary implements, to knit a smaller pair from it. By excessive patience and perseverance he so sharpened the lid of a metal snuff-box as to serve for a knife, and with this he contrived to fashion a pair of knitting-needles from the bones of a chicken which had served him for dinner. With these he knitted socks for children, and presented them to his jailor for the use of his family. His next wish was for the implements of writing, which, more rigidly than anything else, were denied him. His urbanity and his presents, however, permitted him the secret acquirement of some paper, the jailor quieting his conscience perhaps by the idea that no evil could come of it, as pen and ink it was quite impossible for the prisoner to make, and equally impossible, unless he wished to lose his situation, for him to grant. But Garcias's was not a mind to rest quiet without some effort for the accomplishment of his wishes. The snuff-box, knife, and chicken-bones were again in requisition, and a pen was successfully formed. The ink, or at least its substitute, was rather more difficult, but necessity is always a sharpener of intellect, and even this was accomplished. He made a hole in the brick flooring of his prison, and supplied it regularly with lamp-black, procured from the lamp, which, as an unusual indulgence, was permitted him every evening. With these rough materials, carefully secreted even from his friend the jailor, he beguiled his confinement with writing several plays and dramas, mostly on Scriptural subjects, which are still in the possession of his family, and display the elastic and versatile mind of the man as strongly as his urbane and gracious manner; his humorous gaiety, which never failed him even in prison, and his enduring patience, evince his calm and collected dignity of character.

In the seventh or eighth year of his imprisonment, the great earthquake of 1755, which almost destroyed the whole of Lisbon, took place. The confusion and ruin extending to the prisons of the Inquisition, caused the guards and officials hurriedly to disperse, and left the gates open to the several prisoners. Many fled, but in so doing sealed their own doom; for they were mostly all retaken, and their flight pronounced sufficient evidence of their guilt to condemn their persons, and confiscate their whole property. Garcias knew, or suspected this, and quietly abode in his prison, attempting no escape, and apparently regardless of the dangers round him. After this, all attempts to compel a condemnation of himself appear to have ceased, and he was restored to his family. So little had his danger and various trials affected him, that he would have continued calmly to pursue his business in Lisbon as before, if his elder daughter had not besought him on her knees, and with tears, to fly from such a city of horror. The unknown destiny of her father had of course prevented all thought of the fulfilment of her marriage engagement: and not long after Garcias's summons, the parents of her betrothed were in the Inquisition likewise, and Podriques, the young man himself, compelled to fly. So much secrecy and caution were necessary effectually to conceal all trace of such fugitives, that no communication could pass between the betrothed. She had not even an idea of the country which had given him refuge, nor of his means of subsistence. His mother, not herself an actual prisoner, was an inmate of the Holy Office, as a voluntary attendant on her husband, and twice herself exposed to imminent danger, both times foreshadowed by an extraordinary dream. Once she fancied herself in the arena of a bull-fight, exposed to all the horror of an attack from one of these savage animals, without any means of defence. The bull came roaring and foaming towards her; death seemed inevitable, and in its most fearful shape, when suddenly the infuriated animal stopped in its mad career, and laid itself quietly as a pet-dog at her feet. She awoke with the strong feeling of thankfulness, as if some real danger had been averted, and the impression of this strange and peculiarly vivid dream remained till its foreshadowing seemed fulfilled. She was summoned to the "question," by her evidence to condemn her husband; the instruments of torture were produced, and actually about to be applied, when the surgeon interfered with the assertion that she was not in a state of health to bear them, and she was remanded, and not recalled. In her second dream, she was alone on the summit of a high tower, which suddenly seemed to give way beneath her, leaving nothing but space between the battlements where she stood and the ground several hundred yards below, causing the fearful dread of immediate precipitation and death, yet still as if the doom were averted by her being upheld by some invisible power, and aid and a safe descent permitted, the means of which the vagary of her dream seemed utterly to prevent her ascertaining. Not long afterwards, the great earthquake already mentioned took place. She was in one of the upper chambers of the Inquisition at the time of the first shock, and rushing out on the landing with her infant in her arms, found, to her horror and consternation that the staircase had disappeared, and nothing but space lay between her and the basement storey, her only means of escape into the open air. While gazing with horror on her terrible position, the recollection of her dream returned to her, and she felt strengthened by faith that she and her child would both be preserved, though how, she could not indeed imagine. A few minutes passed, and then came a second shock, *restoring the staircase to its place;* and in little more than a minute the awe-struck but grateful woman was in safety.

Incredible as this story seems, we have neither added nor diminished one item of the real truth, and our romance of real life is not quite concluded. Garcias and his family went to England, and not long afterwards the release of Podriques permitted him and his wife, the heroine of the above escape, to do the same. There they were joined by their son, and a brief interval beheld the nuptials of the long-betrothed, long-severed, whose children still survive. It would be wrong to dismiss the anecdote without mentioning it as our belief that all intelligent Roman Catholics of the present day disclaim the propriety of perpetrating such acts of oppression, and as earnestly sympathise with the Jews as any class of the community.

Such is the history of a people who, though for so many years denizens and subjects of this free and happy land, are yet regarded as aliens and strangers; and still, unhappily but too often, as objects of rooted prejudice and dislike. To trace this prejudice to its origin might be difficult; for it would be hard to say it proceeded from ignorance, when it is so often found amongst the educated classes. Yet ignorance in reality it is. The peculiar religion of the Hebrews, and their habit of worshipping apart, keeps them strangers in a great degree to the community at large. But whenever it so happens that the interdicted circle of a Jewish family is entered, and its inmates known, prejudice is sure to give way. The faults of the Hebrews, such as they are, may be traced, in a great measure at least, to the degrading influences of long-continued persecution, which they suffered from the bigotry of ancient barbarism in this and in other countries. Now, however, the British empire has given the exiles of Judea a home of peace and freedom, and that they feel towards her an affection and reverence as strong and undying as any of her native sons, it is to be hoped that the prejudice against the Jews will ultimately disappear with the dawn of an era in which all Englishmen, however differently they may pray to the Great Father of all, shall yet, so long as they fail not in duty to their country and to each other, be regarded as the common children of one soil.



ANECDOTES OF THE EARLY PAINTERS.

IN the thirteenth century, after long ages of neglect, a taste for paintings and other objects in refined art began to revive in Italy, although not for several centuries later was any improvement in this respect manifested in England. While the British islands continued the scene of barbaric civil wars, Italy was tranquilly engaged in the arts of peace. Two things conspired to assist art in Italy—the encouragement of men of learning and wealth, and the naturally fine artistic talent of certain obscure individuals, who devoted themselves to the profession of painting. The demand for pictures to embellish palaces and churches was the more immediate cause of vast numbers of paintings being executed. We propose mentioning a few of the great names known in connexion with art in Italy, and other countries, in early times.

CIMABUE AND GIOTTO.

CIMABUE was born at Florence in 1240, and while still a child, manifested a taste for drawing. Happening to see the works of some Greek painters, he was affected by an extraordinary desire to study under them; his wishes were agreed to; and so diligently did he pursue his profession, that he soon excelled his masters. From his performances a school of art sprung up in Florence, which thus took the lead in the revival of taste. Cimabue lived to the age of sixty, and died in 1300. A notice of Cimabue interestingly leads to the history of his successor.

In the year 1276, about forty miles from Florence, in the town of Vespignano, there lived a poor labouring man named Bondone. This man had a son whom he brought up in the ignorance usual to the lowly condition of a peasant boy. But the extraordinary powers of the child, uncultivated as they necessarily were, and his surprising quickness of perception and never-failing vivacity, made him the delight of his father, and of the unsophisticated people among whom he lived. At the age of ten, his father intrusted him with the care of a flock. Now the happy little shepherd-boy strolled at his will over meadow and plain with his woolly charge, and amused himself with lying on the grass and sketching, as fancy led him, the surrounding objects on broad flat stones, sand, or soft earth. His sole pencils were a hard stick or a sharp piece of stone; his chief models were his flock, which he used to copy as they gathered around him in various attitudes.

One day as the shepherd-boy lay in the midst of his flock, earnestly sketching something on a stone, there came by a traveller. Struck with the boy's deep attention to his work, and the unconscious grace of his attitude, the stranger stopped, and went to look at his work. It was a sketch of a sheep, drawn with such freedom and truth of nature, that the traveller beheld it with astonishment.

"Whose son are you?" cried he with eagerness.

The startled boy looked up in the face of his questioner. "My father is Bondone the labourer, and I am his little Giotto, so please the signor," said he.

"Well, then, little Giotto, should you like to come and live with me, and learn how to draw and paint sheep like this, and horses, and even men?"

The child's eyes flashed with delight. "I will go with you anywhere to learn that. But," he added, as a sudden reflection made him change colour, "I must first go and ask my father; I can do nothing without his leave."

"That is quite right, my boy, and so we will go to him together," said the stranger. It was the painter Cimabue.

Great was the wonder of old Bondone at such a sudden proposal; but he perceived his son's wish, though Giotto was fearful of expressing it, and consented. He accompanied his boy to Florence, and there left his little Giotto under the painter's care.

His pupil's progress surpassed Cimabue's expectations. In delineating nature Giotto soon went beyond his master, to whom a good deal of the formality of modern Greek art, which he had been the first to cast aside, still clung. One morning the artist came into his studio, and looking at a half-finished head, saw a fly resting on the nose. Cimabue tried to brush it off, when he discovered that it was only painted.

"Who has done this?" cried he, half angry, half delighted.

Giotto crept trembling from a corner, and confessed his fault. But he met with praise instead of reproof from his master, who loved art too well to be indignant at his pupil's talent, even though the frolic were directed against himself.

As Giotto grew older, his fame spread far and wide. Pope Benedict IX. sent messengers to him one day; they entered the artist's studio, and informed him of the pope's request, that he should send a design for an intended church; for Giotto, like most of the artists of those early times, was an architect as well as a painter. He took a sheet of paper, fixed his elbow at his side to keep his hand steady, and drew instantly a perfect circle.

"Tell his holiness that this is my design," said he; and with all their remonstrances, Giotto refused to give any other. Pope Benedict was a learned man; he saw that Giotto had given the best instance of perfection in his art; sent for him to Rome, and honoured and rewarded him. "Round as Giotto's O," became an Italian proverb. Giotto, as these stories testify, was a pleasant and humorous man.

The talents of Giotto won him the patronage of the great of his country. He visited in succession Padua, Verona, and Ferrara. At the latter city he remained some time painting for the Prince of Este. While there, Dante heard of Giotto, and invited him to Ravenna, the present abode of the exiled Florentine poet. There also he painted many of his works, and formed a strong friendship with the great Dante. The poor shepherd-boy of Vespignano was now in the height of his fame. Admitted into the society of the Italian nobles, enjoying the friendship of the talented men of his age—Dante, Boccaccio, and Petrarch—and admired by all, his was indeed an enviable position. And he was a good man, as well as great, loved by all his friends; and, as his biographer Vasari says, "a good Christian, as well as an excellent painter." He died at Milan in the year 1336, and was followed to the grave by the sorrow of his friends, his obsequies receiving those public honours which he so well merited.

LEONARDO DA VINCI.

Of all the annals of youthful genius, there are none more remarkable than the history of Leonardo da Vinci. He was wonderful in his childhood for original genius; in youth for the surprising versatility of those talents, both natural and acquired; and in mature life he seemed able to do everything, and, moreover, to do everything well. He was at once painter, sculptor, architect, musician, poet, mechanist, chemist, astronomer: a man of science, and yet the ornament of a court, beautiful in his person, fascinating in his manner, and gifted with amiable qualities, which preserved the esteem which his exterior won at first sight, and prevented his companions from bearing malicious envy towards him for all those brilliant qualities which nature seemed to have lavished on him.

Leonardo was born in 1452 at Vinci, a small fortified town in the Val d'Arno. From his birthplace he derived his surname, as was the custom with most artists of that period. His father was a notary of Florence, respectable, though not of high birth. Even in childhood, Leonardo was remarkable for his surprising talent and readiness in acquiring all that was taught him. He would propose questions in arithmetic to his master, who in vain puzzled himself to answer them; and then the pretty laughing boy would astonish his old instructor by solving the difficulty with the greatest ease. His musical talents were not less remarkable; he studied it as a science with the greatest avidity and enthusiasm, played on the lyre, and sang the words and music, being entirely his own composition.

But as he grew older, the great delight of Leonardo seemed to be the study of painting. At this time art was gradually increasing in fame and power, influencing all ranks of society in Italy. Lorenzo de Medici, the most powerful of the nobles, encouraged and protected art in every way with so unbounded favour, that he gained the deserved title of "the Magnificent." Lorenzo's influence spread a taste for literature, and more especially for art, throughout his native Florence, which extended even through all Tuscany. It is probable that this might have influenced Leonardo in his juvenile preference; for it is certain that, among all the pursuits of his childhood, he loved painting best. Uninstructed as he was, his designs and models soon became excellent, and his delighted father at last determined to show these productions to Andrea Varocchio, one of the cleverest artists of the day. Andrea saw in them the dawnings of great power, and gladly received Leonardo as a pupil in his studio, where, by a combination then very usual, he followed the professions of painter, sculptor, architect, and even jeweller.

Time passed on, and the young Leonardo improved so fast, that Varocchio could not but acknowledge to himself that the pupil was little inferior to the master. Partly to prove or disprove this inward doubt, and partly from the generous wish to excite his pupil's diligence, Andrea desired Leonardo to paint a portion of a picture on which he was himself engaged. The subject was "St John baptising our Saviour;" Da Vinci's task was an angel supporting some drapery. The delighted youth worked with redoubled diligence, and the figure was completed. Varocchio came to see it; he looked at it a long time in silence; it was infinitely superior to the rest of the picture. The artist's eye could not deny this, however grievous was the shock his pride sustained.

"Is this, in truth, your own work? No one assisted you?" said he to Leonardo, who stood by.

"It is indeed, Messer Andrea," eagerly replied the boy.

"Then I will not submit to be outdone by a child; I will never touch a pencil more." And Andrea Varocchio kept his word: he never painted afterwards.

After this Leonardo quitted Andrea, and pursued his studies alone. He resided at Florence, where his father had an estate. There is a characteristic story of him in these youthful days. Signor Pietro da Vinci had a favourite attendant in the field-sports, in which he delighted. One day he asked this man what mark of regard would be most pleasing to him in return for his services. The peasant answered that he would consider about it. One day he brought a piece of wood, cut from a large fig-tree, and requested that his young master, Il Signorino Leonardo, would paint upon it something to adorn his little cottage. The father asked his son to accede to this rather strange request for a peasant, and the young artist agreed, only resolving to astonish his father by his improvement. So he planed the wood smooth, filled up the little holes, and began to paint. His chosen subject was a Medusa's head, with its serpent-hair. For models he brought from the fields toads, vipers, lizards, and every kind of ugly reptile. From these he designed such a fearful-looking monster, that the boy almost shuddered at the work of his own hands. When the picture was finished, he brought his father to see it. Signor Pietro glanced round the room: his eyes fell on the Medusa: he started back with horror and surprise, and was about to run away from the vicinity of such a number of poisonous reptiles, when Leonardo assured him it was only a picture—his own work. "And now," cried the delighted boy, his eyes sparkling with enthusiasm—"now I am quite satisfied; I have done what I wished. My picture has the effect I intended."

The proud and happy father lavished warm praise on his gifted boy; but he would not give a picture like this to the peasant. It was sold to a Florentine merchant for one hundred ducats, which is equivalent to about £22 of our money—a sum which, in those days, was considered as much as £400 is now. The Duke of Milan soon afterwards bought it for treble the sum for which it was first purchased. The ultimate fate of this curious picture is unknown.

In spite of his extreme youth, Da Vinci quickly attained to fame. His universal talents gave a certain degree of unsteadiness to his character, inasmuch as he would now and then leave his painting for all sorts of desultory studies. But he always returned to the one great object, and devoted himself to everything that would advance him in art. He was the first artist who thoroughly studied anatomy, in which his knowledge was very great. His writings on this subject are admired, and found most useful even in the present day. The sunshine of fame was now upon Leonardo wherever he moved: his extreme beauty and grace of manner, his wit and universal courtesy, made him the delight of all circles. He indulged in luxurious dress and equipages, and had a number of the finest horses, for he excelled in all equestrian exercises. Yet all these expenses were defrayed by his unwearied industry in his art. Leonardo had a wonderful genius for mathematics and mechanics. He made all sorts of curious models and scientific inventions. This bent of his mind led him to form some wild projects, which were never realised.

About the year 1487, Leonardo left Florence, and settled at Milan, being received into the household of an Italian nobleman, Ludovico Sforza, who gave to the artist the care of his son's education, and appointed him president of an academy which he founded for the encouragement of art and literature.

Leonardo followed his patron to Pavia, where he spent some time; and on his return to Milan, about 1497, he began the most celebrated of all his pictures—"the Last Supper of our Lord." It was painted for the refectory of a Dominican convent; the moment chosen is when Christ exclaims, "I say unto you, that one of you shall betray me." The calm dignity of the Saviour forms a beautiful contrast to the varied passions which agitate his disciples at his words; but it is next to impossible to speak in adequate terms of so sublime a painting. It has gradually faded from the convent walls, until now scarcely a trace remains; but there are some good copies, which have made the original well known.

In 1517, Cardinal Giovanni de Medici was elected pope, as Leo X. This noble patron of art made Rome the desired abode of its greatest followers, and thither came Leonardo da Vinci; but he found many competitors equal, and even superior to himself. Leonardo, now advancing in years, felt some anxiety from the rising stars of Raffaelle and Michael-Angelo, both of whom he had before met at Florence. Feeling himself unable to compete with these luminaries, he retired to France, where he concluded his career under the patronage of Francis I. In intimate friendship with this great monarch, he died at Fontainbleau in the seventy-first year of his age.

Da Vinci was a careful and laborious painter: he knew that genius was nothing without diligence. He was long in painting his pictures: on one portrait he spent four years. He neglected nothing that could add to his knowledge of art. It was his constant habit to carry with him a book, wherein he sketched heads and figures that attracted his attention. It is supposed that Da Vinci was the first who introduced engraving on wood and copper, if he did not invent these arts himself.

MICHAEL-ANGELO BUONAROTTI.

On the 6th of March 1474, at the Castle Caprese in Tuscany, was born the child who was afterwards to become so renowned. Michael-Angelo was noble by birth; his father was descended from the Counts of Canosa. Probably his wealth did not equal his patrician ancestry, for the proud nobleman sent his son to a grammar-school at Florence. A public school is no unusual place for genius to develop itself, and here it was that Michael-Angelo's soon shone forth. His facility in sketching—a talent always appreciated by schoolboys—made him popular among his young companions; they encouraged him, and their praises fostered the love of art in his bosom. This passion for drawing, however, was pursued in secret; for his father used all his efforts to discourage the boy, thinking, poor man! in his foolish pride, that it would disgrace the noble House of Canosa to produce an artist! He did not know that, but for that great artist, his ancient house would have been forgotten; and that now Michael-Angelo is remembered for his genius, not for his nobility.

The first story of the boy's progress in art is told of him in his thirteenth year. He borrowed a picture from a friend, and copied it with such exactitude, that it could hardly be distinguished from the original. A plan for a boyish deception came into his head: he confided the secret to one of his playfellows, and the two boys, with grave faces and many thanks, brought to the lender, not his own picture, but Michael's copy. He, worthy soul, discovered not the cheat put upon him, and was restoring with perfect composure the fac-simile to the place of the original, when Michael's playfellow could resist his mirth no longer, and his irrepressible laughter revealed the jest. This story became known; his undoubted success encouraged the boy, and to his father's horror he declared his first resolution to be an artist.

Most likely the incident of the borrowed picture influenced greatly Michael's future life; for in his fourteenth year we find him a pupil of Domenico Ghirlandajo, one of the best painters of the day, and who had studied under Giotto. Doubtless it was only after many struggles with his prejudiced father that Michael-Angelo obtained this favour; but when gained, he profited by it in proportion to the difficulty with which he had secured it. When fifteen, he one day saw a figure on his master's easel, drawn in a style which he considered far from perfect. He made outlines of the incorrect portions of the drawing on its margin. These outlines were far superior to the picture itself; and his own consciousness of this, and a mean jealousy unworthy of the noble art he followed, made Ghirlandajo ever after strive to depress and injure the bold and talented boy who had dared thus openly to compete with his master.

Michael-Angelo remained with Ghirlandajo only three years, during which time his improvement was owing to his own exertions, and not to his jealous master, who scarcely ever condescended to give him the least instruction. But perseverance often fully atones for the want of imparted knowledge; and so it was with Michael. Before he left the studio of Ghirlandajo, he had availed himself of permission given to the pupils of Ghirlandajo, by Lorenzo de Medici, to study in an academy which that wise and generous nobleman had instituted for the advancement of sculpture. Here Michael still continued to improve himself, and attracted the attention of Lorenzo the Magnificent by his beautiful drawings. The academy was held, like those early ones of ancient Athens, in a garden. This garden Lorenzo supplied with beautiful sculpture, chiefly ancient—for the moderns were very far from perfection until Da Vinci's time—and hither the good nobleman often walked among the objects of his taste and delight, supplied by his own munificent hand, or amused himself in watching the progress of the young artists whom he had invited to study in his grounds, with a kindly liberality which now, alas! exists only in name.

In this garden of art the young Michael-Angelo one day saw a fellow-student modelling in clay—a branch of instruction then very uncommon. He felt a wish to do the same, and attempted an imitation, which Lorenzo, who happened to pass by, praised with such warmth, that the young artist determined to try his skill in marble. He begged a piece of broken marble and a tool from some workmen who were employed in ornamenting the palace, and cheerfully and eagerly set to work. He chose as his model a mask of a "Laughing Faun," which was lying in the garden, much mutilated by time. But Michael remedied all these defects in his copy, and likewise added some improvements from his own powers of invention. The mask was nearly finished, when, a few days after, Lorenzo again visited his garden.

"This is wonderful in a youth like you," cried the delighted nobleman. He examined the work, compared it with the original, and praised the several additions which Michael's genius had prompted.

"But," said this acute patron and lover of art, with a good-humoured smile, "there is one thing I do not quite approve, though it is but a slight fault in so good a work—you have restored all the old man's teeth; whereas, you know, a person of that age has generally some wanting."

The young man acquiesced in this sensible remark; and when Lorenzo had departed, he broke a tooth from the upper jaw of the mask, and drilled a hole in the gum, to show that it had decayed and fallen out in course of nature. On Lorenzo's next visit, he was so delighted with the ingenious way in which Michael-Angelo had followed up his patron's hint, that he gave the young artist an apartment in his house; made him a guest at his table; introduced him to the noble, wealthy, and learned that thronged the palace of the greatest of the Medici; and, in short, adopted him as his own son.

When only seventeen, Michael-Angelo executed for Lorenzo a basso-relievo in bronze; the subject was the "Battle of Centaurs."

When very old, the great painter once came to see this work of his early youth, and was heard to say that he regretted that he had not entirely devoted himself to sculpture. His next work was a "Sleeping Cupid." The wise of that age thought it impossible for modern art to produce anything equal to the antique; and they were not far wrong, for Michael-Angelo had not then arisen. So the dealer who purchased his Cupid had the cunning adroitness to stain it in imitation of the defacements of time, and bury it in a vineyard. He afterwards pretended to discover it by accident, and sold it as an antique statue to Cardinal San Giorgio. The praise it obtained induced him to reveal the secret; the deceived public generously forgave the trick, and the artist was invited to Rome, where Pope Julius II. commissioned him to erect a mausoleum. Michael's design was magnificent. When he showed it to the pope, his holiness inquired the cost of such a splendid work. Michael answered that it would amount to a hundred thousand crowns; and the pope liberally gave him permission to expend twice that sum. The mausoleum was commenced: Pope Julius was so delighted with it, that he had a covered way from his palace erected, that he might visit the artist at his work *incognito*. This was too great a favour not to excite the envy of a court. Ill words and unkind slanders were spoken of Michael. They reached the pope's ear, as it was intended, and he visited Buonarotti no more. Michael came to the Vatican, which had been at all times open to him; but it was not so now. A groom of the chamber stopped his entrance.

"Do you know to whom you speak?" asked the indignant painter.

"Perfectly well," said the man; "and I only do my duty, in obeying the orders my master has given."

"Then tell the pope," replied Michael, "if he wants me, he may come and seek me elsewhere himself."

The insulted artist returned immediately to his house, ordered his servants to sell his furniture, and follow him to Florence; and left Rome that very night. Great was the pope's consternation. Couriers were immediately sent after Michael. But it was too late; he had already passed the boundary of the pope's jurisdiction, and force was of no avail. The couriers reached Florence, and delivered the pope's letter. Michael's answer was this: "I have been expelled from the antechamber of your holiness without meriting disgrace; therefore I have left Rome to preserve my reputation. I will not return, as your holiness commands. If I have been deemed worthless one day, how can I be valued the next, except by a caprice alike discreditable to the one who shows it and the one towards whom it is shown."

Julius next wrote to the government of Florence, using these conciliatory words: "We know the humour of men like Michael-Angelo. If he will return, we promise that none shall offend him or interfere with him, and he shall be reinstated in our apostolic grace." But Michael was inflexible. Again and again the pope wrote, and still this proud and high-spirited man refused to heed him. At last the chief magistrate of Florence became alarmed. He sent for the artist, and said, "You have treated the pope as the king of France himself would not have dared. We cannot bring him to war against the state on your account; therefore you must obey his will." The magistrate promised also, if Michael feared for his personal safety, to send him as ambassador to Rome, in which case his person would be inviolable. At last Michael relented, and met the pope at Bologna. Julius glanced at him with displeasure, and did not for some time deign to speak. At last he said, "Instead of your coming to us, you seem to have expected that we should wait upon you."

Michael answered with a slight apology for his conduct, which, however, was so haughtily expressed, that a prelate, who had introduced him, thought it necessary to observe—"One must needs make allowance for such men, who are ignorant of everything except their art."

Wise, and generous too, was the pope's indignant reply to this speech. He turned to the prelate: "Foolish man, it is thou who hast vilified Michael-Angelo; I have not. He is a man of genius, and thou an ignorant fellow. Depart from my sight this moment." And the contemner of art was forcibly driven from the room.

Michael-Angelo's first commission after this was a statue of Pope Julius. It was the work of sixteen months, and worthy of Michael's genius. But its fame was short: in a popular riot this statue was thrown down, dragged through the streets, and broken to pieces, in contempt of the pontiff whom it represented. The head alone was preserved by the Duke of Ferrara. After Michael had completed this statue, he returned to Rome, and again set to work on the mausoleum. But Julius had changed his mind, and determined to build the Sistine Chapel, to the memory of his uncle, Sixtus VI. This chapel Michael was to adorn with fresco paintings. His first attempt showed how universal were his powers of mind. He began to paint the ceiling; but the only scaffolding which the architect Bramante could contrive, was suspended by ropes passed through holes in the roof. Michael-Angelo asked how he was to paint a ceiling thus pierced with holes. Bramante could arrange no other plan; and Buonarotti invented some machinery so complete, that the carpenter who made it under his direction realised a large fortune, through Michael's generosity in allowing him to profit by the invention.

In twenty months the frescos were completed, to the delighted wonder of his friends and the envy of his enemies; all being the work of Michael-Angelo's own hand, unassisted by any one. The pope had almost daily climbed to the top of the platform to watch the artist's progress; and by his persuasions, Michael took down the scaffolding almost before the frescos were finished. Crowds of the learned rushed to the building to see this wonderful work. But when the pope had gratified his impatience by viewing the painted ceiling from below, he began to wish for more ornaments on the drapery of some figures —more gilding and show. But Michael's reproof was not long wanting.

"I have painted," said he, "men who were poor, nor wished for riches—holy men, to whom gold was an object of contempt. I will add nothing."

The Sistine Chapel was publicly opened on All-Saints' Day 1512. From that time to the present, Michael-Angelo's frescos have been acknowledged the most glorious triumph of art in any age. They consist of a series of colossal paintings, descriptive of the progress of the Christian religion, from the creation of the world until the last judgment of all men. To particularise them is impossible; and their praise has been a universal theme. Most of them are painted on the arched ceiling; and it is said that many figures were executed by the artist lying on his back on a heap of cushions; this being the only position in which he could reach them.

Three months after the completion of the Sistine Chapel, Pope Julius died. Leo X., who succeeded him, was by no means a warm friend to Michael-Angelo. But his fame was now too well established to suffer from this lack of favour. He was now growing old; but his energy and talents were unwearied. Beside that of the Sistine, another chapel was erected called the Paoline. For this he painted two pictures—the "Conversion of St Paul," and the "Crucifixion of St Peter." At the age of seventy-two, he was nominated architect of St Peter's. This magnificent building, the grandest temple in Christendom, was the design and erection of Michael-Angelo. It was the work of many years and many struggles. The artist had to contend with the poverty and illiberality of his patrons; and once they endeavoured to displace him. He had, in their opinions, not given light enough to the church in one portion of it.

"Three more windows will be placed there!" said Michael-Angelo.

"You never told us of that before?" replied a cardinal.

"Nor will I be accountable to you for declaring all that I do, or intend to do," cried the high-spirited painter. "It is yours to provide money, and keep off thieves: to build St Peter's is mine!"

This independent speech won the favour of the then pope, Julius III. From this time he placed unlimited confidence and regard in the artist, often saying that should Michael-Angelo die before himself, his body should be embalmed, and kept in the palace, that his mortal form should endure as long as his works. But Julius died in 1555; and his successor, Paul IV., insulted the painter by wishing to *reform* the "Last Judgment" in the Sistine. Michael sent this message in answer:—"If his holiness will undertake to reform mankind, I will engage that my picture shall reform itself."

This pope plunged Rome into war and bloodshed. Michael-Angelo, then eighty-two years of age, took refuge in a monastery until these perilous times were over. It was with regret that he left this quiet abode to enter again on the turmoil of the world. He lived until the age of eighty-nine, and then died peaceably and calmly, uttering his last will in these words:—"My soul I resign to God, my body to the earth, my worldly goods to my next of kin."

Michael-Angelo's countenance was like his mind—full of noble grandeur. Straight Greek features, a high and rather projecting forehead, with clustering hair and beard, give his portrait a character of sublimity which is like his works. These works were the grandest in conception and execution that mortal man could do—not beautiful, but sublime. It is often a reproach to a great man that his life is far inferior to his works; but Michael-Angelo was in every way a noble and good man, not winning, but austere in his virtue and simplicity of character at an age when the contrary was most in fashion. He was never married, and used to say that his works were his children, who must bear his name to posterity. He lived in study and seclusion, never ceasing to seek after knowledge throughout his long life. In his old age, he was found one day by Cardinal Sarnite walking alone in the ruins of the Coliseum. The cardinal expressed surprise. "I go yet to school," said Michael, "that I may continue to learn."

This great artist's soul was full of high principle: he scorned everything mean and dishonourable. His disposition was generous, and many a kindness did he show to inferior artists, and others who needed it. Sometimes his gifts were munificent. To his old servant Urbino he gave two thousand crowns: a donation in those days considered worthy of a monarch. This man died when Michael was eighty-two, and his aged master remained with him day and night in his last illness, and afterwards wrote this of him:—"Urbino's death has been a heavy loss to me, yet also an impressive lesson of the grace of God; for it has shown me that he who in his lifetime comforted me in the enjoyment of life, dying, has taught me how to die, not with reluctance, but even with a desire for death."

His poems were numerous, and all breathe the spirit of purest Christianity. The sternness of his character won little affection from his contemporaries, yet none ever breathed a word against him. The fame of Michael-Angelo's works will live for ever, and with that his memory as a truly great and virtuous man.

RAFFAELLE D'URBINO.

In 1483 there lived in the little city of Urbino a poor artist named Giovanni Sanzio. He had little genius to boast of, and less fame. He lived in a quiet humble way, not far removed from poverty, yet he was a good man, and his humility and simplicity of character prevented his being despised for his want of talent. He married a worthy and loving wife, but they were long childless. At last, in 1483, the year already mentioned, on Good-Friday, there was born to this worthy couple a son. This new addition to their happiness was joyfully welcomed by the father and mother. They christened the infant Raffaelle, after the angel Raphael in the Bible—a name of good omen ; but little did the joyful parents think how that the name thus given by them would go down to posterity with the glorious affix of Raffaelle the Divine.

The father, Giovanni, had suffered much in his youth from being left to brave the world alone, so he would not part with his son, even to a nurse. Raffaelle was brought up in his parents' house—his mother being his constant nurse, his father his instructor. He was never sent to school, but spent his time in his father's studio, living among beautiful forms, having for his playthings brushes and easels, and thus imbibing a love of art from his cradle. No other children came to divide with him his parents' care and affection, and life was all sunshine to the gentle and beautiful child; for, like Da Vinci, Raffaelle possessed the added charm of great personal beauty. Even in manhood, his portrait, with its soft mild eyes, and long flowing fair hair, is like the face of one of his own angels; and in childhood he must have been most lovely.

Surrounded by art, it is not wonderful that Raffaelle should have been a painter when a mere boy. His father delighted to see this bent in his darling son, instructed him to the utmost of his power, and Raffaelle was soon a great assistance to him in pictures which he from time to time executed for the few patrons which he had in his native Urbino. This good and loving father was not slow to see that his limited powers in art were insufficient to supply the rising genius of his son, and no shame or mortified self-love hindered him from acting upon this knowledge. He went to Perugia, where lived Pietro Perugino, an artist who had by his own unwearied diligence raised himself from low estate until he had become one of the best painters of the day. But Perugino was gone to Rome, and Giovanni Sanzio had to wait a long time for his return. At last Pietro arrived, and the humble painter of Urbino obtained an interview with his higher brother in art. Giovanni had a winning manner, and his reverence for Perugino turned the latter's heart towards him. He listened to Sanzio's frank and simple account of his son's talent, and his own wishes to place him under such a master: and at last consented to take the little Raffaelle.

Giovanni returned home, having accomplished his desire. One can well imagine what a hard struggle it was for the father to place his boy in other hands, and how many tears the mother shed at parting with her only child; and it throws no discredit on Raffaelle's history to have parents who were capable of such a sacrifice. Giovanni took his son to Perugia, left him to the care of Perugino, who had conceived a sincere friendship for the father of his new pupil, and then returned to his lonely home in Urbino.

Raffaelle had an excellent master in Perugino, as far as kindness went; from his instructions, however, he did not profit much. Perugino's style was hard and formal; now and then his attitudes were graceful, but his works, though praised in his day, were very inferior compared to those of his successors, and his one great contemporary, Leonardo da Vinci. Raffaelle copied his master's style so exactly, that his pictures at this period of his life cannot be distinguished from those of Perugino's. Having never known a higher style, the young artist went on calmly and composedly in this beaten track, winning much praise from the inhabitants of his native city, and of Perugia, who had no idea of a loftier standard of perfection than Perugino's. But a change was soon to come over the spirit of Raffaelle the Divine.

He had a friend and fellow-pupil named Pinturicchio, who was chosen by Cardinal Piccolomini to ornament the pope's library at Sienna. This young man invited Raffaelle to join him, and the latter assented, as he had now left Perugino, though the friendship and affection between the artist and his pupil continued undiminished until the death of the former. Raffaelle was only eighteen when he arrived at Sienna; there he, in conjunction with his friend Pinturicchio, painted ten large pictures, the subjects being taken from the life of Pope Pius II. While at Sienna, Raffaelle heard continually of the wonderful works of Leonardo da Vinci and Michael-Angelo, then exhibited at Florence. He resolved to go thither, and judge for himself of their perfection. Great indeed was his delight and wonder when he beheld with his own eyes these master-pieces of genius. Leonardo's particularly attracted him, for Michael-Angelo had not then arrived at the zenith of his powers; and the inclination of Raffaelle was ever more to the beautiful than the severe and grand, so that doubtless he felt more sympathy with Da Vinci than with the giant Michael. He saw that he was yet but on the threshold of art; he felt his own weakness, and the defects of his master, and from that hour he changed his style, and followed Perugino no more.

His delight in these pictures which Florence contained, and his liking for the beautiful city itself, determined Raffaelle to remain there for some time. He formed many friendships with the young artists there, by whom his rising genius was much honoured. His greatest friend was Lorenzo Nati, for whom he painted a beautiful picture of the "Holy Family." The Virgin-mother holds in her lap her divine Son, to whom the infant St John is presenting a bird, in childish delight. This painting was preserved by Lorenzo during his lifetime with affectionate veneration and care. After his death it was kept by his heirs. But a disaster took place: a falling of earth from the neighbouring mount, San Georgio, laid the house in ruins, and Raffaelle's picture was buried under the ashes. However, Battista, a son of Lorenzo, succeeded in saving the fragments, and carefully restored them. The picture still exists.

Raffaelle's stay at Florence was sorrowfully terminated. He had news of the illness of his aged parents; he went to Urbino, but both were no more. They had seen only the dawnings of their son's glory; but doubtless that was reward sufficient for their unselfish and devoted affection. Raffaelle gathered together all the worldly goods which they had left him, and quitted his native place for ever. He stayed some time at Perugia, where he painted a picture for a chapel, and another for the Camaldolian monastery. One of these he left to be completed by his ancient master, Perugino, and returned to Florence in 1505. There he studied his beloved art with patience and enthusiasm combined, by means of which his reputation increased yearly.

At this time Bramante d'Urbino, a fellow-citizen and distant relative of Raffaelle's, was in high favour with Pope Julius II., and architect of St Peter's. He invited his young kinsman to Rome, where Julius received him with great kindness, and appointed him one of the artists who were employed in painting the Vatican. Raffaelle surpassed his competitors so much, that the pope immediately ordered all the other pictures to be effaced, and the work to be intrusted to Raffaelle alone; and here the generous and grateful spirit of the young artist had an opportunity of shining forth. Among the doomed pictures, was one by Pietro Perugino; but Raffaelle could not bear that such an insult should be offered to his kind old master; he intreated earnestly that it might be spared. The pope, touched by this unselfish request, granted it, and the picture still remains untouched except by the hand of time.

The death of Julius II. happened while Raffaelle was engaged in this great work; but his successor, Leo X., by equal encouragement, enabled the artist to continue with a brave heart, and the paintings were finished at the end of nine years. The rooms they adorn are called the Chambers of Raffaelle. They consist chiefly of Scripture subjects, and almost rival the works of Michael-Angelo in the Sistine Chapel. During these nine years, Raffaelle found time to paint other pictures, and to study architecture under Bramante; so that, on the death of this relative, he was appointed architect of St Peter's in his stead.

For Leo X. Raffaelle also executed a set of twelve cartoons—a species of painting on large sheets of stiffened paper—representing passages in the New Testament. These cartoons were designs to be copied in tapestry in the Netherlands. Some of them are still preserved at Hampton Court, near London.

Raffaelle's fame was now at its height, and reached the ears of Albert Durer, the great German painter and engraver on copper. Albert sent his own portrait, and some of his engravings, to Raffaelle, who was so delighted with them, that he studied the art himself, and caused to be engraved several of his own pictures. He also, in return, sent to Albert Durer some beautiful designs of his own, which were held most precious by the German artist.

Raffaelle's greatest work, and, alas! his last, was "the Transfiguration of Christ," which he painted for Cardinal de Medici. In this he put forth all his powers, and it remains a lasting memorial of his genius. While engaged upon it, a sudden fever seized him, which, for want of proper treatment, proved fatal, and terminated his life in the prime of youth and talent. Raffaelle died on the day of his birth, Good-Friday, in 1520, aged only thirty-seven. His body was laid in state in his own studio, his scarcely-finished picture of the Transfiguration being placed above it, that his sorrowful friends might look from the lifeless form of the painter to his immortal work.

ALBERT DURER.

This great man was the first, and probably the best, of German artists. His family originally came from Hungary; they settled in Nuremberg, where Albert's father followed the business of a goldsmith. The boy was born in 1471, in the merry month of May, and in due time received the usual simple education of a burgher's son. Albert learned readily all that was taught him, and from his childhood was accounted a very clever boy. However, in those early times, it took far less learning to gain a reputation for ability than in our days. Martin Hapse was the name of Albert Durer's first master, under whose care he studied a little of drawing and engraving, so as to qualify him for success in his father's trade.

When his slight education was completed, Albert began to work in gold, under his father's direction. But this occupation was little suited to one whose mind was already full of art. Albert soon became weary of his trade, and longed to be a painter. So, after some few struggles between the goldsmith of Nuremberg and his refractory son, to whom the precious metals had no charm, it was at last agreed that young Albert should be placed as a pupil with Michael Wolgemuth, an artist and engraver, though of inferior merit. With this man it was impossible for the youth to learn much; but his talents received a right direction, while at the same time he was instructed in other needful branches of study, such as arithmetic, geometry, and perspective.

In Germany then, as now, it was the custom for young men of every profession to complete their studies by travelling, that they might learn from actual experience, and by seeing the world, before settling down into the active life of manhood. Accordingly, Albert Durer, having remained three years with Michael Wolgemuth, set out on his travels. He went from town to town, painting for his livelihood whenever he could get sitters for portraits, and could find purchasers for the fancy pictures which he executed on his way. The young artist must have been happy in this course of life, for it was considered no discredit, but the contrary, and a wandering student found everywhere a welcome. Also it must have been pleasant to stroll leisurely through his own and foreign lands, everywhere gathering up information from nature herself.

Albert returned home when he was about twenty-six years old, and then it was that he exhibited his pictures for the first time in public. The one which is mentioned as his first work of any moment is "the Three Graces," depicting three graceful female figures, having a globe over their heads. This picture bears the date 1497. Thus Albert Durer's talents were by no means precocious, but matured by long study and observation. It was then customary for students of all professions to produce a *chef d'œuvre*, each in his own line, for which they received a public reward, and also a diploma acknowledging their excellence, if successful. Albert Durer, accordingly, painted a picture with the greatest care; it was highly praised, and the artist gained the wished-for diploma with more than usual honours.

After this triumph, Albert again set out to travel. He visited Holland, stayed some time there, and then proceeded to Italy. At Bologna he met Raffaelle, for whom he had always the greatest admiration. They had already corresponded and exchanged pictures. A pleasant meeting it must have been between these two great men, whose genius, remarkable in both from its diversity of character, formed such a strong contrast. Durer at this time was renowned as an engraver on copper and on wood. He was probably the first wood-engraver on record. It is said that, in executing his numerous designs, he found working on copper too tedious a process, and therefore conceived the plan of engraving on wood. He designed and engraved on wood thirty-six illustrations of the life of Christ, which were so beautiful and so much esteemed, that forgers arose to imitate them. One Marc Antonio Franci, a Venetian, copied them, and sold his own spurious productions as the originals of Albert Durer. The German artist hearing of this, immediately set off to Venice, complained to the government of the injury done him by Franci, and claimed redress. A lawsuit was commenced, by which the dishonest Franci was reduced to beggary. He came to Albert Durer, praying him to forgive the wrong, and excuse him from paying a fine which it was out of his power to raise. The generous artist not only pardoned, but assisted him, and Franci erred no more.

Albert Durer had a miserable home. To please his father, he had married a neighbour's daughter, whose violent temper ruined her husband's peace. She was a beautiful woman, and Albert painted her several times, particularly in his Madonas. Her violence drove him from his own fireside, to seek elsewhere for the happiness which was there denied him. As we have seen, he travelled a great deal; when at home, it has been laid to his charge that he was prone to intemperance, and to nightly carousals with his companions. If so, it is sad to think that so fine a mind as Albert Durer's should be thus degraded; but, thinking of his domestic sorrows, he deserves our pity as much as our condemnation. He lived in a frugal manner at home, so that many considered him poor. He studied much; and several works of his, written in Latin, were published at Nuremberg after his death. They were chiefly on subjects connected with art.

Durer was ever in high favour with the great of his time. He found friends and patrons in the Emperor Maximilian, Charles V. of Spain, and Ferdinand of Hungary. Maximilian gave him a patent of nobility, but there is no account of his ever assuming his rank. Plain Albert Durer, the goldsmith's son of Nuremberg, is known to posterity as a great artist; no one ever thinks whether he bore a title or not. The emperor also gave him a pension, and loaded him with honours. Thus in everything, except his cheerless home and unhappy domestic life, Albert Durer was happy. His paintings are not very numerous; his chief talent lay in design, in which the fertility of his pencil was inconceivable. The noble simplicity and grandeur of Albert Durer's apostles have passed into a proverb.

Excepting the love for excess, which, it is to be hoped, is exaggerated by his contemporaries, Albert Durer was in private life a good man. He was a strict Protestant, honest and candid in his worldly dealings, and irreproachable in his principles. He died at Nuremberg April 6, 1528.

CORREGIO.

Corregio was one of the many great men to whom fame came only after death. His life was passed in comparative obscurity, so that those who would seek for his history must find it in his works alone. Even the date of his birth is uncertain; but it was between the years 1490 and 1494. His real name was Antonio Allegri; but, like most of the painters of his time, he took his surname from the name of his birthplace, Corregio in Tuscany. Nothing is known of Antonio's father, except that he was a poor man, probably a labourer, and was unable to give his son anything but a very meagre education. Nor is there any record of his first essays in painting. Art must have come upon Corregio like inspiration. Unlike Raffaelle, he had never lived in studios, and probably had never seen a picture; nor, like Giotto, did some kind hand foster the dawning genius of the young peasant. Antonio had no master; and for his early perfection in art he was indebted entirely to his own talent and perseverance. He was one of those instances in which nature seems to do all without the aid of instruction. But such are very rare; and it is impossible, at this distance of time, and with the shadow of obscurity that hangs over Corregio's early life, to know how many years of arduous study he must have devoted to art before he attained to the perfection which charms us in his pictures.

Corregio never studied from the antique, and was ignorant of the works of his great contemporaries, as he was alike unknown to them. Nature was his guide entirely and alone. He used to say that he had his thoughts at the end of his pencil; and so indeed it seems from his pictures. He excelled in colouring; not gorgeous or dazzling, but sweet, and cool, and harmonious tints. His pictures look as if dipped in the freshness of early dawn. Corregio painted children with surpassing grace and beauty; and his Madonas have an angelic sweetness, which no artist has excelled except Raffaelle. If we may judge of a painter's own disposition by the character stamped upon his works, Corregio must have been most gentle and loveable, with a mind full of everything that is good and beautiful. One can fancy him as a kind father, playing among his children, and catching from them the natural graces which he afterwards fixed impenetrably on his canvas.

Corregio in early life fixed himself at Parma, which city he never left. Rome was then the centre of all that was great in learning and art; but Corregio was too poor to go thither without patronage, and too single-minded to weary himself with seeking that favour of the great, which seldom comes unsought. So he lived in obscurity at Parma, where art was little appreciated, striving hard to gain support for his wife and family. His life and struggles are now forgotten, but they must have been great. Annibal Caracci, who, fifty years after, visited Parma, and saw the works of Antonio, says, "Everything that I see astonishes me, particularly the colouring and beauty of the children, who live, breathe, and smile with so much sweetness and vivacity, that it is impossible to refrain from partaking in their enjoyment. My heart, however, is ready to break when I reflect on the unhappy fate of poor Corregio, and to think that so wonderful a man, who ought rather to be called an angel, should have ended his days miserably in a country where his talents were never known."

Amidst all these difficulties, and with the cares of a large family, Antonio lived on—indigent, ever-labouring, yet often wanting bread. In these bitter circumstances were most of his pictures executed. We cannot but look with painful interest on these lovely and graceful creations, produced amidst sorrow and poverty. But the sorrow and the poverty are all forgotten now, and the pictures live still; the faces smile upon us, and we never think of the sad heart and wearied hand which conceived and executed them.

At last Corregio was chosen by the canons of the cathedral at Parma to paint its cupola in fresco. The subject was the "Assumption of the Virgin." Corregio painted the holy Mary, surrounded by happy spirits and adoring angels; the faces of the heavenly quire glowing with rapturous celestial joy. This was a subject fitted for Corregio's genius: it was his last and his greatest work. The innumerable company of cherubs—some singing, others scattering incense, and all full of holy delight—gave an opportunity for the display of that childlike grace which was peculiar to Corregio. The picture was wonderful—beautiful! But this was unacknowledged by the mean and cold-hearted dignitaries with whom the artist had to deal. When Corregio came to receive payment for his finished work, that he might joyfully take home the price of his labours to his poverty-stricken family, the canons found fault with the picture, and finally refused to give him more than half of the paltry sum originally promised.

Corregio's necessities were too overpowering to allow him to debate the point. He took the money, which his mean patrons paid all in copper coins. Corregio took the heavy burden on his shoulders. His home was six or eight miles from Parma, and he had to walk that distance under the burning heat of an Italian sun, laden with the weight of the copper, his heart sinking with despondency. He reached his cottage at last, and, thirsty and exhausted, drank plentifully of some water which his children brought. He was immediately seized with a fever, and lay down on his straw-bed, from whence he never rose. In three days Antonio Corregio was no more.

Corregio died in 1534. Not many years after, the great Titian, passing through Parma, heard of the picture in the cathedral, and hastened to look at it. A canon accompanied the illustrious stranger. Seeing Titian gazing fixedly on the painting, the priest hastened to tell him that it was a contemptible work, unworthy his attention, and was about to be destroyed.

"Destroy this picture!" cried the horror-struck artist. "Take care, man—take care what you do! It is a glorious work; and were I not Titian, I would wish to be Corregio!"

Corregio, uneducated as he was, left no writings behind him; nothing but his pictures. No one cared to remember the conversation of the obscure artist of Parma, whose existence even was only known after it had terminated. This was doubtless a great misfortune to the artist, but we can perhaps respect him the more that he was not a spoiled son of genius. Corregio's pictures are now among the most valuable productions of the old masters.

HANS HOLBEIN.

From these great Italian and German artists we now turn to one whose life and works we may almost claim as English, though he was himself of foreign birth—Hans Holbein. While, under the fostering of these great painters, art was advancing towards perfection in Italy, in England it was scarcely heard of. Holbein was the first artist in England, the rest were only limners of caricatured human faces.

Hans Holbein was born at Basil in 1498, or, according to some, in 1495. His father, John Holbein, was himself an artist, though of low order; however, he instructed his son as far as lay in his power. When very young, Hans painted a picture for the Town Hall of Basil, and two others for the fishmarket of this his native place. They were two unusual subjects—a "Dance of Peasants," and the renowned "Dance of Death." This strange picture attracted universal attention. It figured Death as a grisly skeleton, leading the dance with childhood, youth, and old age: the beauty of woman, the strength of manhood, and the feebleness of old age, being alike whirled along in the arms of Death. The vigour and effectiveness of the various groups, the quaintness of the idea, and the strange but solemn moral conveyed, won for the young artist great praise.

Not long afterwards there came an English nobleman to Basil. He saw Holbein's pictures, and earnestly invited him to England, where art, such as it was, began to meet with great encouragement. But Holbein, devoted to youthful follies, cared little for his future welfare, and declined the offer. Some years after he married; these new cares, with his own extravagance, kept him very poor. He listened willingly to Erasmus when he advised him to seize the former rejected opportunity, and proceed to England. Holbein's violent-tempered wife made his home miserable, so that he felt less reluctance to depart. He left Basil, and proceeded on his way to England, being so poor, that he was obliged to paint at each town to gain money for his travelling expenses onwards.

A story is told of Holbein like that of Giotto. While staying at Strasburg, he came to a painter there for employment, and was desired to show what he could execute. Holbein went away, began and completed a very good picture, then painted a bee upon it in the most conspicuous part. He left the picture at this artist's house, procured money elsewhere, and went on his way from Strasburg. The artist seeing the picture, at first took the bee for a real one; then discovering his error, and delighted with the picture, sent everywhere for the unknown young man who could paint so well. The search was fruitless, for Holbein was far on his journey, leaving behind the clever picture, which, with his usual carelessness, he entirely disregarded.

Arrived in England, after almost begging his way thither, Holbein presented to Sir Thomas More the letter of his friend Erasmus. This great and good man immediately received him into his own house, where the artist resided, a contented and honoured inmate, for three years. Holbein one day, talking to his patron about his early life, informed Sir Thomas how he had long before been invited to England by a nobleman. The chancellor was anxious to know his name, but Holbein had entirely forgotten it. "However," said he, "I remember his face so well, that I think I could draw his likeness from memory." He did so; and More immediately recognised the noble and gallant poet, the young Earl of Surrey.

Sir Thomas now thought of introducing Hans Holbein to the king, Henry VIII.; but it required some skill not to offend the capricious and self-opinionated monarch. More hung all Holbein's best works, disposed in the best order, round his own hall at Chelsea, and then invited the king to a grand entertainment. Henry was so charmed with the sudden view of so many good pictures, that he inquired if the artist were alive.

"He is here, so please your Grace," cried the glad and kind-hearted Sir Thomas, pointing out Hans Holbein, whom the king immediately took into his service and especial favour, with a salary of two hundred florins per annum.

Holbein was now a courtier and favourite of the fickle Henry: no enviable position. His first patron, Sir Thomas, soon after fell a victim to that cruel monarch; yet, strange enough, it wrought no change in Holbein's position at court. Perhaps the real cause of this is best elucidated by an anecdote of Holbein at the time, which proves the opinion of Henry with regard to him. A nobleman of high rank came to visit the painter one day when he was particularly engaged drawing from the life. Holbein sent to request that his lordship would defer the honour of his visit. The nobleman, indignant at what he considered an affront, went up stairs and broke open the door of the painting-room. Holbein met him, and in a great rage pushed his intrusive visitor from the top of the stairs to the bottom. Calm reflection soon showed to the artist the danger in which he stood; he went immediately to the king and told the whole story. Soon after, the exasperated nobleman appeared, to claim vengeance for the wrong. Henry ordered the painter to ask pardon, which

Holbein did; but nothing short of his life would satisfy the enraged patrician. He declared this; upon which the king's manner changed, and he sternly replied, "My lord duke, you have now not to deal with Holbein, but with me. Whatever you do against him, shall fall tenfold on your own head. I can, whenever I please, make seven lords out of seven ploughmen; but out of seven lords I cannot make one Holbein."

After the death of Queen Jane Seymour, a new bride was proposed to Henry. Holbein was sent to Flanders to take her portrait; but she was rejected by the king of England. He drew the picture of Anne of Cleves, in which he flattered her so much, that Henry, charmed with her supposed beauty, married her. But the reality was found much inferior to the portrait, and Holbein's want of truth caused the death of his friend, Thomas Cromwell, who had urged the union; yet still the fortunate artist kept the royal favour.

Hans Holbein was universal in his capabilities; he painted equally well in oil, water-colours, and distemper, large pictures, or miniatures. He worked with great quickness, and his diligence was indefatigable. He painted many portraits of his royal master, and of Henry's numerous consorts, together with some historical pictures. There is a considerable collection of his paintings in the palace at Hampton Court. All his works were executed with the left hand.

Holbein spent the latter part of his life entirely in England, and died in London of the plague, before he had reached his sixtieth year. What became of his ill-tempered wife is not known. Hans Holbein never can be called a great painter; there is a ludicrous formality even in his best pictures. They are valuable, however, as authentic portraits of the great in the stirring times in which his lot fell. Holbein has also the praise of being in England, as Cimabue was in Italy, the reviver of art.

TITIAN VECELLI.

The birthplace of Titian, or Tiziano, as his countrymen entitle the first of Venetian colourists, was the castle of Cadore in Friuli. His father's name was Vecelli, but little or nothing is known of his parents and his early life. Even the year in which he was born is disputed, some giving 1477, others 1480; but these matters are of lesser importance. Whether rich or poor, of noble or peasant lineage, Titian was one of the greatest of the Italian painters.

At ten years of age, the boy was taken from Friuli to live with an uncle at Venice. This worthy relative, struck with his nephew's talent in painting, procured instruction for him. His first master was Sebastiano Zuccati, of whose mediocrity, the fact that he is only remembered by posterity as the early teacher of Titian, gives sufficient proof. Afterwards the boy was placed under the care of Giovanni Bellini, a name of higher note, though still not very celebrated.

This Giovanni Bellini was one of three—a father and two sons—who were the founders of the Venetian school of art. Of these, the elder brother, Giovanni, was much the best artist. He was highly esteemed in his own country, and his fame even reached to Constantinople. The Ottoman emperor, Mahomet II., sent a request to him, inviting him thither; but the Venetian senate valued their painter too highly to part with him: they sent his elder brother, Gentili, to the Turkish sovereign. Mahomet courteously received his guest, showed him all honour, and employed him to paint several pictures. Among these was one, the subject of which was the "Beheading of St John the Baptist." The emperor was one day looking at this, and pointed out to the artist some error which he fancied he perceived. To enforce his arguments, Mahomet had a black slave brought in and decapitated in his presence! This very despotic mode of proving a disputed question in art so terrified the painter, that he never knew peace until he contrived to escape from his polite host, and returned in safety to his own country and his brother Giovanni.

After this digression about Titian's first instructors, we must return to the young pupil himself. He advanced gradually in his studies, surpassing his fellow-student Giorgione, though the latter was no insignificant rival, and even arousing the jealousy of Bellini himself. When only eighteen, Titian painted a portrait of a Venetian nobleman called Barbarigo. This work gained much applause for the young artist, whose name was the first known beyond the limits of the studio of Bellini. Another of his early pictures was "Christ Paying the Tribute-Money." In this he competed successfully with Albert Durer, whose style was so different to the one which Titian afterwards made his own.

At this period of Titian's life, he admired so much the hard dry German style, that he invited artists from that country to his house, and became their assiduous pupil; but a time was soon coming in which a new light was to dawn upon him. It is said that Titian's friend and fellow-pupil Giorgione was the first to break through the trammels of Bellini's formal style, which both had hitherto so rigidly followed. However, for a long time he and Titian painted in conjunction: thus laying the foundation of that gorgeous manner of colouring in which they have never been surpassed, and which their pupils imitated, creating upon the ground-work which Bellini had laid the celebrated Venetian school.

But jealousy intervened to break the union of these two great masters. They quarrelled, and separated; and while they lived, the friendship thus severed was never renewed. On whose side this rivalry began cannot now be known; but it is probable that the wrong lay with Giorgione, as he was certainly the inferior artist of the two, and Titian is represented as being in private life a most amiable character. It is always sad to have to note these rivalries and dissensions between men of genius. While Giorgione lived, he was in a great measure an obstacle to Titian's rise to fortune; but he died in 1511, and there was no longer any competitor to share the palm with Vecelli.

Soon after, Alfonso, Duke of Ferrara, invited the artist thither; and for this generous patron of art he painted the celebrated "Bacchus and Ariadne," which is now in our National Gallery. At Ferrara, too, Titian formed a strong friendship for Ariosto, with whom he interchanged tributes of admiration: the poet celebrating him in the *Orlando Furioso*, in return for a portrait which the artist painted of Ariosto.

Titian's fame was now established; and yet wealth did not come in proportion to renown. He was still a poor man, though he was received as a friend by nobles and princes. Perhaps he hid his poverty through pride, so that it never came to the knowledge of these his patrons. However, it is asserted that in 1530, when Titian's name was known all over Italy, the artist himself was in the deepest poverty. This was discovered by a friend, Peter Aretine, who considerately mentioned the painter to the Emperor Charles V. as a subject for his generosity. Charles knew how to assist genius without wounding its delicacy. He employed Titian to paint his portrait, for which he paid him a sum far above any the artist had ever received.

From Bologna, where the emperor was, Titian proceeded to Mantua and Rome, being honourably received at both courts, and using his pencil advantageously, chiefly in portraits of the great and noble of the day. He then rejoined Charles V., who had returned to Madrid, in which city Titian passed three years.

One of the most pleasant things that we have in Titian's life, is the long and intimate friendship that subsisted between him and his royal patron, Charles V., the great and good emperor of Spain, whose name is well known in history as one of the wisest and best sovereigns of Europe. From the time of the painter's first introduction to him at Bologna, Charles ever regarded him as a friend, and treated him as an equal. Not long after this first acquaintance, when the emperor had excited the jealousy of his courtiers by placing Vecelli at his right hand while riding, he made the well-known reply—"I have many nobles, but only one Titian."

Another incident, which a modern artist has made the subject of a fine picture, is recorded equally to the praise of this noble king. Charles was in the habit of paying Titian frequent visits in his studio, watching him while he painted, and conversing with him. Once, while thus occupied, the pencil fell from

Titian's hand; the emperor took it up, and presented it to the wondering artist, saying, "It becomes Cæsar to serve Titian."

The abdication of Charles, and his retirement to a monastery, are matters of history. The loss of his royal friend did not injuriously affect the interests of the painter. Charles's son and successor, Philip II., though a stern and bigotted man, and far less devoted to art and literature than was the higher mind of his father, yet showed much kindness to Titian. For him Vecelli painted the celebrated "Sleeping Venus." So highly did Philip regard this picture, that when his palace on the Prado was burned to the ground, his first anxious question was if the Titian Venus had been saved. He was answered in the affirmative. "Then," said the king, "every other loss is trifling."

Titian, now in the decline of life, at last left Madrid, and returned to his native Venice. Years seemed to abate nothing of his genius or execution, and one of his best pictures was painted at this time. It was a group of Ferdinand, king of the Romans, and his family. To paint it, Titian went to Innspruck; but with the exception of this journey, during the remainder of his life the aged artist never left Venice. There he was honoured by all: so much so, that the Venetian senate had, by a public decree, exempted him from paying taxes. He was respected by his brother artists, and was the friend of Michael-Angelo. The Emperor Henry III. paid Titian a visit in his old age. This personal honour was received with pleasure by the painter. He showed his later works to the monarch, who admired one so much, that he asked the price. Titian immediately presented it to Henry with the grace that one long used to courts well knew how to use.

Thus Tiziano Vecelli lived to the age of nearly a hundred, practising his beloved art to the last, though his paintings at this advanced period of life, as might be expected, were inferior to those executed in the vigour of his genius. Nevertheless, there was much that was noble even in the worst of the productions of Titian. He died of the plague in 1576, leaving behind him innumerable testimonials of his genius and diligence throughout a long life devoted to art. He was buried with public honours, such as were due to the memory of a man like Titian Vecelli.

SALVATOR ROSA.

In the little village of Renella, situated at a short distance from the lovely city of Naples, lived a humble architect named Antonio Rosa. At the time of which we are writing, Italy was groaning under the tyranny of foreign princes, who levied taxes as they pleased, and who kept the people in subjection by means of foreign soldiers and domestic spies. Ignorance and misery prevailed throughout the land, agriculture was neglected, and trade and commerce were at a stand. No wonder, then, that Antonio Rosa suffered the most bitter poverty: his industry was of no avail, and his gains did not suffice for the support of his family, which consisted of two daughters. Towards the end of the year 1615, our hero, Salvator Rosa, was born; and as the birth of a male child is, by the Neapolitans, considered an especial blessing, the parents regarded this event as an auspicious omen. Antonio's next thought was to what trade he should bring up his boy. He had but one wish on the subject—namely, that his son should *not* be a painter; and effectually to prevent this, he yielded to his wife's proposition of dedicating him to the church. Accordingly, he was baptised in the little church of Renella by the name of Salvator, or Saviour; and as he became older, he was taught to recite prayers in Latin, and obliged to make his first attempts at reading in a book containing the Life of St Catherine. But all his parents' teachings were unavailing; the young Salvator could not master the difficulties of theology and philosophy, but bent the whole power of his mind to the study of nature. He rambled about the country, sketching the scenery around him on odd scraps of paper, and on his return home, was generally punished by a long task of Latin prayers, which he was desired to learn by heart. His biographer tells us, that once when he was forbidden to leave his room, he seized some half-burnt sticks, and covered the walls with beautiful drawings, much to the annoyance of his mother, who condemned him to do penance by attending all the services of the church during Lent. It is said that he once carried his sticks instead of his prayer-book to church, and that he employed himself during service in filling every vacant place he could find with drawings. The sticks were immediately burnt by the priest; and Antonio, resolving to place his son beyond the reach of temptation, sent him to one of the religious schools at Naples. The beauties of literature were now opened to him, and he devoted his whole attention to the study of the ancient poets; but scarcely had he begun to enjoy these, when he was obliged to turn his thoughts to the history of martyrs and saints, and to the mysteries of theology. We do not know how he succeeded in these studies, but it is certain that he left college before his education was completed, and returned to the indigent home of his childhood.

Salvator's mind now took another bent. Naples was at this time the city of music. An English writer who resided there says "that even the husbandmen played on the guitar, and took their fiddle to the fields with them," therefore we cannot be surprised at finding our hero following the general impulse. He not only composed the music, but also wrote the words of many songs; and we find that these were so popular, "that even the spinners and knitters used to chant them." His father and mother were dismayed at this newly-awakened talent; but a yet greater disappointment was in store for them, for a domestic occurrence gave Salvator the opportunity of cultivating his natural talent, and he became, what his father had determined he should never be—a painter.

The beauty of Salvator's sister had captivated the heart of a young artist named Francanzani, who, seeing signs of talent in his brother-in-law, allowed him frequent access to his painting-room. Salvator's future course was now decided: the obstacles which lay before him only served to excite his ardour; and in his eighteenth year, this peasant youth left his home to seek his fortune in the world. He turned his steps towards the chain of mountains known by the name of the Abruzzi, in order to exercise his pencil among the recesses of these wild rocks. While wandering about here, he was taken prisoner by one of those troops of banditti which were at that time the terror of the neighbourhood. During his captivity, he is supposed to have exercised his pencil; and there is at Paris a battle-piece, which shows, in its composition, that he certainly was not unacquainted with the mode in which these lawless people carried on their warfare. Whether Salvator escaped, or whether he was generously liberated from his captivity, is not known; but his Italian biographer informs us that he wandered about the country for some time, suffering the hardships of poverty. At length he returned home, and found his parents in a most miserable condition. A few days after, his father breathed his last in his arms, leaving to the young artist the task of supporting the family. Alas! his poverty was so great, that he could not purchase the canvas on which to execute his designs: he was obliged to content himself with paper, and was accustomed to offer his productions to the keepers of stalls in one of the streets of Naples. The sum he received for them was hardly sufficient to buy bread for himself and his mother and sister; but nothing daunted, he steadily persevered, though too obscure to hope for the attention of any of the great painters who at that time flocked to Naples. At the head of these was Lanfranco, who had received an invitation to decorate the new church of Gesu. This man was one day riding through Naples, when he was struck by the beauty of a painting hanging at the door of one of the small shops. He stopped, and ordered it to be brought to him. The subject was "Hagar in the Wilderness;" and the figure of the unfortunate woman was so beautiful, that Lanfranco was convinced it was executed by a person of no ordinary talent. He inquired the name of the artist, and immediately commanded his pupils to buy whatever paintings they found bearing the name of "Salvatoriello," for such was the superscription on that of Hagar.

The demand was now great for our hero's pictures, and consequently his gains increased, and with these his industry and courage. But his path was not yet smooth. The pupils of

Lanfranco became jealous of this new rival, and laughed at him for the poverty which had forced him to sell his pictures to so inferior a class of tradesmen. Salvator replied with bitter sarcasms: he wrote epigrams, and even set them to music, but only increased the number of his enemies thereby. He had but one friend, Falcone, a painter, whose talent lay in the representation of war-pieces. This man generously allowed Salvator to study with him, and even introduced him to the court-painter, Spagnuoletto: but all this did him no good; he could not obtain regular employment; and famine attacked those for whom he was labouring. Determined to leave no chance of advancement untried, he resolved to go to Rome, and in his twentieth year he left the sunny town of Naples. He entered the "Eternal City" with his portfolio in his hand, and took up his abode in a small inn, with hardly money enough to defray his necessary expenses. Here he remained for some time, taking sketches of the country round, which he sold to the Jews for a paltry sum. His spirits at last became damped, his hopes blasted, and a terrible fever laid him on a bed of sickness. He was kindly taken care of by one of the charitable institutions in Rome. His life was saved; but his attendants recommended his returning to his native air, as the only means of preserving his health.

On reaching home, Salvator found that poverty had driven his mother to take refuge with her brother, and that his sister and her husband Francanzani were in the deepest misery. He resolutely determined to battle against misfortune; and, actuated by family affection, he entered with fresh zeal on his employment. The painters of Naples were, however, still his enemies, and their malice spared no opportunity of injuring him. Falcone stood his friend; but how could one person stem the tide of popular feeling? Salvator's health and spirits were fast yielding to the influence of despair, when the Cardinal Brancaccia sent to Naples for a young man to take charge of his household. A young fellow-student of our hero's was appointed to this situation, and having always entertained a respect for Salvator, asked him to accompany him to Rome, and gave him an apartment in the cardinal's house. Here he worked night and day; but for some months after his arrival, he did not succeed in procuring the patronage of any one able to rescue him from his obscure situation. At last he was presented to the cardinal, who, at once discerning the talents of the artist, gave him orders to paint the portico of the Brancaccia palace in fresco. He succeeded so well, that he was employed to paint an altar-piece for the church of Viterbo. One day, while he was at work upon this, he attracted the attention of Antonio Abbati, one of the fashionable poets of the day, who ever remained a steady friend to him, having been pleased not only with his talents, but with his modesty and gentleness.

As soon as Salvator had finished this task, he returned to Naples, where he found his brother artists still quarrelling one with another. Meanwhile the patrons of art at Rome had instituted two public exhibitions of paintings in that city, and a picture which Salvator had sent to a friend at Rome was placed in the hall of exhibition. It decided his fate: the best judges placed it above the paintings of Titian in merit, and nought was heard but praises and applause. No sooner did these reach our hero than he quitted Naples, and hired a house in Rome, where he received the visits, and secured the friendship, of all the great men of the day. Not only as a painter was he admired, but as a poet, a musician, and a man of general knowledge and acquirement.

In the midst of these happy days arrived the Carnival of 1639. The Carnivals of Rome were then, as now, very famous, and all the great men of the day contributed to the general amusement. Plays were performed, and cars were drawn through the streets, in which were men wearing masks, who danced, sung, and acted. Among these, at the Carnival to which we allude, was an actor, who announced himself as a Signor Formica, from Naples. He attracted the attention of all present by his wit, eloquence, and, above all, by his songs, which he accompanied with the lute. Various were the conjectures as to who or what this Signor Formica really was; and what was the surprise of the people when, on the last day of the Carnival, he removed his mask, and displayed the well-known features of Salvator Rosa the painter.

All Rome was now filled with his fame, and there was no longer any doubt of his obtaining that high rank which his ambition had so long desired in vain. No sooner was the Carnival past, than Salvator applied himself with increased diligence to his art, and numerous and beautiful were the pictures sent forth from his easel. Poverty was now unknown to him, and he became remarkable for the elegance of his dress and habits. Men of talent flocked around him, and his musical acquirements procured him admittance into the highest society. Orders for pictures increased in number, and he was at the height of his fame, when he received intelligence that his countrymen, the Neapolitans, headed by the fisherman Masaniello, had rebelled against the foreign tyrants who had so long held them in subjection. Shutting up his dwelling, he started immediately for his native city, and joining the insurgents, became one of Masaniello's best soldiers. The rebellion was quelled by the death of its leader, and Salvator, and his friend Falcone, escaped to Rome.

No sooner was his return made known, than his friends crowded around him, and he detailed, without any regard to prudence, the events in which he had borne a share. With his mind heated by ideas of liberty and patriotism, he published several satires, and even painted and exhibited two pictures in the highest degree satirical, and even libellous. One of the cardinals took offence, and had it not been for the intervention of a friend, Salvator would have been thrown into a dungeon. This friend, Giovanni de Medici, offered him an abode at Florence, and thither he fled. That city was the residence of most of the celebrated men of the age, and Salvator found himself received with triumph by all. He still continued his professional labours, and the prices of his pictures became exorbitant.

At length our hero became weary of Florence, and in the year 1652 he returned to Rome: his enemies were either dead or dispersed, and he was again received with honour, and employed to paint even by foreign monarchs; but fresh persecutions arose, and again he fled to Florence. While there, he turned his attention to etching, and produced some most beautiful engravings.

Soon after this, Salvator returned to Rome to die. His faculties were becoming dimmed, his energy was gone, and he sunk into a state of complete listlessness. Disease was found to exist, and the case was declared incurable. He suffered fearful pain for several days, and at last, just as the priest was about to administer the sacrament to him, he breathed his last, aged fifty-eight. His body lay in state in the church of Santa Maria, and was afterwards interred in the vestibule of that edifice. A monument was erected to his memory, and his bust was placed upon his tomb. We will finish this short notice by a few remarks upon his character, given by one of his biographers. "He was a man full of warm affections; tender to those whom he loved; charitable, gracious, and generous; an enemy to falsehood, and eminent in whatever he turned his attention to." Here, then, we will take our leave of one of the most extraordinary men the world has ever produced; one whose life is an evidence to us of the power which determination and perseverance have in overcoming obstacles, and in leading man to even the highest pinnacle of fame.

VELASQUEZ—MURILLO.

Did space permit, biographic sketches and anecdotes of many other painters of eminence might be given. Among the great artists left unnoticed, are Tintoretto and Rembrandt, but some account of these has been already given in Nos. 72 and 54. Vandyke, eminent for his portraits, Rubens, the great master of the Flemish school of painting, and Claude-Gelee of Lorraine, whose landscapes are of unsurpassed beauty, might well also find a place in our list. Lastly, we might select for notice Velasquez and Murillo, who unitedly gave the highest reputation to Spanish art.

Velasquez (born 1594) rose, like all great painters, by an earnest self-dependence and study of nature. In this latter respect his tastes led him towards the grotesque. He painted peasants at their occupations, beggars lounging about the city, and natural objects, to all of which his pencil gave truth and vividness, whatever might be said of the subjects. There is a picture of his, painted at this time, representing a ragged old *aquador*, or water-carrier, giving water out of his barrel to a boy, which is much admired. Some of his friends tried to persuade him to pursue a higher style of art; but Velasquez always replied that in painting, the first requisites were strength and fidelity, and that delicacy would follow after. Velasquez devoted himself to no master in particular as soon as he had acquired the practice of his art. He adopted what was good in the style of others: his defects were certainly his own. While thus educating himself for the profession he had chosen, the young man wisely did not neglect the cultivation of his mind. He read and studied deeply; thus in the best manner qualifying himself for a high position in his art. Rarely, indeed, does an uneducated man make a first-rate artist, whatever may be his natural gifts. The paintings of Velasquez are little known in England, consisting chiefly of portraits and ecclesiastical pieces; but they are highly valued in his own country. He died in 1660.

Murillo, the greatest of all the Spanish painters, was born at Seville in 1618. He early manifested a strong taste for art, and having received a little instruction, he began to support himself by painting banners and small pictures for exportation to America. In that business he obtained full employment; but, inspired with higher desires, he resolved to go to Italy for improvement. His means, however, were totally inadequate to meet the expenses of such a journey. Yet when does real genius fail in resources. Collecting all his means, he bought a quantity of canvas, divided it into a number of pieces, upon which he painted subjects of devotion and flowers, and, with the produce of the sale of these, set out upon his journey, unknown to his relations and friends. On his arrival at Madrid, he waited on Velasquez, who treated him with the greatest kindness, and procured him employment of the highest kind. He did not, therefore, require to go to Italy, but continued to work and study in his own country. Many of the pictorial embellishments of the Escurial and other royal palaces were by his hand. Latterly, the career of Murillo was brilliant. His paintings, chiefly Scripture pieces, are full of inexpressible sweetness, and are now of the greatest value. One of his finest productions is in the gallery of paintings at Dulwich, near London, and is alone worthy of a pilgrimage to lovers of art. Murillo died in 1682, having shown in his life that earnest perseverance, along with proper natural qualifications, will surmount all professional, besides many other difficulties.

TREASURES OF THE EARTH.

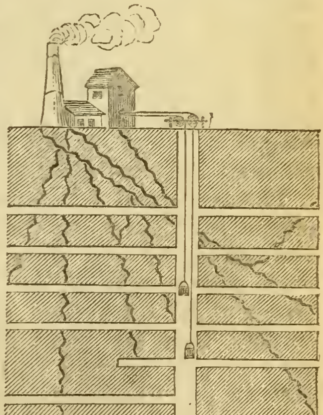
II.—METALLIC.

VERY few of our readers, we presume, can be unacquainted with the leading characteristics of the metals—those treasures of the earth which meet with hourly illustration in the implements and utensils of civilised life. Their peculiar lustre, arising out of their opacity and reflective power with regard to light, their conduction of heat and electricity, their density, fusibility, ductility, malleability, and so forth, are features which, though differing in each, yet readily distinguish them as a class from all other substances. It is this density and hardness in some, this ductility and malleability in others, and the facility with which many of them can be amalgamated, that have rendered them such valuable aids to human progress, and made them available for almost every purpose of utility or ornament. Without them, indeed, any high degree of civilisation were impossible; they are essential to every process in agriculture, architecture, machinery, navigation—to every art, in fine, which marks the advancement of mankind from the lowest stages of barbarism. It is to these substances, then, that we would now direct attention; to their history, the localities where found, the modes of obtaining and preparing them, the purposes to which they are applied, their relative values, and other particulars, which may appear interesting to the general inquirer.

The metals, as found in nature, are seldom or never in a state of purity. It is true that the miner occasionally detects a fragment of native gold, native silver, and the like; that is, specimens of gold and silver, pure and ductile as from the crucible of the chemist; but such fragments are rare, and bear no appreciable proportion to the quantity that occurs in the crude state of *ores*. These ores are sulphurets, carbonates, oxides, &c. mingled with earthy impurities, generally situated in veins, sometimes disseminated through rocky masses, rarely in beds or strata, and distributed through the formations of all eras, but more especially through those of the primary and transition series. Thus iron, the most familiar and useful of all the metals, occurs in more than twenty different mineral states, being combined with carbon, oxygen, sulphur, phosphorus, &c.; is found in veins in rocks of different formations; is disseminated through various rocks, so as to give to them a ferruginous aspect; and, as clay-ironstone, is interstratified with the clays and shales of the coal-measures. To arrange and classify the ores, is the study of the mineralogist; to determine their value, or the amount of metal, is the art of the chemist; to raise them from their various positions, is the labour of the miner; to separate the metal from the earthy impurities with which it is associated, is the work of the metallurgist; and to fashion it into implements, utensils, and machines, is the calling of the founder, blacksmith, mechanist, cutler, and others. As with the ores of iron, so with those of the other metals, only that few of them can be said to occur stratified like the clay or carbonaceous ironstone. It must not be supposed, however, that the respective metals always lie in separate veins—that copper, for example, is always the only metal found in a copper vein; or lead in a so-called vein of lead. The fact is, that though some one metal generally predominates, three, four, or even more metals, may be strangely combined and intermixed with the same veinstone. In our own island, the vein which contains lead as the principal metal, often contains silver, zinc, and cobalt: platina is generally associated with gold; manganese not unfrequently with iron.

Respecting the origin of the metals, geology and chemistry afford us no certain knowledge. We cannot tell why, or in what manner, the Creator has formed gold, or silver, or iron, any more than we can tell why he has created oxygen, hydrogen, or any other so-called *elementary* substance. Investigation has, no doubt, collected a vast amount of accurate data as to the nature of veins, and the ores which fill them; and we can speculate with some degree of certainty as to the causes which have contributed to these results. We see that subterraneous and igneous forces have at various epochs upheaved and rent asunder the stony crust of the globe; that the fissures so produced have been subsequently filled with mineral matter, differing widely in kind from the rock in which it is enclosed; and that, incorporated with this mineral matrix or veinstone, occur various metallic ores in films, strings, crystals, or shapeless masses. But whether this veinstone, with its associated metals, has been the result of infiltration from above when that portion of the globe was under water, of sublimation from igneous sources beneath, or of long-continued chemical and electrical agencies, science has not been, nor may ever be, able to determine; and even if it could determine, still the question would remain—Whence the substances we designate metallic? Are they further developments of previously existing bodies? Are any or all of them transmutable one into another under the operation of certain natural agencies? Or are they, in reality, elementary substances, each after its own kind? These are questions which have engaged the attention of the scientific in all ages; years and lives have been spent in attempting a solution; and yet, except in the acquirement of more correct data whereupon to pursue the inquiry, man is no nearer to a satisfactory answer. It would be a curious revelation indeed, if we could detect nature elaborating substances possessing so many different aspects and properties from the same source; and more curious still, if man, imitating her processes, could accomplish the like results. Laying aside, however, these high aspirations, we observe in the present day many waters containing iron, copper, lead, and the like, in solution, which waters, gathering these ores from existing sources, transport them to new localities, where they combine with other substances, and form new deposits, as bog-iron ore, cupriferous marls, or auriferous sand. In time these sands, marls, and bog-silts, become true rocky strata, either to present phenomena analogous to the clay-ironstone of the coal-measures, or if subjected to igneous and other forces, to contribute, it may be, to the formation of new metallic veins.

It would here be out of place to enter into any scientific description of the metallic ores, or of the various conditions under which they geologically occur; nor would it be appropriate, in a simple account like the present, to enter on the technical details of mining and metallurgy. Suffice it to say, that while a little experience will enable any one to detect the common ores of the more common metals, years of experience, and the nicest tests, will often fail in guiding the mineralogist to a knowledge of some newly-discovered ore; and that, while certain metals are found in certain formations in one region, they frequently predominate in a very different formation in another. Again, as to mining, the methods adopted depend wholly upon the conditions under which the metallic ore occurs. The stratified ironstone of the coal-measures, for example, is mined precisely as coal itself, only that the layers being thin, the workings are not conducted upon such a costly and extensive scale. When the ore occurs in irregularly ramifying veins, as exhibited in the accompanying engraving, the workings become more complicated: shafts, adits, drifts, cross-drifts, and every process of excavation, is adopted to obtain the precious deposit, while engines for drainage, apparatus for ventilation, and other kindred machines, are erected above ground. Sometimes the ore may lie in superficial deposits, associated with sand, gravel, or other transported debris. In this case the deposit is simply turned over, picked,



washed, and sifted, so as to separate the ore from the worthless rubbish. The greater proportion of our gold ores is obtained in this way: the matrix in which it originally lay having been disintegrated, and borne down by rains and streams to the valleys where it now occurs. Again, as to metallurgy, though heat be the grand instrument of reduction, yet so different is the treatment of the different metallic ores as to roasting, smelting with fluxes, the application of amalgams, and the use of even more complicated chemical processes, that what is peculiar in each will be best adverted to under our notices of the respective metals.

GOLD.

As the most valuable and longest known of the metals, gold deserves to rank first in our catalogue. When pure, it is of deep and peculiar yellow colour, rather soft, and extremely heavy, having a specific gravity of 19·3; that is, nineteen times heavier, bulk for bulk, than pure water. It exceeds all the other metals in ductility and malleability: it may be beaten into leaves 1-282,000th of an inch in thickness, and a single grain may be drawn out into 500 feet of wire. Though soft, its fusing point is as high as 2016° of Fahrenheit; it is unchanged by fire with access of air—the hottest furnace producing no other effect upon it than to keep it in fusion, when it appears of a brilliant greenish colour. It expands during fusion, and contracts in cooling, more than any other metal. It is not acted upon by any of the common acids; but chlorine and nitro-muriatic acid (*aqua regia*) corrode and dissolve it, forming a chloride of gold which is soluble in water. The metal occurs in greater or less abundance in almost every quarter of the globe, and is obtained either in the native state, from alluvial sands and gravels, or in mineral veins in combination with silver, and often mixed with metallic sulphurets and arseniurets. In the native state it occurs in small crystals, in threads or granular fragments, which, when of a certain magnitude, are called by the name of *pepitas*. The largest known pepita is said to have been found in Peru, its weight being about 26½ lbs. avoirdupois; but masses have been reported from the province of Quito weighing 50 and 60 lbs.!

The geological formations in which gold occurs are the crystalline primitive rocks, the compact transition strata, the trachytic and trap rocks, and alluvial grounds of the current era. In the three former sources, the ores of the metal are *in situ;* in the latter, it is a travelled or transported product, being carried thither, from the rocks in which it was originally formed, by streams and rivers. In the former case, it is obtained by the difficult and dangerous process of mining; in the latter, the soil or gravel is merely turned over, and the metallic portions separated by hand-picking, washings, and siftings. It is thus obtained from *mines* in Brazil, Peru, Mexico, Carolina, Hungary, Transylvania, and the Uralian Mountains; and from *sands* from the Peruvian, Mexican, and Brazilian rivers, the coast of California, several of the rivers of Africa, from the Rhine, Rhone, and Danube, in continental Europe, and in small quantities from Wicklow in Ireland, from Cornwall, and from the Leadhill district in Scotland. With the exception of iron, perhaps there is no metal more generally disseminated than gold; but in comparatively few localities is it sufficiently abundant to repay the cost of mining and collecting. The deposits, for example, in our own country, are quite insignificant; that of Wicklow, to be sure, yielded some years ago a few thousand ounces, but is now, we believe, abandoned like all the other localities. It is the New World which yields the great commercial supplies of the precious metals, and which, under more skilful modes of procedure, could readily supply double the amount, and that at little more than the present cost. Of late years, several English companies have attempted improved modes; but the systems of mining, the apparatus, the methods of reduction, are still exceedingly rude and wasteful. Mr Gardner, who recently travelled in Brazil, describes the gold field of that region, whether in veins or in alluvial deposits, as inexhaustible, but extremely irregular in the amount of production; a vein which, for weeks, had yielded only a few ounces, all on a sudden producing more than 100 lbs. in a single day. The following is the treatment of the ore, as practised at one of the most extensive mines he visited. "The ore is first removed from its bed by blasting, and is afterwards broken by female slaves into small pieces, about the size of the stones put upon macadamised roads, after which it is conveyed to the stamping machine, to be reduced to powder. This machine consists of a number of perpendicular shafts placed in a row, and heavily loaded below with large blocks of iron; these, being alternately lifted up to a certain height by a toothed cylinder, turned by a large water-wheel, fall down upon and crush the stones to powder. A small stream of water, constantly made to run through them, carries away the pulverised matter to what is called the strakes, a wooden platform, slightly inclined, and divided into a number of very shallow compartments of 14 inches in width, the length being about 26 feet. The floor of each of these compartments is covered with pieces of tanned hide, about 3 feet long and 16 inches wide, which have the hair on; the particles of gold are deposited among the hairs, while the earthy matter, being lighter, is washed away. The greater part of the gold dust is collected on the three upper skins, which are changed every four hours, while the lower skins are changed every six or eight hours, according to the richness of the ore. The sand which is washed from the head skins is collected and amalgamated with quicksilver in barrels, while that from the lower skins is conveyed to the washing house, and concentrated over strakes of similar construction to those of the stamping mill, till it be rich enough to be amalgamated with that from the head skins. The barrels into which this rich sand is put together with the quicksilver are turned by water, and the process of amalgamation is generally completed in the course of forty-eight hours. When taken out, the amalgam is separated from the earthy sand by washing; it is then pressed in chamois skins, and the quicksilver is separated from the gold by sublimation. In the whole process, the loss of mercury amounts to about 35 lbs. a-month; but up to two months before my visit, it was nearly double that quantity. For a long time the gold dust was extracted from the sand by hand-washing in Bateias, after the Brazilian manner; but the process of amalgamation is found to be superior, requiring less labour, and extracting a larger proportion of gold. The *zillerthal*, or running amalgamation process, similar to that used in the Tyrol, has also been tried here, but was not found to answer, owing to the great loss of quicksilver. The roasting process has also been attempted; but although by this means the ore yields a much larger per centage of gold, the fumes arising from the arsenic were found to be so injurious to the health of the workmen, that it was abandoned." In different countries different metallurgic processes are adopted; but on the whole, that of stamping and amalgamating seems to be the readiest and most successful. The metallic grains found in the sands of rivers, do not require to be subjected to any metallurgic process, in the strict acceptation of that term.

The applications of gold are numerous and important; but in most cases it is used in an alloyed, and not in a pure state. This arises from its softness, and consequent liability to be worn down; the common alloys of copper or silver conferring the necessary hardness, without impairing in any appreciable degree the beauty and lustre of the more precious metal. In this condition it is employed for coin, plate, and a variety of articles of luxury and ornament, for which purposes it has ever been in the highest repute. It is also extensively used in the arts for gilding, conferring on materials often the most worthless the semblance of its own unrivalled beauty. The gold coin of the realm, commonly called *standard gold*, consists of 11 parts pure gold and 1 of copper; it is extremely ductile and malleable, but harder than pure gold, and therefore better calculated to resist the wear and tear of circulation. The colour of this alloy is deeper yellow than that of pure gold, and verges upon orange: 20 lbs. troy of it are coined into $934\frac{1}{2}$ sovereigns; 1 lb. troy, therefore, produces $46\frac{29}{40}$ sovereigns. It sometimes happens that a part of the alloy of gold coin is silver; hence the pale colour of some sovereigns as compared with others. The gold employed by jewellers, &c. is all less or more alloyed; and from the great skill now attained in putting rich surfaces on such alloys, it requires very considerable skill on the part of the purchaser to prevent deception. The art of gilding consists in covering other substances with a thin coat of gold, which may be done either by mechanical or chemical means. The mechanical mode is the application of gold-leaf or gold powder; the chemical, by plunging the substances in solutions of gold, or by the electrotype process. The production of gold-leaf and gold-wire of such extreme fineness as we have mentioned, requires considerable ingenuity; and is all the more readily accomplished the finer the standard of the metal.

The probable supply and consumption of gold are generally estimated in conjunction with those of silver, the two conjointly forming the "precious metals" (page 9) of the economist and statistician.

SILVER.

This is another of the metals which have been longest known and esteemed, having been extensively employed from the earliest times in the fabrication of articles both of utility and ornament. Every one must be familiar with its peculiar white colour and great lustre; the epithet *silvery* conveying an idea not to be confounded with any other. In malleability and ductility it ranks next to gold, being frequently hammered into leaves 1-10,000th part of an inch in thickness, and drawn into wires finer than the human hair. Its specific gravity is only 10·5, and its fusing point 1875° of Fahrenheit. Silver is a widely-disseminated product of nature, occurring in the metallic or *native* state in fine threads or strings in various rocks, but chiefly in veins in primitive and secondary mountains. It is also found in combination with other metals, as lead, and with sulphur.

Silver, we have said, is very generally distributed; but the great sources of supply are Mexico and Peru in the New World. A considerable supply is also obtained from other parts of South America, from the Uralian Mountains, Austria, and Norway. In Britain it is found in small quantities, associated with lead—as in Derbyshire, at Alston Moor, Leadhills, &c.; and also in veins in the island of Anglesey. Most of the silver mines are situated in high, bleak, desolate tracts, which would never be inhabited by man, unless for the sake of the treasures in the rocks beneath. Those of Peru, for example, are found at an elevation of from 12,000 to 14,000 feet above the sea, in a wild barren region, to which every necessary of life has to be brought from a toilsome and expensive distance; and yet towns like Cerro de Pasco, of 18,000 inhabitants, have there risen into life and activity. The silver veins of Pasco are extremely rich. "One of them," says a recent traveller, "runs nearly in a straight line from north to south, and has already been traced to the length of 9600 feet, and the breadth of 412 feet; another, which takes a direction from east-south-east to west-north-west, and which intersects the former, is known to the extent of 6400 feet long, and 380 feet in breadth. From these large veins, numberless smaller ones branch off in various directions, so that a network of silver may be supposed to spread beneath the surface of the earth. Some thousand openings, or *mouths*, are the entrances to these mines. Most of these entrances are within the city itself, in small houses; and some are in the dwellings of the mine owners. Many of them are exceedingly shallow, and not more than five hundred deserve the name of shafts. All are worked in a very disorderly and careless way; the grand object of their owners being to avoid expense. The dangerous parts in the shafts are never walled up, and the excavations proceed without the adoption of any measures of security. The consequence is, that accidents, caused by the falling in of the galleries, are of frequent occurrence; and every year the lives of numbers of the Indian miners are sacrificed." All the other operations, it would appear, are as rude as the mining: the raising of the ore, the breaking and stamping, the separating of the silver from the dross, are all executed in a very clumsy, imperfect, and at the same time a very expensive manner. "The amalgamation of the quicksilver with the metal is effected by the tramping of horses! The animals employed in this way are a small ill-looking race, brought from Ayacucho and Cuzco, where they are found in numerous herds. The quicksilver speedily has a fatal effect on their hoofs, and after a few years the animals become unfit for work. The separation of the metals is managed with as little judgment as the amalgamation, and the waste of quicksilver is enormous. It is computed that on each mark of silver half a pound of quicksilver is expended. The quicksilver, with the exception of some little brought from Idria and Huancavelica, comes from Spain in iron jars, each containing about 75 lbs. weight of metal. In Lima, the price of these jars is from 60 to 100 dollars each, but they are occasionally sold as high as 135 or 140 dollars. Considering the vast losses which the Peruvian mine owners sustain by the waste of quicksilver, and the defective mode of refining, it may fairly be inferred that their profits are about one-third less than they would be under a better system of management." Within the last few years, however, a number of English companies have been drawn to South America, and, in consequence, mining has received a new impetus, and attention has been directed to the adoption of a more speedy and less expensive system of amalgamation. The different modes of refining and working the metal are too numerous and complicated to be here alluded to.

The numerous uses and applications of silver are well known. In its pure state it is too soft for coin, plate, and most ornamental purposes; but alloyed with copper in proper proportions, it becomes hard without being materially impaired in colour. The "standard silver" of British coin is an alloy of 11 oz. 2 dwt. of pure silver, and 18 dwt. of copper, to the pound troy; and this weight is coined into 66 shillings. In the arts, silver is extensively used, particularly for silvering or plating other metals; and for this purpose, silver leaf and solutions of silver are applied much in the same way as in gilding. The oxide of silver is used for colouring porcelain; and the iodides and nitrates are the ingredients upon which the new processes of Daguerreotype and Calotype mainly depend. The only pure acids which act upon silver are the nitric and sulphuric, producing respectively nitrates and sulphates of considerable importance. The nitrate, for example, is the strongest and most manageable caustic known in surgery, being applied as a common black wash, or as *lunar caustic*, which is merely the nitrate melted, and run into moulds after evaporation. A solution of two drachms of the nitrate of silver in an ounce of water, coloured by a little sap green or Indian ink, forms the marking ink of the laundress; and when a nitric solution of silver is mixed with alcohol, a violent effervescence ensues, and *fulminating powder* is produced. This powder is one of the most dangerous compounds known, exploding with violence upon the slightest friction of hard bodies, or when struck, rubbed, or heated. It is used in the preparation of lucifers, percussion-caps, Congreves, and the like.

Respecting the supply of the precious metals—gold and silver—Mr M'Culloch reckons the total available annual produce of the South American and Mexican mines at £5,600,000; of the United States, £100,000; the European, £750,000; and the Russo-Asiatic, £2,600,000—making in all, £9,050,000. The total annual consumption he sets down at £6,050,000; namely, for the United Kingdom, £2,500,000; France, £1,000,000; Switzerland, £450,000; the rest of Europe, £1,600,000; and North America, £500,000. Commenting on the future supply of these metals, the same authority remarks, "that there are not merely probable, but good grounds, on which to anticipate a large future increase of the annual produce of the mines and washings in most parts of the world. The late increase of the latter in Russia has been quite extraordinary; and if it should go on for any considerable period, it would have a powerful influence over the value of gold, and would not only sink it as compared with silver, but as compared with all other things not produced with the same increased facilities. It is reasonable also to suppose that the produce of the South American mines should be gradually increased. The anarchy which has so long disgraced and desolated the country cannot continue for ever; and means have lately been taken for reducing the price of quicksilver, the high cost of which has latterly contributed more than anything else to paralyse the efforts of the miners."

IRON.

Every person knows, or ought to know, says a high authority, the manifold uses of this truly precious metal. It is capable of being cast into moulds of any form; of being drawn out into wires of any desired strength or fineness; of being extended into plates or sheets; of being bent in every direction; of being sharpened, hardened, and softened at pleasure. Iron accommodates itself to all our wants, our desires, and even caprices; it is equally serviceable to the arts, the sciences, to agriculture and war; the same ore furnishes the sword, the ploughshare, the scythe, the pruning-hook, the needle, the graver, the spring of a watch or of a carriage, the chisel, the chain, the anchor, the compass, the cannon, and the bomb. It is a medicine of much virtue, and the only metal friendly to the human frame. The ores of iron are scattered over the crust of the globe with a beneficent profusion, proportioned to the utility of the metal; they are found under every latitude and every zone, in every geological formation, and are disseminated in every soil. It has also been well remarked by another authority, that he who first made known the use of iron, may be truly styled the Father of Arts and Author of Plenty.

The metal thus eulogised is of a peculiar gray colour, and strong metallic lustre, which is capable of being heightened by polishing. In ductility and malleability it is inferior to several of the metals, but exceeds them all in strength or tenacity. At common temperatures it is hard and unyielding; it is, too, one of the most infusible of metals, its fusing point being 3480° of Fahrenheit; but this disadvantage is counterbalanced, for all practical purposes, by its possessing the property of *welding* in high perfection. Iron is not a dense metal, its specific gravity being only 7·78. When exposed to air or water, it absorbs oxygen with rapidity, and becomes an oxide, or rusts. It is attracted by the magnet, and may itself be rendered permanently magnetic. It is found *native* in very small quantities; but, as already stated, its ores, amounting to about twenty in number, are all but universally diffused. Of these ores, about ten are worked by the miner either for the sake of the metal they contain, for use in their native state, or for some principle (as sulphur, arsenic, chromic acid, and the like) which they contain. The chief metal-yielding ores are—the red oxides of iron, included under the name of red hæmatite; the brown hæmatite of the mineralogist; the black oxide or magnetic iron ore; and protocarbonate of iron, either pure or in the form of clay iron ore. The three former occur in veins or nests in primary formations, and supply the finest kinds of iron, as those of Sweden and Hindoostan; while clay ironstone, from which most of the British iron is extracted, occurs chiefly in the coal formation, imbedded in the clays and shales, either in bands or balls. The countries in which iron is manufactured on an extensive scale, are Britain, France, Belgium, Sweden, Saxony, Austria, Spain, and the United States—in all of which the supply will suffice, even at the present enormous demand, for ages to come.

The forms in which the metal commonly appears in the arts, are cast iron, malleable iron, and steel; substances of such immense and varied importance, that a short outline of their nature and mode of production cannot fail to interest the intelligent reader. The ore being brought from the mine, the first process is that of roasting or calcining it in a kiln, in order to drive off the water, sulphur, and arsenic, with which it is more or less combined in its native state—an operation by which it loses one-sixth of its weight. The roasted ore is then subjected to the process of *smelting*, by which it is reduced to a metallic state by means of fusion. This operation is conducted in a blast furnace, charged from the top with certain proportions of iron ore, of coke or coal, and of limestone—the last acting as flux or promoter of fusion. In order to produce the degree of heat necessary for the fusion of the ore, its intenseness is promoted by the forcing in of a current of air, for which purpose the agency of steam is now commonly employed. The fluid metal is allowed to run out from time to time, and conducted into moulds formed of sand, for the various articles made of cast iron; or it is conveyed into channels for the *pigs*—the form in which cast iron is sold as a raw material, and the produce of which averages in Britain about 60 per cent. The term *pig iron* was given by the workmen: the metal being run off from the furnace in a main channel, which they call the *sow*, and the bars at right angles to it, like *pigs* attached to the teats of their mother. The quality of pig iron depends upon the nature of the ore and fuel employed; but it is common to divide it into foundry-iron and forge-iron—the former being adapted for castings, the latter for malleable purposes. To convert pig into *bar* or malleable iron, it is first refined, an operation chiefly conducted in the "puddling-furnace," by exposure to a strong heat, while a current of air plays upon its surface. By this means any undecomposed ore is reduced, earthy impurities rise to the surface as slag, and carbonaceous matter is consumed; and the more thorough the separation of these, the better the iron. As the purity of the metal increases, its fusibility diminishes, until at length, though the temperature remain the same, the iron becomes solid. It is then, while still hot, beaten under the "forge hammer," or subjected to the operation of rolling, by which its particles are compacted, and its tenacity greatly increased. By these several processes the metal is converted from a fusible, hard, and brittle substance, to a tough and elastic bar, which is hardly fusible; and which, from its property of yielding and altering its form under the hammer, has acquired the name of *malleable* iron. There are various qualities of malleable iron, according to the processes followed; and what is strange, the most perfect processes will not bring the iron of one district up to the same standard as another, nor will the forging of one season be equal, even in the same furnace, with the forgings of another season.

Bar iron is converted into *steel* by being exposed to the action of heat, in contact with carbonaceous matter; and is *tempered*—that is, rendered harder, more elastic and brittle—by immersion, when red-hot, in cold water. Steel is thus a peculiar stage of iron, depending on the quantity of carbon which it contains, though we are unable to give a criterion for that quantity. Pig iron contains more carbon than steel, and steel about 1 per cent. more than wrought iron. Steel is, therefore, an intermediate step in the transition of pig to wrought iron. It has, consequently, been produced by melting these substances together; by which means the pig iron has imparted to the wrought iron so much of its carbon, as would serve to reduce it to a kind of steel. There are three kinds of steel—blistered steel, shear steel, and cast steel. *Blistered steel* is made by placing alternate layers of wrought iron and carbon in a furnace exposed to considerable heat. The steel thus made is found to contain small bubbles or blisters, and the process is termed "conversion" or "cementation." *Shear steel* is made by choosing proper pieces of blistered steel, about 3 feet long and 1½ inch square. Half-a-dozen of these are heated in a box with a flux, such as sand or clay, to the required pitch. These being hammered under a tilt, are welded into what is called single shear; the process performed over again gives double shear steel. This article, properly prepared and cast into ingots, becomes *cast steel.* Before the introduction of Heath's process (which consists in smelting shear steel with an admixture of carburet of manganese), all which was to be worked into a fine edge, was made of iron procured from one mine only—that of Dannemara in Sweden. It was consigned to one house at Hull, at a cost of £38 per ton, and in quantities not exceeding 1100 tons per annum. Since the adoption of Heath's process, steel having all the beauty of cast steel, and all the welding advantages of shear steel, can be manufactured from any sort of iron, at a rate not exceeding £15 per ton.

The uses of these three substances—cast iron, malleable iron, and steel—are so numerous and varied, that it would be impossible, even within the limits of our sheet, to give anything like a satisfactory detail. In one or other of its forms, iron is now employed for almost every purpose to which wood, or any of the other metals, can be applied in the arts of civilised life. In agriculture, architecture, ship-building, the fabrication of machinery, railways, the construction of implements and utensils either for the objects of war or peace, and in the formation of all those articles which come under the designation of *hardwares,* its importance is pre-eminent—conferring upon Britain a wealth, power, and pre-eminence which, but for the presence of her coal and iron, she could never have attained. But though iron is thus important, abundant, and common, it is by far the most difficult of the metals to bring into a state fit for use; and the discovery of the methods of working it seems to have been long posterior to the use of gold, silver, and copper. At what time it began to be made in this country, there is no means of ascertaining: iron-works are said to have been established by the Romans in the Forest of Dean in Gloucestershire; but be this as it may, it is not till a comparatively recent period that the manufacture began to assume anything like a national importance. "Down to the seventeenth century," we quote the Cyclopædia of Commerce, "the ore was entirely smelted with charcoal; and there was a considerable number of furnaces in those districts where wood and iron were plentiful, particularly the Weald of Kent, Surrey, and Sussex; but in course of time, wood-fuel becoming scarce, the trade was threatened with decay. Many attempts were made during the seventeenth and early part of the eighteenth century, to retard the decline by the use of pit-coal, but without effect; the simple hand-worked bellows, or the more powerful water-movement, which produced a sufficiency of blast for charcoal, having little effect upon coal; and the number of furnaces, which in 1619 was estimated by Lord Dudley (who in that year obtained a patent for smelting with coal) at 300, fell off towards the middle of the eighteenth century to 59. Science, however, came to the rescue of one of our greatest staple manufactures. In 1760, Smeaton erected a cylinder blasting-machine for the Carron Company, which, after some improvements, enabled the same furnace that formerly yielded 10 or 12 tons weekly, to produce 40. Shortly after this, Watt's improvement of the steam-engine, and its application to iron-works, not only revived the trade, but enabled it to distance all foreign competition. Ores that formerly could not be worked with profit, either from their inherent intractableness, or from the small proportion of metal they contained, were now advantageously submitted to the furnace, and more metal was extracted from the richest ores. Various improvements also took place in the manufacture of bar iron, particularly by the substitution of hammering machinery for hand labour; by Mr Cort's invention of 'puddling' (1783)—the great distinction of coal-made iron—and also by that gentleman's patent (1784) for the rolling of iron; while at the same time the extent of the iron-works were greatly enlarged, and improvements made in the form of the furnaces. Of recent inventions, by far the most important is the substitution of the *hot* for the cold blast, by artificially heating the currents of air impelled into the furnace. This discovery of Mr Neilson of the Clyde Iron-Works, operates by obtaining a larger quantity of metal with a less degree of fuel. In 1829, with cold air, 1 ton of iron consumed 8 tons 1 cwt. of coal; in 1833, with hot air, the same quantity of iron was procured with only 2 tons 5 cwt. of coal."

The result of these successive improvements and inventions, present the statistician with some of the most astonishing facts in the history of British manufactures. In 1740, the quantity of iron made in the United Kingdom did not exceed perhaps 25,000 tons; after the cylinder invention, it rose in 1796 to 124,879; in 1802 it was estimated at 170,000; in 1828 it rose to 702,584; in 1839 to 1,512,000; and at the present time it cannot fall much short of 2,000,000 tons! It is true that the trade is subject to rapid and extensive fluctuations, the production rising and falling to the amount of several thousand tons, and the price ranging from £6 to £14, or even higher, a ton; but the immense demand now made by railways both at home and abroad—by ship-building, bridge-building, and the like—is not likely to suffer any considerable decline for several years to come. The other countries producing iron to any extent are—France, Belgium, Sweden, Saxony, Austria, Spain, and the United States; the whole furnishing an aggregate supply somewhat less than that of Great Britain, though in the last-mentioned country the trade has increased prodigiously since the application of the hot-blast to American anthracite has proved successful. At home, the chief seats of the iron trade are—Staffordshire, Shropshire, South Wales, Yorkshire, Derbyshire, and Lancashire in England; Lanarkshire and Stirlingshire in Scotland; in Ireland there are no iron-works of importance. The manufacture of hardwares, machines, engines, iron-steamers, locomotives, &c. is now more generally diffused throughout the country, though Birmingham and the towns around it still maintain their supremacy in general hardwares; Sheffield in cutlery; Manchester, Glasgow, and Dundee, in machinery; Glasgow and Liverpool in ship-building; and Carron in cannon and other heavy castings. At present (1847) the annual value of this metal, including under that term every form of cast and malleable iron, may be safely estimated between nine and ten millions; while the annual value of hardware manufactured partly from iron and other metals is not less than eighteen millions. This last estimate is exclusive of watches, plate, jewellery, &c. which are valued by Mr Jacobs at somewhere about three millions.

COPPER.

This was one of the earliest known of the metals, and not less extensively used than known by the nations of antiquity; its tenacity and durability rendering it the best substitute for iron, ere man had learned to reduce that precious but more refractory metal. It derives its name from the island of Cyprus, where it was extensively mined and smelted by the Greeks, who employed it, either pure or in an alloyed state, in the fabrication of their domestic utensils and implements of war. It is a metal of a beautiful red colour, and considerable lustre, very malleable and ductile, but more capable of being hammered into leaves than drawn into wire. In tenacity it yields to iron, but surpasses gold, silver, and platinum, a wire of only 1-10th of an inch being strong enough to support a weight of 300 lbs. Its specific gravity is about 8·8, and its fusing point 2000° Fahrenheit—that is, nearly a white heat. It is found occasionally in a native state in films, strings, or amorphous masses, but in no considerable quantity. The most remarkable masses of native copper hitherto discovered are said to be one in Brazil, which weighed about 2620 lbs., and another in the bed of a stream to the south of Lake Superior, which measured not less than 15 feet in circumference! The great source of the commercial supply is, as in the case of the other metals, from ores, of which the most common and productive are copper pyrites—that is, copper in certain combinations with sulphur and other metallic impurities. In this state it is found in almost every mineral district in beds—as the *kupfer-schiefer*, or copper-slate, of Germany—but more commonly in veins in primitive and secondary mountains. Copper mines are largely worked in England, Chili, Cuba, Germany, Sweden, and Siberia; less extensively in France, Spain, Hungary, and Norway; and recently, with great promise, in Australia.

The English mines, says an authority already quoted, were scarcely worked prior to last century; they are chiefly situated in Cornwall, where the most common ore consists of copper, iron, and sulphur, in nearly equal proportions, and is called yellow copper ore, or copper pyrites; veins are also worked in the counties of Devon, Anglesea, and Stafford. Owing to the want of fuel in Cornwall and Devon, the ores are shipped from these counties to South Wales, to be calcined and smelted, principally to works situated on the navigable rivers of Swansea and Neath; the smaller quantity of material being thus carried to the greater, while the vessels load back with coal for the use of the mining steam-engines. The quantity of metallic copper yielded by the ore is commonly about 8 or 9 per cent.; and the fuel consumed ranges from 15 to 18 parts for every part of metal produced. The total quantity of copper mined in Britain in 1820 amounted to 8127 tons; now it is considerably more than double that quantity, and valued at little short of £2,000,000. This supply is more than sufficient for the demand of the United Kingdom; hence considerable shipments in pigs, sheets, nails, wires, &c. are made to the East Indies, China, United States, West Indies, Brazil, Canada, and Holland. Besides the produce of British mines, considerable quantities of ore have of late been imported from Chili, Cuba, and South Australia.

The uses of copper are numerous and highly important, the metal ranking next to iron in real commercial value. It is used, as is well known, for coin, for sheeting or sheathing the bottoms of vessels, for boilers, and a great variety of implements and utensils; in the manufacture of blue and green colours; and in medicine. Alloyed with zinc, it forms *brass* and *pinchbeck;* with tin, *bell-metal* and *bronze;* with tin and silver, *speculum metal;* and with tin and nickel, the now common compound argentane, or *German silver.* All these alloys are of infinite use, entering into the fabrication of almost every species of machinery, implement, utensil, and ornament. Though thus vieing with iron in its applicability to the purposes of civilised life, its salts and solutions, unlike those of that metal, are highly poisonous; hence the frequent evils arising from the use of neglected or ill-cleaned culinary utensils of copper. Water containing copper in solution, is changed into a bright blue by the addition of a little hartshorn or liquid ammonia; and by immersing a piece of polished iron or steel in any liquid containing copper, the surface will soon become coated with a film of the latter metal.

LEAD.

This is another of the metals which have been long and extensively used in the arts of civilised life. It has a grayish-blue colour, with a bright metallic lustre when newly cut, but soon tarnishes, and assumes a dull earthy aspect on exposure to the air. Its texture is close, like that of gold and silver; its specific gravity is about 11·36; and it is very malleable and ductile, but soft and unelastic. It is one of the least sonorous of the metals; melts at the low degree of 612° Fahrenheit; soils the fingers when rubbed; and emits a peculiar odour. Though readily oxidised by exposure to the air, the oxidisation does not proceed far; hence its durability for roofing, and other external purposes. "Perfectly pure water, such as distilled water," says Brande, "put into a clean leaden vessel and exposed to the air, soon oxidises and corrodes it, and delicate tests discover oxide of lead *in solution* in the water; but river and spring water exert no such solvent power. Hence it is that leaden cisterns are used with impunity for the preservation of common water; and that the crust which forms upon the metal, effectually prevents all further action. As this crust partly consists of carbonate of lead, which is very poisonous, great care should be taken to prevent its diffusion through the water upon any occasion, as by scraping or cleaning the cistern."

Fourteen or fifteen ores of lead are known to mineralogists; but that of *galena*, a sulphuret of the metal, is the only one occurring in sufficient quantities to become an object of mining and metallurgy. It is found but sparingly in the primitive crystalline rocks, more plentifully in the transition schists and slates, and most abundantly in the transition and mountain limestones. The principal lead-mining countries are Britain, Saxony, Bohemia, and other states of Germany; Spain, France, and Missouri in the United States. The lead mines of Britain are of great importance; and those of Derbyshire are said to have been worked prior to the Roman invasion. The most productive at present are situated in Northumberland, Cumberland, Durham, Derbyshire, Flintshire, Isle of Man, and at Leadhills in Scotland. Nearly the whole produce is derived from galena, in the proportion of about 85 per cent. of pure metal. The ore, after being washed and picked, is roasted, in order to expel the sulphur, and is then mixed with fuel, and placed in the smelting furnace, from which it is run in pigs. The amount of lead annually smelted in Britain is estimated at 48,000 tons or thereby; which, at the present price, would make the value of the produce little short of £1,000,000 sterling. About 15,000 tons are annually exported, partly in pigs, and partly in sheet, shot, red-lead, and litharge.

Metallic lead is employed for numerous purposes in the arts: rolled into *sheets*, it is used for roofing, lining of cisterns, tea-boxes, &c.; cast into *pipes*, it is used for conducting of water, gas, and the like; and alloyed with arsenic, and dropped through perforated trays from lofty towers, it forms *shot* of various sizes. Alloyed with tin in different proportions, it constitutes *solder* and *pewter;* and with antimony and tin, it forms *type* and *stereotype metal.* Combined with oxygen, it constitutes *massicot,* a protoxide of a pale yellow colour; *litharge,* also a semicrystalline protoxide, obtained in separating silver from lead ores, enters largely into the composition of flint-glass; *red-lead,* a dutoxide, is extensively employed as a pigment, and also in the manufacture of flint-glass; *white-lead,* a carbonate of the metal, is a well-known paint; as is also the beautiful yellow chromate; while the acetate of lead, commonly known as *sugar-of-lead,* is employed for various purposes in the arts and in medicine.

TIN.

Tin was known to the ancient nations of the Levant, who obtained it chiefly from Spain and Britain. It is a white brilliant metal; has a slight taste and smell when rubbed; is malleable to a considerable degree, but is inferior in ductility and tenacity. Its hardness is intermediate between that of gold and lead; its specific gravity is about 7·2; it melts at 442° Fahrenheit, and at a white heat takes fire and burns with a bright flame. It oxidises but slowly on exposure to air and moisture; hence its value in coating or tinning more oxidisable metals, as iron. Tin is rather a rare metal; and is principally found in primitive rocks, where it occurs chiefly in veins, but partly also disseminated and in beds. There are only two ores of the metal known—the double sulphuret, which is rare; and the native peroxide, from which the commercial supplies of the metal are obtained.

This latter ore is found abundantly in Cornwall and the western district of Devonshire; in Germany, Bohemia, and Hungary; in Chili and Mexico; and in Malacca and Banca in the East Indies. The tinstone of Britain is chiefly obtained from mines; but considerable quantities are sometimes discovered in alluvial soils—the debris of rocks in which the ore was originally imbedded. The ore is reduced by grinding, washing, roasting, and smelting; and is cast in blocks or bars of about 3 cwt. each. The annual produce of the British mines is estimated at 4000 tons, worth from £65 to £80 a ton. About 1500 tons of unwrought tin are annually exported, principally to France, Italy, and Russia; and this, exclusive of tin, pewter-wares, and tinplate, to the value of £400,000 yearly, sent to the United States, Italy, Germany, France, the colonies, &c. The amount of crude tin brought from the East is very variable, ranging generally between 500 and 1500 tons a-year.

The uses of tin are both numerous and important. Besides being employed in the formation of a variety of utensils, it is largely used in tinning copper and iron-plate, to protect them from rust—an art which originated in Saxony, and was made known in Britain about two centuries ago. Alloyed with lead, it forms pewter; it enters into the composition of type-metal and solder; it is used in the process of enamelling; in silvering looking-glasses; by dyers and calico-printers, when solved in muriatic acid; and largely in the form of foil or leaf.

MERCURY OR QUICKSILVER.

This is a well-known metal, of a brilliant silver-white colour, fluid and mobile at ordinary temperatures; hence the name *live*, or *quick*, silver. In this property of fluidity, it differs from all other metals—never being solid, unless when subjected to a degree of cold equal to 40° below zero. In this condition it has been obtained by arctic explorers, who, under extreme depressions of temperature, found their barometers and thermometers useless, and who, for curiosity's sake, have shot bullets of it from their muskets. Its specific gravity is about 13·57; thus ranking above all other metals, with the exception of platinum, gold, and tungsten. It is found native in small quantities—that is, in minute dewy globules; but for commercial purposes it is always extracted from the ore called *cinnabar*. This ore is a bisulphuret of the metal, of a red colour, massive and crystallised, occurring in veins, and distributed variously through the matrix of the veinstone. It is found but sparingly in the primitive rocks; the principal deposits of the mercurial ores being, in all parts of the world, in the middle Secondary strata; that is, in the upper portions of the coal-measures, and in the magnesian limestone and new red sandstone. In these formations the ore occurs either in irregular veins, or is combined with the sandstones, bituminous schists, and indurated clays.

The most productive mines of cinnabar are those of Almaden, near Cordova in Spain, of Idria in Austria; and of Huancavelica, in Peru, at an elevation of 14,500 feet above the sea. Quicksilver is also produced in several of the Chinese provinces, and sparingly in one or two localities in Rhenish Bavaria. The mines of Idria, which were discovered in 1497, yield annually about 150 tons of the pure metal; but could readily supply four times that amount, were it not for certain absurd restrictions imposed upon the produce by the Austrian government. The veins at Almaden, which range from 12 to 20 feet in thickness, have been worked for nearly three thousand years; at all events, Pliny records that the Greeks imported red cinnabar from Spain seven hundred years before the Christian era, and that Rome in his time annually received 700,000 lbs. from the same province. At present the produce of metal may be from 1100 to 1200 tons, giving employment to upwards of 1000 miners and smelters. The usual method of reducing the ores is by distillation. The minerals brought out of the mine are broken up, and picked by women and children, and then in some places the richer ores are separately burnt; but it is more usual, and considered more economical, to mix the richer with the poorer ores, and expose the whole mass together to the action of heat in closed retorts, which also contain a certain proportion of limestone. The retorts, filled with the mixture of ore and limestone, are ranged, to the number of twenty or more, in recesses of a furnace; and heat being applied, each retort is made to communicate with a vessel of water, in which the vapours of the mercury are condensed. In the mines of Idria a ruder method is adopted; the ores are roasted in a kind of oven, and the vapours ascend into condensers, where the little drops of mercury collect, and are conducted into a porphyry vessel placed to receive them.

The imports of mercury into this country, chiefly from the mines of Almaden, are about 2,200,000 lbs. annually, of which little more than an eighth are retained for home consumption. The remainder is re-exported, principally to South America, Mexico, the United States, and the East Indies; while smaller shipments are made to Russia, Belgium, and other countries. During the war, when the intercourse between Europe and America was interrupted, the price of quicksilver rose to such a height in the latter country, that it answered to import it from China; but since the peace, this traffic, we believe, has been abandoned. From the peculiar character of the metal, it is transported either in iron bottles, in small leathern bags, or, as from China, in short joints of the bamboo.

Mercury is principally employed for amalgamation with other metals, chiefly gold and silver, so as to extract them from their ores; and it is almost solely for this purpose that it is imported into South America and Mexico. It is used also in gilding, in silvering mirrors, for filling thermometer and barometer tubes, and for various philosophical apparatus. In medicine it is employed in several forms: the whitish insipid powder termed *calomel* is the protochloride of mercury; and the acrid, nauseous, white substance, known as *corrosive sublimate*, is the bichloride. This sublimate has recently been extensively applied as an antiseptic in the prevention of the dry-rot in timber, in the mildewing of sailcloth, and the like. Mercury is also used in the making of vermilion, that beautiful pigment being prepared from an artificial cinnabar, composed of 8 parts of mercury and 1 of sulphur. When sulphur and mercury are triturated together in a mortar, the former gradually disappears, and the whole assumes the form of a black powder, denominated *ethiops mineral;* if this powder be heated red-hot, it sublimes, and on a proper vessel being placed to receive it, a cake is obtained, of a fine red colour, which, when reduced to powder, forms the vermilion of commerce.

ANTIMONY.

This metal was discovered by Basil Valentine in 1490, and has since been extensively employed in medicine, in the composition of printing types, stereotype plates, music plates, and the like; and also in the manufacture of the white metal utensils now so generally used as substitutes for silver. When pure, it is of a silver-white colour, is brittle, has a specific gravity of 6·8, and melts readily at a red heat. When heated in open crucibles, it gradually combines with the oxygen of the atmosphere, and flies off in the form of a white vapour. It is the oxide, or rather oxides of the metal (for there are several) which are used in medicine, their general effects being purgative, sudorific, and emetic. The metallic ore of commerce contains sulphur and other impurities, and is much more easily fused than the pure metal, which has a hardness about that of gold. This ore is found at Rosenau in Hungary, in Saxony and the Hartz, in Spain, France, Siberia, Mexico, the Indian Archipelago, and in Cornwall and Ayrshire in our own island. As yet the ore has been imported into this country chiefly from the East; but the recently discovered veins in Ayrshire are likely soon to yield the main supply. It is usually of a lead-gray colour, is crystallised, possesses considerable splendour, and is very apt by the uninitiated to be mistaken for an ore of lead. *Crude* antimony is the name given in commerce to the sulphuret of the metal, after being separated from the impurities of the ore by fusion, and a species of filtration; and *regulus* of antimony is the pure metal, after being separated from the sulphur. The powder of the sulphuret is very black, and was employed by women in ancient times to stain their eyebrows and eyelids.

Antimony is never applied to any useful purpose as an independent metal, in consequence of its brittleness and liability to corrosion; but it forms several valuable and extensively-employed alloys. Thus, alloyed with lead, in the proportion of 2 to 6, and a small addition of copper, it constitutes the metal used for printing types; mixed with lead alone, the compound forms the rather brittle plates upon which music is engraved; and an alloy of 112 lead, 18 antimony, and 2 block-tin, forms the stereotypes from which the present sheet is printed. Hard pewter is made of 12 parts of tin and 1 of antimony; and the Britannia or white-metal spoons and teapots now so much in use are composed of 100 tin, 8 antimony, 2 bismuth, and 2 copper. Antimony also unites with iron, forming a hard whitish alloy; and the smallest portion entering into the composition of gold, renders that otherwise soft and ductile metal brittle and unmalleable. The manufacturer of pastes or factitious gems employs the oxide of antimony to give colour to his so-called beryls, Oriental topazes, and yellow diamonds.

BISMUTH.

This metal, known to Agricola in 1530, is of a brittle crystalline texture, brownish-white in colour, nearly 10 in specific gravity, and fusible at the temperature of 476°. Its hardness is between that of copper and lead; it is scarcely malleable, breaks under the hammer, and cannot be drawn into wire. Bismuth is by no means a common metal, and is usually obtained in a combined state in Cornwall, Bohemia, Saxony, and Sweden. As met with in commerce, it is generally mingled with impurities of iron, arsenic, or other metals.

It is used as a *flux*—that is, for communicating fusibility to other metals; *solder*, for example, consisting of 1 bismuth, 5 lead, and 3 tin; it is also employed in the formation of some kinds of pewter, printers' types, and various metallic mixtures. Eight parts of bismuth, 5 of lead, and 3 of tin, constitute the fusible metal, sometimes called Newton's, from its discoverer, which melts at little more than 200°, or under the heat of boiling water, and may be fused over a candle in a piece of stiff paper, without burning the paper. A small addition of mercury aids the fusibility; and such alloys are sometimes used in taking casts of anatomical preparations. Bismuth forms the basis of sympathetic ink; and the powder called *pearl-white*, used in medicine, is obtained from the nitrate of the metal, which, when dropped into water, falls down in that form. The nitrate has also been employed as a mordant for lilac and violet dyes in calico printing.

ZINC.

Though known as early as the beginning of the sixteenth century, the numerous and important applications of this metal are for the most part of very recent date. Its distinguishing characteristics are, bluish-white colour and lustre; specific gravity 7; at common temperatures, tough and intractable; but heated to between 220° and 320° Fahrenheit, it becomes malleable and ductile, so that it may be hammered out, rolled into sheets, and even drawn into wire of such tenacity, that 1-10th of an inch in diameter is capable of sustaining a weight of 26 pounds. Heated beyond that point, say between 400° and 500° Fahrenheit, it again becomes so brittle, that it may be reduced to powder in a mortar: it melts at 700°. The metal is obtained from two ores—namely, *calamine*, a native carbonate;

and *blende*, a native sulphuret. These ores occur in two geological positions—namely, either in the native or in the magnesian limestone, associated with galena and sometimes with cadmium.

Zinc ores are found in Britain, especially in Flintshire, Derbyshire, and Cumberland; but the quality of the British metal is inferior to that of Germany, from whence, *via* Hamburg, about 170,000 cwt. are annually imported, commonly as ballast for ships bringing wool. Of this amount, about one-half is kept for home consumption, and the remainder for exportation, chiefly to India, which, previous to 1820, obtained her supply from China. "These ores," says Brande, "are roasted and mixed with charcoal; the mixture is put into a kind of crucible, closed at top, and perforated at bottom by an iron tube, which passes through the grate of the furnace into water; and the vapour of the zinc distils downwards through the tube, and is condensed in the water. The first portions are impure, containing arsenic, and often cadmium, in which case the vapour burns with what the workmen call a *brown blaze;* when the *blue blaze* appears, the zinc is collected."

Zinc being a cheap and light metal, its specific gravity varying from 6·8 to 7·1, and one which, when superficially oxidised, long resists the further action of air and water, it is now employed as a substitute for lead in lining cisterns, covering roofs, forming water-spouts, and the like. It has also been used of late in the manufacture of kitchen and dairy utensils, but not without doubt as to its being deleteriously acted upon by the presence of acids. It is likewise wrought into buttons, and other small wares; and zinc-plates have been a considerable while in use in the transfer of printing, under the title of *zincography.* Its sulphate and oxide are employed in medicine; and, as already described, with copper it forms the well-known alloy, brass. Though the action of water upon zinc be scarcely appreciable, after it has once been coated with the oxide, yet the addition of a little acid (as sulphuric) dissolves and removes this coating, and further oxidation proceeds with rapidity. It is this action which renders zinc so powerful a generator of electricity in the voltaic pile or battery.

COBALT.

Cobalt, discovered by Brandt more than a century ago, is a reddish-gray brittle metal, somewhat soft, fusible at a temperature a little below that required for the fusion of iron, of 8·5 specific gravity, and possessing magnetic properties. The finest ores are found in Saxony, where it received its name (*kobold*, a devil); a term applied to it by the miners, who considered it unfavourable to the presence of the more important metals. It is never used in a separate state; but the impure oxides of the metal, called *zaffre* and *smalts*, are extensively used as colouring materials. Thus the oxide of cobalt is an invaluable article in the manufacture of porcelain and pottery, all the blue colours of which are derived from that substance. When fused with glass, it communicates a blue tint to that material, without impairing its transparency; and what is especially valuable, this colour is not impaired by very high temperatures. So great is the colouring power of oxide of cobalt on vitrifiable substances, that 1 grain gives a full blue to 240 of glass! Cobalt blue, or Thenard's blue, is a beautiful pigment, prepared from the phosphate of cobalt, and now largely employed by decorative painters, and sometimes by artists as a substitute for ultramarine. Smalts, of which we annually import about 146,000 lbs., are prepared principally in Norway and Germany. Zaffre, of which we import more than double that amount, is manufactured chiefly in Saxony and Prussia.

NICKEL.

This metal, discovered by Cronstadt in 1751, is of a brilliant white colour resembling silver; ductile and malleable, and capable of receiving a high polish; specific gravity about that of cobalt. According to Brande, it is found in all meteoric iron; but its principal ore is a copper-coloured mineral found in Westphalia, and called *kupfer-nickel*, nickel being a term of detraction used by the German miners, who expected from the colour of the ore to find that it contained copper. The cobalt ores are the most fruitful sources of this kupfer-nickel, or speisse. Alloyed with copper, it forms argentane, or German silver; and since this compound became an object of commercial importance, the extraction of nickel has been undertaken upon a considerable scale. It is also employed in potteries, and in the manufacture of porcelain. It is, to a certain degree, susceptible of magnetism, and mariners' compasses may be made of it.

MANGANESE.

This is a very brittle metal, of a dusky white colour, and without either malleability or ductility, having a specific gravity of 8. The substance known in commerce under that name, however, is the peroxide, or the black oxide of the metal. It occurs native in the Hartz mountains, in Piedmont, in the Mendip hills in Somerset, and the counties of Devon and Aberdeen. It is found in a variety of forms: most commonly it is of an earthy appearance, and mixed with other ingredients; but sometimes in crystals of a black colour and metallic lustre. This mineral was described by Scheele, in 1774, as a peculiar earth; but in the same year Gahn showed that it was the oxide of a true metallic substance. The metal separately is of no known use, but the peroxide, as a source of oxygen, is largely employed in the decomposition of common salt for the production of chlorine for bleaching. It is also used by potters and glass-makers as a glaze or pigment; and lately it has been used in calico-printing as the source of certain brown colours. From its cheapness, it is now the only substance used by the chemist for the production of oxygen gas for experimental purposes. The ore of manganese, known in England by the name of *black wadd*, is remarkable for its spontaneous inflammation with oil. The pure metal can only be kept in closely-stoppered bottles, under naphtha, like potassium; because, when in contact with air, it speedily gets oxidised, and falls into powder.

ARSENIC.

This metal, discovered by Brandt in 1733, is exceedingly brittle, of a strong metallic lustre and white colour, running into steel-gray. Its specific gravity is 5·9; it volatilises, emitting a strong odour of garlic before it fuses, at a temperature of 365°, and is readily inflammable. The pure metal, however, being very soft, is of little value, and is not used in the arts. It is the softest of all the metallic bodies, and so brittle that it may be easily reduced to a very fine powder by trituration in a mortar. The arsenic of commerce is the white oxide of the metal, or, more accurately, *arsenious acid*—a compound which is obtained chiefly in Bohemia and Saxony, in roasting the cobalt ores for making zaffre, and also by sublimation from arsenical pyrites. In this state it is generally met with in cakes, brittle, white, faintly sweetish in taste, and more or less translucent; for medicinal purposes, these cakes have to undergo sublimation, in order to get rid of sulphur and other impurities. In the shops it is usually sold in the form of a white smooth powder, not unfrequently adulterated with chalk or gypsum—an adulteration, however, which can be easily detected by burning a little, when the arsenic volatilises and the additions remain. Arsenious acid, though one of the most virulent poisons, is used in medicine, forming a notable ingredient—for example, in what are called ague drops. It is also employed as an ingredient in *Scheele's green* and other dyes, in the manufacture of flint-glass, and by candlemakers, to impart to their candles a white and waxy appearance. With sulphur, arsenic forms two compounds, known in commerce by the names of *realgar* and *orpiment;* the former a red sulphuret found in Bohemia and Saxony, and used as a pigment, as well as in pyrotechnical compositions; and the latter a yellow sulphuret, found native in China, South America, &c. and produced artificially in Saxony, and employed in dyeing and calico-printing. The finer native varieties are reserved for artists.

With respect to the poisonous qualities of arsenic: "When it has been taken in large doses," says Mr Brande, "it produces violent spasmodic pains of the stomach and bowels, attended by a sense of heat and constriction in the mouth and throat, an increased flow of saliva, tightness about the head, itching of the face and neck, and nausea. These symptoms are succeeded by vomiting and purging, and excruciating pains; the pulse, at first full, hard, and frequent, sinks and becomes irregularly feeble; and clamminess of the skin, cold sweats, purple spots, and convulsions, precede death. Should the patient escape this catastrophe, it often happens that hectic fever, paralysis, and mental and bodily debility attend him for the remainder of his days. It is often said that the bodies of persons poisoned by arsenic are very prone to putrefaction; but this does not appear to be always the case. After death, the stomach and bowels are usually found inflamed, but often slightly so; and it appears, from Sir Benjamin Brodie's observations, that this poison kills by some peculiar action upon the heart and nervous system. The treatment of persons thus poisoned consists in promoting the vomiting by an emetic, composed of a solution of twenty grains of sulphate of zinc in two ounces of water, aided by copious draughts of warm barley-water or gruel; but the most effective means of getting rid of the arsenic is by the use of the stomach-pump, which, when immediately resorted to, has often saved the patient. The only ready means of ascertaining the presence of white arsenic, is by heating the suspected substance upon a red-hot coal, or in the flame of a candle, when it will emit the peculiar arsenical odour resembling that of garlic; but the treatment of persons poisoned by arsenic, and its detection in doubtful cases, must be left to the medical man and the chemist. It is impossible too strongly to represent the evil which results from the unfettered sale of arsenic, and from the unwarrantable use of it as a poison for rats, and as a veterinary remedy; for it is thus that it finds its way into culinary vessels, gets accidentally mixed with articles of food, and that bottles which have contained it are used for beer, wine, &c. Its sale should be rigidly prohibited by all save regularly qualified druggists."

PLATINUM.

Platinum, or Platina, was unknown in Europe till about the middle of the last century, when it began to be imported in small quantities from South America. It is of a whitish silvery colour; hence its name, from the Spanish word *plata*, silver. It is the heaviest, the most difficult of fusion, the most ductile, and the most flexible of the known metals, having a specific gravity of 21·5, and capable of being hammered into leaves, or drawn into wires, of extreme tenuity. Its hardness is intermediate between that of copper and iron; and though very infusible, it is malleable, and capable of being welded at a white heat, either one piece to another, or to a bit of iron or steel. It is not in the least affected by the action of air or water, and is not attacked by any of the pure acids; but is dissolved by chlorine and nitro-muriatic acid. In scarcity, beauty, ductility, and indestructibility, it is thus hardly inferior to gold. When a perfectly clean surface of platinum is presented to a mixture of oxygen and hydrogen gas, it has the extraordinary property of causing them to combine, so as to form water, and often with such rapidity as to render the metal red hot.

As already stated, platinum was discovered about 1741; but it attracted little notice until the mode of purifying it, and rendering it malleable, was discovered by Dr Wollaston. It is found in the metallic state in Brazil and Peru; at Antioquia in South America; in Estremadura in Spain; and latterly, in considerable quantities, in the Uralian mountains. Its appearance, in the rough state in which it is imported, is that of small grains or scales, of a metallic lustre, darker than silver, and extremely heavy. In this state it is combined with palladium, rhodium, titanium, iron, gold, or other metals. The particles are seldom larger than a pea, but pieces have been found as large as a hazelnut; and in 1831, a mass of native metal was discovered in Demidoff's gold mines, in Russia, weighing upwards of 20 lbs.!

The perfection with which vessels of platinum resist the action of heat and air, of most of the acids, and of sulphur and mercury, renders them peculiarly valuable in many chemical applications; so that, notwithstanding the high value of the metal, which is between four and five times its weight of silver, it is now much employed for crucibles, retorts for the distillation of sulphuric acid, mirrors for reflecting telescopes, by gunsmiths, and others. Its property of being welded, either one piece with another, or with iron and steel, admits of many useful applications in the arts. From its scarcity and indestructibility, it has been proposed to use it for coinage; and we believe coins of the respective values of 3, 6, and 20 silver roubles are now current in Russia.

PALLADIUM.

This rare substance was discovered in 1803, by Dr Wollaston, when experimenting on the ores of platinum. As yet it has been found only in combination with the ores of that metal, which it greatly resembles in colour and lustre. It is ductile and malleable, has a specific gravity of 11·8, and its fusibility is intermediate between that of gold and iron. It is oxidised and dissolved by nitric acid; its properties, however, are yet imperfectly known, nor is it, so far as we know, applied to any economical purpose, unless sometimes for the graduated scales of astronomical instruments. The Wollaston medal of the Geological Society of London is appropriately made of palladium.

RHODIUM.

Rhodium, so called from the Greek word *rhodon*, a rose, on account of the red colour of some of its salts, was discovered in 1803 by Dr Wollaston, associated with palladium in the ore of platinum. It is of a whitish colour, difficult of fusion, and extremely hard and durable, with a specific gravity somewhat less than that of palladium. It forms valuable alloys with the other metals, particularly steel, and would be extensively employed in the arts could it be obtained in abundance. It has been used for the points of metallic pens.

OSMIUM.

This metallic substance, says Brande, was discovered by Tennant in 1803, associated with the ore of platinum. Its peroxide is extremely volatile, and has a peculiar pungent odour, which suggested the name of the metal; namely, *osmé*, an odour. It is a very rare product, and has not, either in a simple or combined state, been applied to any useful purpose.

IRIDIUM.

Iridium, so named from *iris*, a rainbow, in consequence of the colours exhibited by its solutions, was discovered by Tennant in 1803, associated with the ore of platinum. It is heavy (its specific gravity being 18·6), brittle, whitish, and, when carefully polished, resembles platina. One of its most remarkable characters, is the difficulty with which it is acted upon by acids. It forms several oxides and chlorides, and combines readily with carbon.

TUNGSTEN.

This metal, sometimes called *Wolframium*, after Wolfram, and also *Scheelium*, in honour of Scheele, who first examined the nature of the tungstate of lime, was discovered by the Messrs Delhuyart in 1781. It derives its name from the Swedish words *tung*, heavy; and *stein*, stone: its ores being the native tungstate of lime, and the tungstate of iron and manganese. As a metal, it is white, hard, brittle, very difficult of fusion, and has the high specific gravity of 17·56. Heated to redness in the open air, it burns into the peroxide, or tungstic acid.

TELLURIUM.

This scarce substance, discovered by Müller in 1782, has only been found in small quantities in the gold mines of Transylvania, where it occurs in the metallic state, combined with gold or silver. It derives its name from *Tellus*, the goddess of the earth; is white, brilliant, brittle, and easily fusible, with a specific gravity of 6·2. It is combustible, and forms oxides known as tellurous and telluric acids. We are not aware of any economical purpose to which it has been applied; its price and rarity indeed prevent its application.

MOLYBDENUM.

This name, from the Greek word *molybdos*, lead, was originally applied to the native sulphuret of molybdenum, under the impression that it was an ore of lead. Hielm, in 1782, proved this opinion erroneous, and showed that the ore was that of a peculiar metal; but the original name was continued. It is white, brittle, very infusible, and of a specific gravity about 8·6. It occurs in nature sometimes as a sulphuret, sometimes as molybdic acid, and at others as molybdate of lead. It forms two oxides and an acid; but these, as well as the pure metal, are too rare to be employed in any manufacture.

URANIUM.

This rare metal was first detected by Klaproth in 1789, who named it after the planet *Uranus*, which was discovered about the same time. It occurs in the black mineral called *pechblende*, a sulphuret of uranium, found in the mines of Saxony; and also in *uranite*, a double phosphate of uranium and copper, found in Cornwall. It has been reduced to the metallic state by various devices; but it has hardly the appearance of metal to the naked eye, being a brittle grayish substance, with a specific gravity of 9. Little indeed is known of it as a metal; and from the rarity of its ores, it is not likely to be of any use in the arts.

TITANIUM.

This metal was discovered, according to Brande, by Gregor, in a mineral from Cornwall, called *menachanite*. Its characters, however, were first ascertained by Klaproth in 1794, who gave to it the name of titanium. It has since been detected in copper-coloured crystals, in the slag from the iron-furnaces of Wales and Yorkshire. These crystals are pure titanium, are very brittle, so hard as to scratch crystal and steel, and very light, having a specific gravity of only 5·3. It will not melt in the heat of any furnace, nor dissolve when crystallised, even in nitro-muriatic acid; but only when in fine powder. Traces of this metal may be detected in many irons, both wrought and cast; its presence in small quantities is said not to impair the malleability of iron. There are several ores of titanium, but none of them has been hitherto applied to any use.

COLUMBIUM.

This is another of those rare but unimportant metals, which have been detected by the research of modern chemistry. It was discovered by Hatchett in 1801, in a mineral from Connecticut in North America. It has since been extracted from the mineral called *tantalite*, found in Sweden; hence the name tantalium, by which it is sometimes known. It combines with oxygen in two proportions, the second of which forms an acid. It has hitherto had no application to the arts.

CERIUM.

This metal, named after the planet Ceres, "was discovered," says Brande, "in 1803, by Hisinger and Berzelius, in a Swedish mineral termed *cerite*, and has since been found by Dr Thomson in *allanite*, a mineral from Greenland. It is said to be of a whitish colour, brittle, very difficult of fusion, and volatile when intensely heated; but we are scarcely acquainted with it in its metallic state." It is generally exhibited in the laboratory of the chemist, in the form of chocolate-coloured powder, which assumes a metallic lustre when rubbed; it does not conduct electricity well, like the other metals, and its specific gravity is unknown.

CADMIUM.

This metal was discovered by Professor Stronmeyer of Gottingen, about the beginning of 1818. It occurs chiefly in Silesia, combined to the extent of between 2 and 11 per cent. with several ores of zinc, and is reduced to the metallic state by a somewhat complicated process of solutions and precipitations. The pure metal has the colour and lustre of tin, and is susceptible of a fine polish. It is soft, easily bent, filed, and cut, and soils like lead any surface rubbed with it. It is harder and more tenacious than tin, and emits a creaking sound, when heated, like that metal. It is very ductile, and may be drawn out into fine wire, and hammered into thin leaves without cracking at the edges. Its specific gravity is somewhat less than 9; it is very fusible, melting at a point much below redness. Its scarcity prevents its employment in the arts; but its oxide and sulphuret, which respectively produce fine brown and orange-yellow colours, are said to be used as pigments. The sulphate of cadmium has been applied to the eyes for removing specks of the cornea.

CHROMIUM.

Chromium—from the Greek word *chroma*, colour—discovered by Vauquelin in 1797, is a metal resembling iron in colour, brittle, and difficult of fusion. It is rarely to be found in its metallic state; but several of its compounds, as chromate of iron and chromate of lead, are well known in commerce. The former, a compound of oxide of chrome with protoxide of iron, is found in Unst in Shetland, in France, and near Baltimore in America. It appears massive, or in crystals of a dark colour and imperfect metallic lustre. It is employed in the manufacture of chromate of potash, a yellow salt, largely manufactured for the use of calico-printers. Chromate of lead is found native in the gold mines of Berezof in Siberia, in the Ural Mountains, and in Brazil, and is easily prepared, by mixing chromate of potash with a soluble salt of lead. It occurs massive and crystallised, of a deep orange-red colour; but when reduced to powder, it becomes orange-yellow. It forms an excellent pigment, and is used both in oil and water colours, in calico-printing, and in dyeing. The other compounds chiefly in use are the *oxide of chromium*, employed to give a green colour to glass and to porcelain; and *chromic acid*, which, from its property of destroying most vegetable and animal colouring matters, is advantageously employed in calico-printing. It is this acid which gives colour to the ruby; and the green of the emerald is owing to the oxide of chroma.

VANADIUM.

Vanadium, from *Vanadis*, a Scandinavian deity, was discovered so recently as 1830 by Professor Sefström of Fahlun, in iron prepared from the iron of Jahberg in Sweden. It has also been detected in a lead ore from Wanlockhead in Scotland, and in a similar mineral from Zimapan in Mexico. "Vanadium," we quote Dr Ure, "is white, and when its surface is polished, it resembles silver or molybdenum more than any other metal. It combines with oxygen into two oxides and an acid.

"The vanadate of ammonia, mixed with an infusion of nutgalls, forms a black liquid, which is the best writing ink hitherto known. The quantity of the salt requisite is so small, as to be of no importance when the vanadium comes to be more extensively extracted. The writing is perfectly black. The acids colour it blue, but do not remove it, as they do tannate of iron: the alkali, diluted so far as not to injure the paper, does not dissolve it; and chlorine, which destroys the black colour, does not, however, make the traces illegible, even when they are subsequently washed with a stream of water. It is perfectly fluent, and being a chemical solution, stands in want of no viscid gum to suspend the colour, like common ink. The influence of time upon it remains to be tried."

THE METALLOIDS.

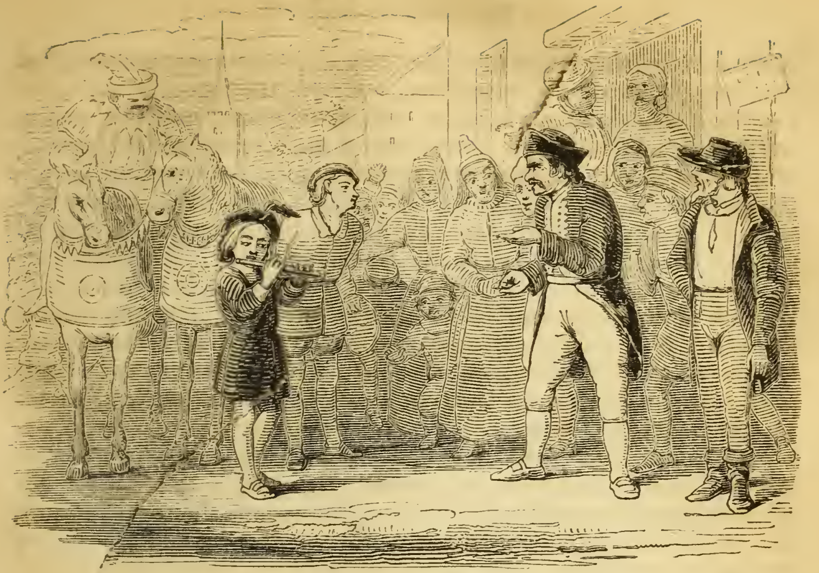
This term is given to a class of substances which are undoubtedly metallic, but which cannot be kept in that state unless carefully excluded from the action of air and water. They are the rare and scanty products of the laboratory, and are of themselves of little value; but united with oxygen, they form the *earths* and *alkalies* so important in the operations both of nature and of human economy. They are the triumphs of modern chemistry, which has already determined the existence of thirteen, and hinted the probability of others. Those known are—potassium, sodium, calcium, aluminum, silicium, magnesium, lithium, yttrium, glucinum, thorium, zirconium, strontium, and barium. A short account of the nature and properties of the two first will be sufficient to convey an idea of the whole group, seeing that the earths and alkalies, of which they are the basis, have been fully described in the Tract devoted to minerals. (No. 130.)

Potassium is a metal deeply interesting, not only from its own marvellous properties, but from its having been the first link in the chain of discovery which conducted Sir Humphrey Davy through many of the formerly mysterious and untrodden labyrinths of chemistry. It is obtained by a somewhat complicated process from cream of tartar, or more directly from potassa, by the aid of the voltaic battery. At an ordinary temperature it has a silvery lustre, is soft, can be cut like bees'-wax, and has a specific gravity so low as ·86. At 32° it is brittle, with a crystalline fracture; at 50° it is malleable; at 60° it becomes semifluid; at 120° it is entirely fluid; at a heat approaching to redness, it begins to boil, and is volatilised; and, heated in the air, it takes fire, and burns vividly. It has a stronger affinity for oxygen than any other known substance; hence the difficulty of preserving it in a metallic state. When thrown upon water, it instantly takes fire, and moves about violently upon the surface, burning with a red flame till it be consumed; that is, until it be entirely precipitated in the form of potass. The burning of potassium in water, or on plates of ice, is a common experiment with chemical lecturers; and certainly nothing can be better calculated to arouse the interest of an audience, than the fact of a substance burning in contact with that element which is universally employed as the extinguisher of fire. Potassium, as a metal, is of no known use; but every one must be acquainted with the value and applications of its oxide—potash.

Sodium, the metallic basis of soda, was obtained by Davy, in 1808, by processes similar to those employed in the procuring of potassium. It is a metal much resembling the latter in its general character; is soft, malleable, fusible at 190°, and burns when heated in the open air. When thrown upon water (its specific gravity being only ·97), it does not burn, but floats about upon the surface, and rapidly disappears, being converted into soda, which is dissolved in the water. In the air it oxidises less rapidly than potassium; but still it soon gets covered with a crust of soda, and therefore can only be kept in a closely-stoppered vial, or coated with some protecting substance. The same remarks are applicable to the other metalloids: on exposure to air or water they all rapidly pass into oxides, are inflammable, and if heated in the air, burn with great brilliancy.

This peculiar inflammability of these metalloids has given rise to the supposition among certain geologists, that such substances may exist within the globe, where water finding its way to them, they explode and burn, fusing the rocks among which they occur, creating various gases, and producing caverns, fissures, eruptions, and other phenomena attendant upon earthquakes and volcanoes. As yet, our knowledge of the earth's crust at great depths is excessively limited. We know little of the chemical and magnetic operations which may be going forward among its strata; and we are equally ignorant of the transpositions which may take place among its metallic and earthy particles; but judging from what we do know, this hypothesis, however ingenious, seems by no means adequate to the results produced. It is true that there occurs nothing among the products of volcanoes at variance with its assumptions; but the magnitude, the universality, and the perpetuity of volcanic action, point to a more stable and uniform source, that source being the internal heat or residue of that igneous condition in which our planet originally appeared.

Such are the Metallic Treasures of the Earth; a class of substances which, either separately or in combination, administer to almost every purpose of civilised life. It has been said of man, that he is born to consume the fruits of the earth; with equal justice it might be remarked, that he is born to consume its minerals and metals, for not a step can he advance beyond the rudest forms of existence without their presence and assistance. He might endure as the South Sea Islander, the North American Indian, or the still more degraded Esquimaux; he might hunt, or fish, or pluck the fruits of the palm-grove; might build a hut, cook his food, or even weave for himself a rude garment; but this would be the limit of his perfection till he became acquainted with the metals, learned to fashion his implements of them, began to construct machinery, and generally to enter upon that condition of life which separates the savage from the civilised. The history of our own island furnishes by far the most striking illustration of this doctrine. Without our mines of iron, copper, tin, lead, &c. and without our abundant stores of coal to smelt and prepare them, where would have been our substantial homes, fitted with every comfort and elegance?—where those implements by which the soil is tilled and cultivated?—where the inventions by which our unequalled clothing, useful and decorative, is produced?—where, in fine, the countless applications of machinery by which we are borne with rapidity over the land and across the ocean, by which knowledge is increased and disseminated, by which all that administers to our convenience and refinement is produced, and by which the sum of human toil is abridged, and our countrymen as a nation raised from the condition of a mere animal to that of a humanised existence? It is not overestimating the importance of the mineral produce of Britain to place it before even that of the soil itself; for granting that we could have tilled the globe, and reaped the most luxuriant harvests, altogether without the aid of metallic implements, we would have still been deficient in all the higher efforts of humanity—in our dress, dwellings, ships, vehicles—in literature and science—in fact, in all that power and pre-eminence which, as a people, we now enjoy.



THE MAGIC FLUTE.

A MORAL TALE FROM THE GERMAN.*

I.

SLY OLD NICHOLAS.

IN a rich and pretty village, which stands in the celebrated kingdom called "Somewhere," and which in summer-time produces the finest cherries and blackberries in the world, dwelt an old farmer named Nicholas, who never troubled himself with any very nice distinctions between his neighbours' property and his own. At night he would go out into the fields, dig up the finest plants he could find in his neighbours' farms, and transplant them into his own; and the next morning, when the theft was discovered, and when he was taken to task regarding it, he would say, "What do you mean? I went to bed early yesterday evening, and I know nothing about it. It must have been some wicked goblin who did it. However, as the plants are now in my field, there they shall remain, and no mistake." Thus there arose trial after trial between him and his neighbours; but

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* This half-serious half-comic tale, and the tale which succeeds it, are translated from an interesting German Christmas-book, entitled "*Der Zauber-Garten*"—"The Magic Garden." The author is Heinrich Smidt, a writer well known to the lovers of this peculiarly German school of popular fiction. We have taken the liberty of paraphrasing a few passages.

Farmer Nicholas laughed at them all, for he managed matters so cleverly, that no one could convict him of the fraud.

There was one individual who had seen him, and this was an orphan boy called Love-Truth, whom the farmer had taken in for charity's-sake—that is to say, whom he fed on scanty fare, and kept at work from morning till night. But little Love-Truth never murmured or repined; for he was firmly convinced that all would go right with him some time or another. You may perhaps inquire whence he had this conviction? Before he came to the farmer, he had been adopted by an old woman called Martha, who was now dead, but who, upon her deathbed, had predicted that there was happiness in store for him yet; and he felt so assured of this, that he was often even tempted to feel proud in the prospect of his future greatness.

It happened at last that the old farmer one night carried off several fine heads of cabbage out of one of his neighbours' fields. Love-Truth was witness of the transaction, and the next morning he declared that he would not hold his tongue any longer, but would tell everybody what a wicked man his master was.

At first the old farmer was terrified, and tried to prevent him; but Love-Truth ran out into the village and told it to the first person he met, and then to a second, and a third, till every one knew it. Meanwhile, however, Farmer Nicholas, who was not long in devising his plan, ran to the village magistrate, who was not very particular about the sort of justice he dealt out, and promised him a few broad dollars if he would help him out of the scrape.

"That I will!" cried the magistrate; and he summoned little Love-Truth before his court. He interrogated him very sharply; and as the poor boy could give no proof of the transaction beyond the simple statement—"Indeed, indeed I saw it myself," the farmer was acquitted, and poor Love-Truth sent away from the court to the house of correction as a malicious calumniator.

The old people went home to their houses, and said to their children, "Lay well to heart this bad example which Love-Truth has given you. Farmer Nicholas was his benefactor, and yet he tried to ruin his reputation and good name! He is a bad boy."

"This is a bad business for me," thought Love-Truth, as he sat in his prison, and looked at the water-jug which stood beside a piece of coarse bread. "All this comes for my telling the truth; while sly old Nicholas, who has told lies, sits over his beef and his beer in his comfortable parlour, and laughs at me. But no matter. Mother Martha told me that truth was a good thing. In christening me 'Love-Truth,' my parents had no object but to make me always tell the truth; and that I shall surely do, even were I to suffer far more for it than I am now doing."

Everything in this world, bad as well as good, has an end. Little Love-Truth's term of imprisonment at last expired, and the jailor brought him before the magistrate once more. There, in the presence of the whole parish, he was again sharply reprimanded, and with this reproof discharged from prison. Thereupon Farmer Nicholas stood up, and after lecturing him severely, forbade him to set foot over his threshold. The neighbours all applauded this, and declared, one and all, that they would never give a morsel to so unprincipled a young reprobate, much less take him into their house.

All this filled the poor innocent boy with grief; he burst into tears, and cried in a piteous voice, "Where am I to go to then?"

"What do I care?" said the magistrate, who heard this, with a brutal laugh. "As far as I am concerned, you may go to the land where '*Good-for-Nothings*' grow!" And they all retired, and left him to his fate.

"But how shall I ever find my way there?" thought Love-Truth, sobbing as if his heart would break; just as if the land of 'Good-for-Nothings' were a country, the road to which might be read upon the finger-posts, or travelled in a postchaise!

Many of my readers, both old and young, will wonder that Love-Truth took the magistrate's words so literally; but they must recollect that the magistrate passed for the best of men, and one whose word no one would venture to question; and, besides, the poor boy himself had been trained all his life to tell the truth, and nothing but the truth.

II.

LOVE-TRUTH'S WANDERINGS.

Love-Truth now began his travels; that is to say, he marched straight out of the village, and followed the high road, without ever thinking where it should lead him. And a very long journey indeed it did lead him; till in the evening, when he could walk no farther, he stopped at a cottage door and begged a crust of bread and a night's lodging.

"We will bring you to the innkeeper," said the people of the house; "and if he should ask you any questions, tell him you fell in with robbers, and were plundered by them. This will excite his compassion, and he will be kind to you."

"No, no," said Love-Truth; "I shall not say that, for it would be a falsehood. The truth is always the best; and you should be ashamed to try to make me tell a lie."

The cottagers took this exceedingly ill; called him a saucy young fellow; and after cudgelling him soundly, turned him from their door. He was thus forced to sleep in the open air, and would have died of hunger, had he not found some berries upon the bushes under which he slept, which stayed his hunger a little. As for thirst, he was at no loss for a draught of water from the spring.

In this way he travelled onwards through this strange country for a considerable time. In the daytime he journeyed on without ever resting; and in the evening he had to contend with the people whom he asked to give him a lodging, for they always wanted, in one shape or another, to make him tell a falsehood; when they failed in this, they would grow angry, and drive him out of their house, declaring that they would have nothing to do with so obstinate a youth, who, notwithstanding all their advice, would persist in knocking his head against the wall.

Love-Truth was sadly cast down at this. He avoided almost altogether all intercourse with men. The want of his ordinary nourishment was beginning to waste his strength away; his hair hung wildly about his temples; and his dress was so tattered, that he was ashamed to let himself be seen.

It was well for him that at last he reached a house where a better reception awaited him. This house lay in a delightful country of alternate hill and valley, amid rich pasture and tillage lands, intersected by silvery rivulets. The little wayfarer stood still for a while, to enjoy the beauty of the prospect, which at that time bespoke all the rich promise of an abundant harvest; and then proceeded towards the house, the master of which advanced to meet him, and asked him what he wanted.

As soon as he learnt the poor boy's wishes, he made him sit down on a shady bank, and desired a maid-servant to set a little repast of delicious milk and fruit before him. Love-Truth enjoyed it heartily; and when his meal was finished, the man asked him who he was, and whither he was bound.

The soft and gentle voice of the stranger won so completely upon the boy, that he told him his whole history from the beginning to the end. The stranger listened very attentively, and when the tale was ended, took a little flute out of his pocket, upon which he played a beautiful air. The boy listened to the air for a few moments; but he soon became unable to restrain himself, and unceremoniously exclaimed, "Do not take it ill, kind, good sir, that I interrupt your music, but my heart is oppressed by keeping silence, and I cannot help repeating to you that I have told you nothing but the truth, and that I am not capable of uttering a falsehood."

"Very good, my dear boy," said the gentleman in a caressing voice, putting the flute into his pocket. "I am not a bit angry with you for interrupting me. However, it is now late, and I shall only say that I am most happy to receive you into my house. You shall be taken care of."

The gentleman went back to the house, and sent out a servant, who took charge of the boy. He was first of all placed in a bath; and after he had bathed, and had his hair dressed, the servant placed several suits of clothes before him, telling him that his master had given orders that he should select one for himself from among them. The poor boy was thrown into the utmost embarrassment, for he had never seen such rich clothes in all his lifetime, and was at a loss where to turn his choice. At first he fixed upon a suit of light-blue velvet, trimmed with silver lace; next he thought of a second, which was crimson embroidered with gold; a third was white, a fourth violet, and each was trimmed either with gold or silver. At last he found one which pleased him more than all the rest, though it had neither gold nor silver. It was green—a fresh lively green—the very tint of the early leaves when, in the first days of spring, they return to deck the naked branches, and seem, as it were, to sport with the dazzling sunbeams.

"This is the one which I shall ask from your kind master," said he to the servant, who immediately assisted him to dress, and then brought him back to the gentleman. Upon their way down they passed a large mirror, in which Love-Truth saw himself reflected from head to foot. He could not believe that it was really himself, so entirely different was his guise from what it had been, when, that very noon, he had seen himself in the neighbouring mill-pond, and was almost horrified at his filthy appearance.

His host placed before him a variety of dainties, the names of which the poor youth scarcely knew, but which, nevertheless, he found extremely palatable. During his meal he chatted kindly with him, and at last dismissed him to his bed, which was prepared in a quiet, retired apartment.

"This is pleasant," said Love-Truth to himself. "For the first time in my life I have been kindly treated because I told the truth. I see it is not yet quite banished from the world, as that hateful old woman told me last night when she was trying to get me to tell a lie!"

There is no doubt that our little friend would have said a great deal more, had he not been overpowered by weariness, and fallen asleep in the midst of his reflections. However, in a dream he saw old Mother Martha, who looked tenderly on him, and in her own sweet voice said to him, "You must not grow tired of doing what is right, my child; in the end, be assured you will reach your destiny, and all will be happy." With these words she disappeared, and the little boy saw (still of course in a dream) a vast plain, planted with trees, spread out before him. When he looked more closely, however, he saw that Farmer Nicholas was perched upon the first tree, and his old enemy the magistrate upon the next.

"Do tell me," said the boy, "what brings you upon this tree, so far away from home? Come down, I beg of you."

"Alas!" cried the farmer and the magistrate both together—"alas, that we cannot! We are stuck fast here!"

"How is that?" asked Love-Truth.

"Is it possible, then," said the two old wretches, "that you don't know that this is the land of 'Good-for-Nothings,' to which we banished you? They grow here upon the trees, as pears and apples grow elsewhere; and you may see us here in our full bloom and splendour!"

"Well, well," thought the boy, "you have just met with your deserts; and if there be an autumn in this country, and you fall off the trees, as the fruits do elsewhere, you can go home again, and resume your malpractices!"

He went onward, and saw plainly that there was a person upon every tree, and that they all cut a very rueful figure. There were people of all classes, high and low, growing promiscuously together; for in this mysterious region—which, by the way, is not to be found in any book of geography—the distinctions of rank are not in use. These things, and much more, Love-Truth saw in his dreams, which kept him fully occupied till the bright morning awakened him.

"What a heap of nonsense is all this that I have seen in my dreams!" said he to himself while he was dressing. "And yet it is very curious, after all, that the features of all the people whom I saw growing on the trees, from old Nicholas and the magistrate downwards, are so impressed on my memory, that I shall know them again after a year and a day. I must actually have been, therefore, in the land where 'Good-for-Nothings' grow—and grow high up in the air too, where every one can see them—not in the ground, like potatoes or turnips. It is an excellent plan; and it is a pity it is not so everywhere, that people might be better able to be on their guard against wicked men."

III.

THE FLUTE.

The servant now returned, carrying him a most delicious breakfast; and when he had breakfasted, conducted him to his host, who invited him to take a walk. He asked him how he had passed the night, and laughed when his young friend told him all the absurd things which he had been dreaming during his sleep.

"It is always so," he said after some time—"it is always so in life. In our dreams we often see what we cannot comprehend; and however true and certain what we have seen may be, yet if we relate it, people will not believe us, but will call us fools and deceivers. Do not speak of this, therefore, to any one; nobody would thank you for it, and it is no one's business where you have been. Nevertheless, it was the land where 'Good-for-Nothings' grow which you saw."

"And so plainly too!" said Love-Truth. "So distinctly did I see the people growing on the trees, that I almost think I should know them again, were I to meet them in the streets."

"That is a most important point," said the stranger; "keep it in your mind, and it will be of use to you. A dream is a dream;

but it is different in real life. There is no country where 'Good-for-Nothings' actually grow upon the trees; but the good and bad are intermingled everywhere with one another. It is important, therefore, to be able to distinguish them, in order to be on one's guard against the bad; and I advise you to do so when you shall resume your journey, or it will be worse for you."

"Alas!" cried Love-Truth sadly, "must I then continue my journey farther? Heaven help me! where shall I ever find so good a gentleman? Oh keep me with you! I will gladly labour all I can for you; and I will be most grateful for the love you have shown me."

"It cannot be, my son!" was the reply. There is no post in my household which you could fill; and, besides, you should not then have an opportunity of advancing in the world, as I am sure you will do one day or other. I would advise you, therefore, to resume your journey without delay, and not to return to my house till you shall have succeeded. Your equipment is now sufficiently respectable, and here is a silk purse full of gold pieces; for without these, people do not get on in the world, whether they tell truth or falsehood."

"Farewell, then, my kind host!" sobbed the boy. "I shall follow your advice."

"One word more," continued the stranger. "Do you see the little flute which I played yesterday when you were speaking to me? Keep it carefully, and prize it beyond the richest treasure in the world. Should you ever meet any one of whose dispositions in your regard you are not certain, you need but begin to play on this flute, and you shall see something wonderful."

Love-Truth received this new gift with the greatest gratitude. "I shall now take leave," said he; "but first give me your blessing, as though you were my father, for as such I love and honour you."

"That I will," replied the stranger; "and you shall see me in my true form, for you are worthy of this favour."

With these words the kind old man disappeared, and a tall female figure stood before him, on whose forehead blazed a light, dazzling as the sun, while her eyes shone like the evening and morning star. Her robe was pure and white as the falling snow; in her hand she held a golden mirror. As the boy gazed upon her in amazement, and fell on his knees in wonder and reverence, she smiled tenderly upon him, and laying her hand upon his head, said to him—"I am TRUTH, and I bless thee as my beloved son. Go thou forth into the world; withstand evil, do good, and thou shalt be happy all thy life long."

As she spoke, a golden cloud descended from heaven, and enveloping this glorious being completely, yet so as to leave her still visible, bore her slowly aloft. But before she disappeared altogether, she called out once more in a loud voice, "Be on thy guard, that thou thyself mayst not fall into the snares of falsehood. If so, thou art lost for ever, beyond the power of man to rescue thee."

As she uttered these words, she was hidden amid the clouds from every human eye.

"Never, never!" cried the boy, stretching forth his hands, as if to grasp the retreating form.

IV.

NEW ADVENTURES.

Love-Truth started up, and resumed cheerfully, and with lightened spirits, the wanderings thus agreeably interrupted. In a morning fresh and lovely, and in a country so charming and so retired, it would be hard for any one with an innocent heart to feel otherwise than happy in his journey. The birds were warbling their merry lays, and hopping lightly from bush to bush, and from spray to spray. Love-Truth drew out his flute without thinking of it, and began to play, in order to while away the time. But the little birds sang on unconcernedly, and without interruption, for the birds of the air tell no lies.

Love-Truth now entered a wood; and after he had walked about a mile, he began to feel tired. He turned aside, therefore, from the main path, and soon found a quiet spot, entirely surrounded by bushes, where he could rest himself without fear. He laid himself down, therefore, on the mossy turf, and fell into a pleasing sleep. In a short time he was awakened by a loud noise. He sprang up, and looked through the bushes to ascertain the cause of the confusion. What a sight met his eyes! On a large open space a multitude of huntsmen, in rich hunting-suits, were hurrying about in groups; each of them carried a well-filled game-bag, and wore a silver hunting-horn at his side; and the more distinguished had horns of pure gold. A large tent was already pitched, and an enormous fire was blazing, on which were roasting a buck, together with several fawns and hares; an immense cask, too, was rolled into the centre, and a spigot had just been inserted into it, to give free vent to the rich red wine which it contained.

At last a stately man, in a dress richly embroidered with gold, made his appearance. He was evidently the chief of the party, for every one stood up and made a profound reverence to him, whereas he merely touched his hat, and stood bolt upright as before. Every sound was hushed: you might hear the quivering of the leaves upon the trees: and thus Love-Truth was able to catch every word which was spoken.

"Call my cup-bearer," cried the stately personage.

Presently there appeared an officer in a rich uniform. He approached with a low reverence, and with every expression of deferential submission.

"I am thirsty," said the stately gentleman; "bring me a cup of my favourite wine."

"I am literally in despair, may it please your majesty," replied the cup-bearer. "The chest in which the wine destined for your majesty was packed, has been broken by the carelessness of the servants, and it will be some time before I can get any more. But this awkwardness shall meet with exemplary chastisement."

"That will do me no good," said the king angrily (for it was himself); "and my thirst will be as bad as ever. It is too bad that I, who am obliged to pay so much for the expenses of my cellar, cannot get as much as will satisfy my thirst. Bring me some water at least."

Meanwhile Love-Truth had been looking sharply at the cup-bearer.

"Aha, my good friend!" thought he, "have we not met somewhere before now? Can it have been in my dream, and not far from old Nicholas and the godless magistrate?"

In an instant he seized his flute, and put it to his lips. The instrument began at once to give forth the most delightful music; and in a moment the cup-bearer, from whom the king had turned angrily away, commenced to speak a second time.

"Yes, your majesty," said he; "the wine which I bought for you is no longer to be had; but do not believe that it was spilled through the awkwardness of the attendants. God forbid that it should be so wasted! No, no; I drank it all myself, with the help of a few good friends, thinking that the other wine was quite good enough for your majesty."

The unfortunate cup-bearer, as he spoke thus sorely against his will, was in a cold perspiration with anguish and vexation. The king turned sharply round upon him.

"Ha!" said he; "what is this? Confess, you scoundrel; and repeat what you have said, I suppose, in your drunken unconsciousness!"

The cup-bearer, out of his wits with terror and anxiety, flung himself upon his knees before the king.

"Oh, your majesty!" he faltered, "it was not I who uttered these ill-natured words. It was some mischievous goblin, in order to get me into a difficulty. I am as honourable a man as any in your empire, and am incapable of anything dishonest."

"Stay a moment!" thought Love-Truth; "my time is come now, and I must put an end to this." He stepped briskly from his concealment in the bushes, and bowing low before the king, addressed him aloud.

"Do not believe him, your majesty. What he says as true, is false; and what he represents as a falsehood, is the downright truth. I know this man perfectly well; and I know that he grew in the land where 'Good-for-Nothings' grow!"

The cup-bearer cast a savage look upon the boy, and would have choked him on the spot had he dared.

"What silly fellow is this we have got now?" said the king, fixing his eyes upon him.

"My name is Love-Truth, my lord king," he replied. "I am the son of Truth, and have received from her her best blessing. I am therefore an enemy of all lies, and I delight in bringing them to light, however they may try to skulk into concealment. Put your question once more to this man, and ask him whether he has not often been at these tricks before, and you shall hear what will astonish you."

The king followed the boy's advice, which indeed he could not disregard. The cup-bearer crossed himself, as if against the Evil One, protesting that he was an honourable man, and that the king had not in all his dominions a more faithful servant.

Meanwhile Love-Truth began to play upon his flute, when, on a sudden, a change came over the cup-bearer.

"Ah, your majesty," he sputtered out, "do not place any confidence in what I was saying! It cannot be concealed any longer that I am one of the greatest cheats to be found in your whole court, although the chief cook, the court tailor, and the first hairdresser, are not bad in their way. You pay for good wine, it is true; but it is only in the bills it makes its appearance, for I always purchase miserable stuff; and whatever good wine remains since my predecessor's time, I drink myself."

As he spoke, the unhappy man's hair stood on end in horror: but he could not help himself—he was irresistibly compelled to speak these words. The king's immediate attendants, who did not feel their own consciences clear, and who were afraid of a similar fate for themselves, began to run about in all directions. They declared that the youth with the flute was a great conjuror, who had conspired against the welfare of the country, and whom it would be necessary to render powerless for evil, else all order should be overturned in the state.

Luckily for little Love-Truth the king thought otherwise. He had taken a great fancy for the boy, and the pieces which he had played upon his flute charmed him exceedingly.

He therefore ordered the courtiers to be silent, and the cup-bearer, who had confessed his knavish practices, to be arrested. He then called the boy to his side, and began to question him about his history, which Love-Truth told most naturally and without the least reserve.

"It is a very wonderful story," said the king, "and one which might well be doubted, did it not come from one who claims to be the son of Truth. But at all events, whoever you are, you may be of great use with your precious flute, and may lead to a great deal of good. What would you think, therefore, of entering my service at once?"

Love-Truth did not reply immediately, but put the flute once more to his lips. Instantly the king, quite involuntarily, resumed his discourse.

"You may trust me, my son," he said; "I mean honestly by you: nor am I angry with you for putting myself to the test, whether I were speaking the truth. Truth is a good thing, and no one ought to despise it. I now, therefore, repeat my proposition, that you shall enter my service."

As the king spoke, Love-Truth threw himself at his feet.

"You are truly a noble king," he exclaimed; "and it shall be the greatest happiness of my life if I can attain to your friendship."

The king now ordered dinner to be served; and when it was over, the horns began to play gaily once more. The tent was then struck, and all the service packed up; for the king was returning from a long journey, and yearned anxiously for another sight of his princely home.

V.

OLD NICHOLAS ONCE MORE.

The party proceeded joyously from the forest; and after a day or two they reached a country which appeared familiar to Love-Truth. By and by he saw the spire of a village church.

"Beyond a doubt," said he, "that is my native village. How I should wish to let the people see what has befallen me! I should like, too, to make Farmer Nicholas and the magistrate confess, before the assembled parish, that they have accused me wrongfully."

When he had resolved upon this, he begged of the king to grant him a short leave of absence. The king not only granted his request, but also gave him a number of attendants to accompany him to his destination, and conduct him back to the royal train.

You may be sure it caused no little excitement when Love-Truth made his entry into his native village with this stately train of attendants. Old and young ran together in crowds to see the youth who arrived with so splendid a retinue. But when they saw at last that it was little Love-Truth, their astonishment knew no bounds; they clapped their hands together in amazement, and ran after him with loud shouts; whilst he, without noticing them in the least, marched straight to the village court-house.

Now it so happened that just as the procession arrived, the magistrate and old Nicholas were standing together in front of the court-house door, engaged in an earnest conversation. They also recognised the boy immediately, and looked at each other, as if to ask, "What is the meaning of all this?" The magistrate was the first to regain his self-possession.

"Let him alone!" said he; "I shall soon get rid of him."

Little Love-Truth approached the pair, and demanded of them that, in the presence of his attendants, and of the inhabitants of the village, they should publicly declare his innocence.

"Do you hear," cried the magistrate in a violent rage—"do you hear what the little rascal says? Is it possible that audacity could go to such lengths? He left this without a penny—now he returns, splendidly attired, and with his pockets full of gold. He must be a most finished robber, and the fellows whom he has along with him are his accomplices in roguery."

But in the meanwhile Love-Truth had pulled out his flute, and began to play his old air upon it.

"Oh fie! oh fie!" interrupted the unlucky magistrate. "What is this? What words are those which are forcing themselves into my mouth, and which I cannot restrain? My good neighbours, don't believe what I said to you about this boy—it's all a falsehood!"

The villagers were all struck dumb with wonder; and the amazement became still greater, when the speaking mania fell on Farmer Nicholas also.

"Yes!" they cried, both in one breath, "the boy is innocent: we invented a pure calumny against him, because he brought our knavery to light. For you must know, and we freely and honestly confess it, that we are the greatest knaves to be found in the whole world. There is not a man in the entire parish whom we have not robbed of some portion of his property, to fill our own coffers with his money and substance!"

This was enough for his purpose. Love-Truth therefore put up his flute once more.

"You see now!" said he to the multitude. "They have freely confessed of what spirit they are the children, and what kind of broth they have been brewing for you all this time, and making you eat. Whether you will be satisfied with this any longer, is your own affair: it is no concern of mine. Fare-you-well, then, and drink my health, I pray you!"

He gave them a few of his gold pieces, and retired along with his train.

You will be anxious perhaps to hear what the villagers did with the dishonest magistrate and his accomplice. I am sorry that I cannot precisely tell you; for when I asked young Love-Truth the last time I saw him, he told me that he did not himself exactly know, but that the punishment cannot have been a trifle, for when he had left the village, and was on his way to overtake the king, he heard a loud cry of pain behind him, such as would bespeak very rough treatment indeed.

Such folks, I am sure, deserved no better.

VI.

INVOLUNTARY CANDOUR.

Very soon after the king reached the capital, and took up his quarters in his palace, Love-Truth also arrived. The king, however, at the moment, could not pay much attention to him, and merely nodded familiarly as he entered, being engaged with very important business; for he was just giving audience to his prime minister, who was laying before him an account of his administration during the absence of his majesty. This account, however, was not a very gratifying one. The country was represented as "exceedingly impoverished; the people refused to pay the taxes which had been imposed; and the expenditure was becoming more and more heavy. In these circumstances, he could offer his majesty but a small sum of money, and must beg of him to diminish his expenditure as much as possible."

So far all went well: but what was the amazement of the bystanders when a few notes of a flute were heard, and the minister was observed, of his own accord, to resume his statement.

"I must own," he said "that it is very simple in your majesty to believe all that I and my colleagues say to you. Your subjects, you must know, do pay the taxes freely; and even if they did not, we have ways and means to compel them to pay the last dollar. The fact is, that we do not hand you over the receipts, but keep them for ourselves. It is with this money we pay for our splendid fêtes, and our costly collections of works of art; and we expend a portion in purchasing estates in foreign countries, that we may have a secure place of refuge should you, sooner or later, discover our villany, and banish us from your court—a consummation, however, which we do not at all fear; for you are far too kind, not to say too simple, for that."

While he was telling these fatal truths, the premier was enduring the most excruciating anguish, and a cold perspiration trickled down his face; but do as he would, he could not hold his tongue. When at last he ceased, he fell down in a swoon, and gasped for breath. The indignation of the king was beyond all expression.

"Drag out the unprincipled traitor," he cried, starting up from his seat, "and cast him into chains. Throw him into the deepest dungeon in the prison, and scourge him without mercy!"

The guards executed his commands without delay.

"It was no one but Love-Truth who did this," said the king; "I heard his flute distinctly. Come hither, my son, till I clasp your hand, and thank you for the service which you have rendered to me and to my kingdom."

He advanced to the king, who clasped him affectionately in his arms. The courtiers were all out of their senses with astonishment about the unknown youth, who had so speedily attained to the favour of the king; for as yet they were not in possession of the true state of affairs.

From that day forward, life at court was entirely a new thing. Love-Truth was never suffered to leave the king's side; and even when he had to hold an important and strictly confidential conference with a distinguished embassy or a foreign prince, Love-Truth was always present—though generally concealed behind a screen or a cabinet—and never failed to play his flute at the critical moment.

You may well believe that in this way many a strange revelation was effected, and many a treaty was broken off; for the ambassadors were forced to declare, in despite of themselves, that their intentions were not honest, and that they looked only to their own interest. And when they were thus obliged to retire in confusion, they could have torn their hair in rage at their conduct; for they knew that they had but a sorry reception to expect at home, and could not for their lives conceive how it happened—the history of the flute being to them a secret

The whole court, too, underwent a thorough purification. Almost all the old courtiers were dismissed, and their places filled up by new officers, who had been tried beforehand, without being aware that they were subjected to the test.

There was only one in the whole court whom Love-Truth never could reach, and that was the court-fool. It is an old proverb, that "children and fools tell the truth;" but it was not so with this fool. A more thorough liar never breathed; and it was his boast, when among the friends whom he trusted, that he had never told the truth in his life. This, though he did not advert to it, was true; and thus arose the anomaly that a falsehood may become the truth. This fool was so cunning, however, that he never would come near Love-Truth and his flute when there was a third person present. On the contrary, when he was alone, he went to him without the least apprehension, and would banter him on his love of truth.

"You are a fool," he would say to him, "to be so exact in sticking to the truth. You thereby expose yourself to a thousand annoyances; you never can enjoy yourself heartily; you have not a single friend but the king; and even he, too, will get rid of you, as soon as he shall be able to dispense with your services. On the contrary, look at me: I never tell the truth, and yet every one flocks to me, and seeks my society. I tell them what they like to hear, and what flatters their vanity; or I make jests for them, at which they laugh. They invite me to their entertainments, feast me with their choicest delicacies, send me wine and dainties to my own house, and recommend themselves to my patronage. You might be equally fortunate if you chose, instead of moping through the world like a hermit as you do."

These suggestions, and a thousand similar ones, made not the slightest impression on Love-Truth. But still he thought that it was hard (and could not help saying to himself that it was so) to live for the truth alone; and that one must have great firmness of purpose if he would adhere strictly and undeviatingly to it.

VII.

THE YOUNG PRINCESS.

I have hitherto abstained from telling that the king did not live alone in his palace. He had a most charming daughter, a very miracle of beauty, who not only had been brought up with the tenderest care, but, as the sole heiress to the throne, was possessed of wealth almost beyond calculation.

It may well be believed that, in these circumstances, there was no lack of suitors—and these, too, of the highest rank—who aspired to the hand of the princess, and would fain have borne away so precious a prize. But Princess Roseleaf, for this was her name, manifested no disposition to yield to their addresses; for as yet, among all who had presented themselves, there was not one for whose sake she could be induced to leave her father.

At length, however, a young prince arrived whose merits were the theme of universal admiration. This was Prince Fairhair—so called from his rich golden locks, which hung in luxuriant masses over his neck and shoulders. The proposals of this youthful prince were of the most earnest kind; he was resolved to win the hand of the princess, and did not apprehend any refusal, as he was himself a rich and powerful sovereign. It is hardly necessary to say that he was received at court with all conceivable honours, and that the king himself presented his distinguished guest to his daughter. The prince had been staying above a month at the court, and in the society of the princess. He had already pleaded his affection for the lady, and he now pressed her father anxiously for an answer. But the king was unable to give him any; for whenever he mentioned the matter to the princess, she remained perfectly silent. She was exceedingly modest and pious, and became alternately red and pale when her father pressed her to say whether she would marry the fair-haired prince.

"There is no help for it," said the king to himself at last. "I must make her speak, even against her will. The prince is becoming importunate, and I have no right to keep him any longer here without an answer. I shall speak to Love-Truth: he will come to my aid."

Love-Truth accordingly was summoned to the king; and they both repaired to the apartments of the princess, who received them very affectionately. Her father once more introduced the subject of the prince, praised the nobleness of his character and the excellence of his heart, as well as the exceeding beauty of his hair; and concluded by saying that it was absolutely and indispensably necessary that he should receive his answer on that very day. But now also, as on all former occasions, he had been but talking to the air: he received not a word of reply. The princess blushed over and over again, and looked straight before her, never raising her head, and playing with her pearl necklace.

Hereupon the king, who had indeed anticipated this result, gave a sign to Love-Truth. He produced his flute, and drew a few exquisite notes from it. I wish you could have seen what a change was instantaneously produced in the princess. She arose from her seat, and looked around with perfect self-possession; and at length she advanced a step nearer to her father.

"Dear father!" said she in a firm voice, "I do not know what has come upon me, nor whether the music is the cause of my present sensations; but I feel that my whole nature is completely changed. Of all the princes whom I have seen until now, there is not one who made the slightest impression on me, and I was always rejoiced when, one after another, they took their departure. It is not so with Prince Fairhair: he is an elegant and accomplished man, and if you command me, I shall not refuse to marry him; but I implore you not to command me to do so, for there is another whom I love yet more dearly."

"Ha!" thought the king. "And who can this be?"

But it was in vain that he ransacked his brains to discover whom his daughter could possibly mean; for wise as he was, he was not clever enough to penetrate her secret.

"Yes, my dear father!" she continued with the utmost composure—for Love-Truth was still playing on his flute—"what I have said is the truth, and the person whom I mean is not far from us at this moment."

This was a fresh cause of amazement to the king; for in the entire court he knew no suitor of the princess but Prince Fairhair, nor could he guess where else she could have met any one. He therefore begged her to explain herself more distinctly, and to tell him explicitly of what prince she was speaking.

"I know nothing of any prince," replied Princess Roseleaf. "The person whom I mean is no other than our own Love-Truth, who is playing so beautifully at this very moment! I love him dearly, and I should most willingly take him as my husband."

At this point she suddenly stopped short; for Love-Truth, when he heard the princess's declaration, had dropped his flute in terror, and was creeping about on the floor in search of it!

The king was excessively surprised at this announcement. What was to be done? He commanded his daughter, in a tone of great severity, never to utter such silly stuff again; ordered Love-Truth to "begone, both himself and his flute;" and then went out in a rage, to give free vent to his ill-humour.

His first care, of course, was to dismiss Prince Fairhair with the best possible grace under the circumstances; for he felt that for him there was not the least shadow of a hope. It was an affair of great delicacy; the king was quite delighted when it was arranged; and in the joy of his heart, he presented a silver post-horn to the postmaster, who supplied the prince with horses for his home journey.

Meanwhile Love-Truth had fled from the palace in the greatest affliction, and ran to the gardens, where he sought out the most private arbour, in order to meditate on what had just occurred. The words of the princess had filled him with excitement. What he never could have had courage to think of before, he now acknowledged to himself—that the princess was a young lady of such extraordinary beauty and accomplishments, that the man who should be fortunate enough to obtain her hand could not fail to be the happiest of mortals. It was now that, to his deep mortification, the recollection of his humble birth forced itself upon him: a poor peasant boy as he was, he never could aspire to such an alliance.

Above all, he was afflicted to think that he must leave the court immediately, for he was accustomed to unqualified obedience; and the king had ordered him to go away. Here, too, was a new anxiety! Where was he to go to?

VIII.

THE TEMPTER.

On a sudden, while he was in this mood, the fool presented himself.

Now I must inform my readers that this fool was not a fool in reality, but only adopted the disguise of one, in order to be admitted to the court; for fools are freely admitted for the sake of the amusement they afford. This fool, then, was no other than FALSEHOOD in disguise! She delighted in disseminating her stories everywhere, and produced endless mischief thereby: for when have falsehoods done anything but mischief, to put out of view altogether the evil conscience which every liar carries about with him in his breast?

Now, Falsehood had all along known very well that Love-Truth was in reality the son of her sister Truth, who had sent this youth into the world in the hope of restoring, if possible, her credit, which had been somewhat on the decline. And as the two sisters, Truth and Falsehood, had long been living in constant hostility, and mutually took advantage eagerly of every opportunity of injuring one another, Falsehood conceived that it would be a most excellent joke if she could seduce into her own service young Love-Truth, whose office it should have been to disseminate truth.

"My poor lad!" said this crafty lady, completely dropping for the time the character of the fool, and putting on the semblance of the liveliest sympathy, "people tax us fools with insensibility, and say that our hearts are but hearts of straw; but I can assure you that I feel the most sincere interest for you, and that I would most gladly do all that lies in my power to serve you. But no physician can apply a remedy till he has been informed of his patient's ailment. Tell me, therefore, what is the matter with you?"

Love-Truth could not find heart to tell about the princess; and —so dangerous is the very presence of Falsehood—he was on the point of assigning a different cause; luckily, however, he recollected himself in time, and said nothing at all about it. He told, therefore, with great sorrow, that the king had ordered him off.

"Ah, my poor young man!" cried Falsehood, bursting into a loud laugh; "you, Love-Truth, to be ordered away! That would be a sad affliction to your mother! Still, the king must be obeyed, at all times and in all circumstances. But where will you go?"

"Alas! unfortunate that I am, I do not know," said Love-Truth, who was again affected almost to tears. "But I am lucky to have fallen in with you at this moment. Fools are always very cunning people, and I have no doubt you can tell me where I shall find a home."

"Ha!" cried Falsehood with a knowing look, "do you think so? Well, I think I could recommend a comfortable place of residence, where people who follow my advice are always very acceptable: it is the habitation of a pleasant-spoken gentleman. But there are different modes of travelling to different places. You cannot climb up a mountain in a vessel under full sail; nor can you drive across the sea in a coach-and-four. In the same way you cannot visit the gentleman I speak of with the pipe of Truth in your hand. If, therefore, you set out on your journey, and I advise you to do so without delay, give me your flute to keep for you. It will be most secure in my hands, for who would come to a fool to search for a thing so important and so valuable?"

"And would you be so good as to keep it safe for me?" asked Love-Truth.

"You may depend upon me," said Falsehood.

"And will you promise not to make any bad use of it?" added Love-Truth.

"I will not touch it even once," replied his companion hastily.

"If so," replied the youth, "I may venture to intrust this rare and precious treasure to you. But I have not yet heard how I am to make my way to this great and hospitable personage?"

"It is the easiest thing in the world," Falsehood assured him. "You have but to place yourself under my guidance; I shall put you upon the road, and then you need only act the part of a hypocrite."

"What is that?"

"It is only to disguise your real feelings, and seem to be what you are not. Many people are highly accomplished in this art, and by that means obtain a respectable character with very little trouble. In some countries which I could mention, hypocrisy is quite the fashion, and it is a fashion I am rather fond of encouraging; for those who follow it, are under the agreeable delusion that acting a lie is not the same thing as telling one. Now surely you can put on a little hypocrisy as well as everybody else?"

"That I will never do!" exclaimed Love-Truth indignantly; "and I will never speak a word to you more if you dare propose such a thing to me again!"

"Just as you please," said Falsehood, turning away in a pet; and she was on the point of going off, when a breathless messenger arrived from the king, to order Love-Truth immediately to the presence of his majesty, who desired to speak with him.

"Now we shall have it!" said Falsehood. "You will now get your passports and travelling charges, and then you can travel merrily over hill and dale. But without my aid you cannot get out of the difficulty. Be on your guard, therefore, what you do. I shall be on the watch till the close of your audience, in order to be ready to advise with you. Only take care that you are permitted to escape at all!"

IX.

A NEW TEMPTATION.

With a heavy heart Love-Truth repaired to the royal presence. But his audience turned out to be very different from what he had anticipated.

The good-natured king took him affectionately by the hand, told him he had been a little hasty when he saw him last, but that he did not mean all that he had said. He had since calmly considered the matter, he said, and was now convinced that Love-Truth was not responsible for what Princess Roseleaf had said; and as for his ordering him to begone, he had entirely forgotten it; a decision which was very grateful to our young friend, if it were not for the preliminary lie which he had been required to tell.

"However," continued the king, "what I wished to say to you further is, that I love my only daughter more than all the world, and am not able to refuse her any wish, however slight, which she expresses. Since the fatal adventure with the prince, I have again spoken very seriously with her, and she has solemnly assured me that she will not have any one but you as her husband."

"Alas, alas!" thought Love-Truth, "how could it eve[illegible]me to pass that I should be a king's son-in-law?"

"I have not forgotten," continued his majesty, "how much I owe to you. I know that it is through you my kingdom has become the happy land it now is, and that for all this you have received no reward beyond my bare gratitude. This is a proof of your great disinterestedness; and besides, I know that both your head and heart are in the right place. But at the same time you must see that I cannot permit the princess to marry a peasant youth, and therefore you must first make a figure in the world before there can be any idea of the marriage at all. ‘Out of nothing, nothing can be made.’ He who would build must first dig a foundation, for there are no such things now-a-days as castles in the air. Now, all these embarrassments would be removed if you were of noble blood. Examine well, therefore, whether it may not be so. It is quite possible that, by some mischance, you were carried away from your parents, and placed at nurse in the village. I know that you are Truth itself, if I may so speak. If, therefore, you tell me that you are of noble birth, I shall at once believe you, and ask no further evidence. I will then ennoble you at once, get you adopted by some foreign power, and, under the title of ‘Prince So-and-so’ you shall marry my daughter. Go, therefore, for the present; consider well what I have said, and return to me to-morrow, ‘Count Love-Truth.’”

Poor Love-Truth never dreamt of such a turn to the conference. He was taken completely by surprise, and did not know whether his head or his heels were uppermost, when he found himself in the garden, and his former companion, Falsehood, by his side.

“Well!” she eagerly inquired; “how did it end? Have you your passports in your pocket? When are you to set out?”

“Passports indeed!” cried Love-Truth. “This is a very different affair from passports.” And he detailed to his eager companion every word that he could recollect; and that was no trifling matter, for he remembered the whole conversation almost word for word.

“Well,” replied Falsehood with a roguish smile, “did I not know you to be such an extraordinary lover of truth, I would at once pronounce this to be a lie; whence you may infer how incredible all that you have been telling me must sound. However, I do believe you; and you now see plainly that you cannot get over telling the falsehood. After all, it is only once in your life; and then how much depends upon it! The king has made the thing easy enough to your hand, and you cannot think of not complying with his wish.”

“Alas!” cried poor Love-Truth, trembling from head to foot with agitation—“alas! I never could bring my lips to pronounce it, no matter how much I might desire to do so!”

“Poor youth!” said Falsehood in a compassionate tone, “you are, indeed, in a pitiably helpless condition; but I will come to your aid, and will support your first tottering footsteps.’

She began and told him one of the prettiest stories you can imagine about an unfortunate young prince who was kidnapped by an old gipsy wife in his early childhood. It was one of those tales which have not a single word of truth in them, but which are, nevertheless, so interesting and delightful, that you are led to believe them even unconsciously. Even Love-Truth suffered himself to be taken in by this tale; and when he parted from his companion, and retired to his bedroom, he appeared all but resolved to allege this, or some similar story, on his own behalf, in the audience of the following day.

X.

WAKING AND SLEEPING DREAMS.

While Love-Truth was preparing to retire to rest, his imagination became more and more excited. Regarding himself now as a prince, and the husband of the princess, he could hardly calm the wild beatings of his heart. He did not touch his flute for an instant; nay, he would not venture even to cast a look upon it, as though an evil spirit had taken up its abode in it; whereas it was really himself, and his own heart, that were under such influence. He was vacillating between the lie and the truth; but the scale was considerably inclined towards the former; and when he drew the coverlet over his head to compose himself to sleep, he had almost taken the resolution.

But I must go on to tell what befell Love-Truth during the night. He little knew that Falsehood spent the night upon his very threshold, in order to be as close as possible to him!

He had hardly fallen asleep, when he found himself in an entirely unknown land—the Land of Dreams. Old Mother Martha appeared to him here, but she did not look tenderly on him as she had done in his dream on the night that he spent in the house of Truth; but she wore a dark and scowling look, and repelled him harshly from her, crying out in a most reproachful tone, "Lying villain!"

Love-Truth was so terrified at this, that he actually took to flight, and never stopped running till he was completely exhausted.

"She called me a 'lying villain,'" thought he; "and well might she scowl darkly upon me, since I have deceived my king!" for in his dream it seemed to him that he had actually told the lie which he had contemplated.

But what was his amazement when, on looking around, he discovered that he was once again where he had been before in a dream—in the land where "Good-for-Nothings" grow. Of the reality of this dream he never doubted.

After a while he perceived four trees, on which were growing, as he had seen them before, old Nicholas the magistrate, the cup-bearer, and the prime minister. They were looking at one another, and had many a droll story to tell about the schemes and the knavish tricks which they had played; and they seemed to employ themselves in relating them. In the midst of these four trees, with these living fruits upon them, stood a fifth, which was still unoccupied. No sooner did the four worthies see Love-Truth approach, than they burst into a hearty fit of laughter.

"We have him!—we have him!" they cried. "He is come among us also—the rascal who caused our ruin! Welcome, young Good-for-Nothing, to the country of hypocrites and liars! Come, climb up and take your place amongst us!"

Scarcely were these words uttered, when Love-Truth, whose eyes were ready to drop out of his head for shame, felt such an excruciating pain in his legs, that he roared aloud with torture. At the same moment he felt himself whisked suddenly aloft; and when he attempted to resist the invisible power which over-mastered him, he became conscious that he was perched upon the tree, and had grown firmly to its branches. "Have mercy on me!" cried Love-Truth almost distracted, and his heart ready to burst with sorrow and remorse; "this is the consequence of telling a lie! All my life-long I shall continue to grow, stuck fast upon this tree, a laughing-stock for the whole world, and an object of remorse to myself! How shall I ever endure it? But I have deserved it richly; why did I allow myself to be seduced?"

While he poured forth these and similar lamentations, the tears streaming down his cheeks, his neighbours mocked and tormented him without mercy, for they resolved to repay him doubly and trebly for what he had brought on them. At last, to fill up the measure of his misery, Falsehood made her appearance, and now no longer in the shape of a fool, but in her own natural form. She appeared as a female—one moment tall, the next moment short; now beautiful, now hideously ugly. You never could be sure of her, for she was perpetually assuming new shapes, just as lies do. And it was the same with her dress as with her figure: to one the colour of her gown appeared yellow, to another black; a third thought it red, and a fourth white; and yet when you looked close at it, the black had turned green, and the red was blue! This singular figure, so well calculated to inspire terror, advanced with a watering-pot in her hand, and commenced watering the trees on which the Good-for-Nothings were vegetating, in order that they might grow and increase in falsehood. And when the liquid made its way through the roots into the branches, and thence to the unlucky fruits which grew above, it burned them right sharply, and caused most excruciating pain—the punishment of the crime which they had committed.

"I have deserved it!—I have deserved it!" sobbed Love-Truth. "I will bear all patiently, as indeed I must. If I dare venture to cherish any wish, I have but one; and that is, that I might be able to return to that noble lady the flute which she intrusted to me with her own hands, now that I am no longer worthy to use it!"

But lo! on a sudden, a loud peal of thunder was heard; sheets of lightning flashed from heaven to earth; everything around was enveloped in flame, and trumpets echoed upon every side. From the clouds above there issued a mighty voice. "Away, thou wretched phantom of Falsehood!" it cried; "away from earth with thee! The kingdom of Truth draweth nigh!"

Scarcely were these words uttered, when the whole grove sank down, and a deep abyss was formed, into which Falsehood plunged headlong with a fearful yell! The light clouds began to descend, and a radiant mist was diffused over the earth. The voice from on high cried out, "Look up!" Love-Truth—who, in the crash of the fall from the tree, had been flung senseless on the earth—awoke, and arose uninjured from the ground. He looked around, and saw upon a resplendent throne the goddess of Truth, in precisely the same guise in which he had seen her before, at once solemn and affectionate. She beckoned to him to approach.

"Thou hast here seen," she said, "whither a lie leads. Take warning, therefore, for the time to come! But as thou hast been betrayed into one false step, I shall take away from thee the flute which I intrusted to thy keeping, for this precious talisman must be borne by no mortal hands but those of one who is free from every stain, and whose soul has never admitted even one prevaricating thought. Thou, nevertheless, hast, as man, done according to thy best ability; and therefore I release thee now with my full pardon and my best blessing!"

The goddess of Truth then placed her hands upon his head, and with tears of joy he fell at her feet; and at last, imagining that in the features of the goddess he could recognise those of his own old Martha, he uttered a loud scream, and awoke from the dream which had caused him so much anguish and terror!

"God be praised!" he faltered, clasping his hands—"God be praised that it is all a dream, and that I have not told the lie!"

XI.

THE REWARD OF TRUTH.

Love-Truth sprang out of bed, and hurried on his clothes. He saw that it must be late, for the sun shone brightly and cheerily into the window, and the birds sang and twittered merrily in the branches.

His first thought was to search for his flute; but it was nowhere to be seen, though he had a perfect recollection of the place where he had left it the night before; and as the door had been bolted inside, it was a clear proof that no one could have entered the room during the night.

"I have not been deceived in my dream, therefore" said he. "Oh sacred Truth! forgive me, I pray thee, for hesitating even for one moment whether I should adhere to thy service. I humbly accept the punishment which thou hast sent me, and I vow that, from this moment forward, I shall be true to thee until death."

It was with a lightened heart that he now followed a messenger, who came at this moment to summon him to the king. He entered the throne-room, where the king was seated with his daughter, surrounded by the lords and ladies of the court. The king bowed graciously to him, and proclaimed in a loud voice—"Be it hereby known to all whom it may concern, that it is our royal will to do honour to this youth, who now stands before us, and who calls himself Love-Truth, in consideration of the services which he, beyond all who had gone before him, has rendered to our kingdom. For this reason, and seeing, furthermore, that the heart of our daughter is affectionately fixed upon him, we are purposed to offer for his acceptance the fairest gift which it is in our power to bestow—the hand of our beloved child. Let him therefore stand forth, and declare to us, upon his honour and credit, that he is sprung of a respectable, noble, and distinguished family, and we will forthwith embrace him in presence of our court as our chosen son-in-law."

Love-Truth bowed low before the king. "With deep emotion," he said, and the tears glistened in his eyes, "I acknowledge the honour which your majesty deigns to destine for me. It is a gift precious and enviable beyond what any monarch on earth has it in his power to bestow. But great as is the temptation to venture, in the hope of securing so precious a treasure, all that man could do to obtain it, yet must I freely renounce what my generous king offers for my acceptance; my birth gives me no title to a palace. I am neither the son of a prince nor nobleman, but of a simple peasant."

As he made this confession, his heart grew light and his spirit free, and he looked around with conscious dignity. Princess Roseleaf burst into tears. The king advanced to the youth where he stood. "If by thy birth," he said, "thou art the son of a peasant, yet by thy spirit art thou a great man, and worthy to be a king's son! Well hast thou stood the test! We are well acquainted with thy parentage. Hadst thou attempted to deceive us in the least particular, we should have driven thee for ever from our presence; as now, on the contrary, we take thee to our bosom! The external rank which is wanting to thee, we shall ourselves bestow. Kneel down!"

Love-Truth obeyed the command, and knelt down. The king drew a golden sword, touched the youth's neck three times with its blade, and cried out with a loud voice, "As Love-Truth, the peasant's son, didst thou kneel down; arise, 'Sir Love-Truth of

Trueburg,' our most trusty friend and councillor, our son-in-law, and the husband of our beloved daughter! Herald, make proclamation of this joyous event throughout the land!"

The king placed the princess's hand in that of the young knight of Trueburg. A loud shout of joy resounded through the palace; the people all crowded in to congratulate the king and the bridal pair; but it was never known which of these congratulations were sincere, and which the contrary, for the flute was not at hand to test them. The trumpets sounded; the drums beat; in a word, every sound of jubilee was heard. The only exception was, that no gunpowder was fired off on the occasion; and for this simple reason, that gunpowder had not yet been invented. The heralds sprang upon their steeds, gallopped away far and near, through town and country, and proclaimed the glorious event to all who listened to them.

We could have wished to close here our veritable history; for, as to what remains—the wedding, and the festivities which attended it—pleasant as it is to take a part in such gaieties, yet it is very tantalising merely to hear or to talk about them. All this, therefore, we pass over in silence.

But there is one thing which we cannot omit to mention before we close—the flute has never since been found!

And, after all, when we consider the matter closely, perhaps it is as well; for, not to speak of the multitudes of people now-a-days whom its notes would consign to the land where "Good-for-Nothings" grow, we fear it would be hard to find any one in these times who could play upon it; and it would be necessary to lay it up in a corner of some museum, as a curious relic—a relic, too, whose genuineness there would be many found to question.

WHY THE SEA IS SALT,

OR THE ADVENTURES OF SILLY NICHOLAS.

Once on a time there lived a rich and extensive merchant, who was preparing to despatch a large ship to a distant country. When she was just ready to sail, he called the whole crew together.

"My good fellows!" said he, "you are going on a long and difficult voyage in this ship, and will have to work hard to earn money for me; it is only fair, therefore, that you also should have your opportunity. In the country to which you are bound there is plenty of money to be made, if a man only knows how to turn his purse and his wits to good account. I give you all permission, therefore, to take with you whatever wares you may be able to purchase, and all that you make by the transaction shall be your own. And moreover, whoever, on your return, shall turn out to have been the most successful, shall receive a premium from myself; for it is always right to encourage industry and enterprise. There are still two days at your disposal; turn them, therefore, to good account, for on the third morning from this you shall set sail."

The sailors, it need hardly be said, hastened on shore, and each, according to his own views, endeavoured to invest his little capital profitably. Among the number, however, there was one poor friendless lad, who had just been bound apprentice in the ship, and as he had received no wages as yet, was of course without a single penny to make a purchase. The poor fellow was greatly dejected, and could not help envying his shipmates, as they returned on board, panting under their burdens, and gloating over their dreams of future treasures. At last it occurred to him that he had an old aunt in the city who had the character of being a very wise woman, and had helped many a one out of a difficulty by her counsel. He betook himself to her, therefore, and bade her good-morning.

"Good-day, Silly Nicholas," she replied; for this was the name her nephew commonly went by, not being supposed to be very much over-burdened with sense. He sat down upon an old stool opposite his aunt, and told her a long roundabout story of all that had occurred, and how he was the only one who was obliged to let the golden opportunity pass.

"I don't wonder at it in the least, my son," she replied. "It was often your poor father's case before you, and is no novelty in my family. But you might have saved your visit to me, for I am poor, and have nothing to give you. There is small store of either goods or money in this poor little house."

Silly Nicholas began to cry. "They are making game of me already on board, even without this," said he; "and if I now go back without anything, I shall never have a moment's peace the whole voyage."

The old aunt was struck by this. "For once in his life," said she, "the poor wight has spoken sense. Well, then, never mind. I have no gold nor diamonds, it is true, to give you; but I have a very valuable article, which, if you only use it as you ought, will make a man of you; and this I will give you."

"What can it be?" thought Nicholas, when she went out to fetch it; and what was his amazement when she returned with an old coffee-mill, so rickety, that it was almost falling to pieces! The old dame read his disappointment in his looks. "My son," said she, "you must not despise a gift because its exterior is unpromising. This mill contains, and will supply to you, every necessary of life (I do not mean gold or jewels), if you only employ it judiciously, and do not abuse it."

"And how am I to use it?" he inquired.

"I will show you," replied his aunt. "Is there anything which you would particularly wish for at this moment?"

"Ah, my dear aunt," said Nicholas, "I have not eaten a morsel to-day; and I should like of all things a couple of penny rolls."

The old dame set the mill upon the table, and said very slowly and deliberately—

"Mill, mill! grind away
Some fresh penny rolls, I pray!"

In an instant the mill was in motion, and before long a roll, fresh from the oven, came forth, and then a second, and a third! But when a fourth made its appearance, the old dame suddenly cried—

"Bravo, mill! rest thee now;
Thou hast ground enough, I trow!"

And in a moment the mill was at rest! Silly Nicholas had looked on in silent wonder; but silly as he was, he at once perceived the use to which it might be turned; and therefore, while he was eating his penny rolls, he learned very accurately from his aunt both the rhymes which were to be employed. He then shook her affectionately by the hand, took his mill under his arm, and went aboard ship in the highest spirits. When his shipmates saw the old coffee-mill, they burst into a loud laugh, and ridiculed him without end. Silly Nicholas, however, let them enjoy themselves, stowed his mill away in a quiet corner, and for the rest of the voyage they were all so occupied with their plans of future operation, that they forgot it altogether.

At length they reached their destination; and Silly Nicholas, who had been thinking, the whole voyage through, how he could best turn his capital to account, went to the captain and asked leave to go on shore for the purpose of transacting a little business.

"I will give you leave certainly, my boy," said the captain; "but I fear you will make no great hand of it."

"Time will tell," replied Nicholas; "but, as a specimen, I engage to produce for you, at a moderate price, within four-and-twenty hours, any sort of merchandise you may desire."

"A bargain!" said the captain, resolved to amuse himself with the lad's (as he believed) simplicity and silliness. "All my poultry have been eaten during the voyage, and I am longing for some fresh chickens. Bring me, therefore, to-morrow, a couple of dozen, and I shall not only give you the leave, but pay you well for the fowl."

Silly Nicholas cheerfully took his mill under his arm, and sauntered leisurely through the city, till he reached a quiet and retired spot fitted for his operations. He first made a large wicker-cage, and placing his mill before the door, repeated his rhyme—

"Mill, mill! grind away
Fine fat poultry now, I pray!"

The mill began to turn, and in a few moments out popped a beautiful chicken, and flew, crowing and clapping its wings, into the cage. Nicholas watched closely, and when the full number of two dozen was completed, cried out—

"Bravo, mill! rest thee now;
Thou hast ground enough, I trow!"

As soon as this task was finished, he lay down on the grass beside his birds, and fell asleep perfectly happy. Next morning he presented his poultry. The captain kept his word honourably, paid him a dollar for each of the chickens, which were a rarity in that country, and gave him a month to employ for his own private advantage. Silly Nicholas had observed in the market-place a large wooden booth, where some itinerant jugglers had held their exhibition. This he hired, and he got a painter to print over the entrance in large letters—

"ALL SORTS OF GOODS SUPPLIED HERE FOR HALF-PRICE AT A DAY'S NOTICE."

Having made these preparations, he placed his mill in a quiet corner, and sat down to abide the result. Next morning a customer presented himself.

"Is it true, sir," said he, "that on a day's notice you supply goods at half-price?"

"Certainly," said Nicholas; for we must henceforward drop the prefix which he deserved so little.

"If so," said the stranger, "I request you will supply me to-morrow with six wagon-loads of corn. There has been a great dearth this harvest, and I shall pay you a hundred gold dollars for it on the spot."

"Agreed!" cried Nicholas. "Let your horses be here to-morrow."

He kept his word; and when the wagons were loaded, the horses could scarcely move them from the door. The man gladly paid the hundred dollars, and something over, and went his way.

By this transaction Nicholas soon established a character, and his mill was seldom allowed to stand idle. He was in a fair way of soon being a rich man; but what pressed most upon him was, that his month's leave was nearly out, and the captain was not willing to extend it, for he expected to be able to turn his apprentice's talents to his own private advantage.

This fact was quite notorious, and every one in the city pitied the poor young man, that, with such prospects, he should be compelled to return to his former degrading occupation. They advised him to run away; but he was too honest to follow the advice, and resolved to submit to his fate if he could find no honourable means of avoiding it.

In this crisis of his fortunes the minister at war came to him one day, and told him that, having heard of his great fame, and of his extraordinary resources, he had come in the hope of being released from great embarrassment. The sultan, his master, had suddenly commanded a grand review of the army, and they were all in the greatest perplexity, as, in consequence of the non-arrival of cloths ordered from England and Leipsic, the body-guards were not all provided with their new uniforms. "If, therefore," said he, "you can produce within two days two thousand scarlet caftans with white facings, of this pattern, you shall share the profits with myself, and I will get you named Army-Contractor to his Majesty the Sultan. This appointment will free you from your present obligations, and will be but a step to higher promotion."

Nicholas promised to do his best; and before the end of forty-eight hours, the two thousand caftans were punctually delivered. The minister kept faith honourably, and three hours before the expiration of the captain's leave, Nicholas received a large parchment patent, whereby he was named "Court-and-Army Contractor to the Sultan."

No one was more indignant at this than the captain. He could no longer reclaim his apprentice, now that he had been created a nobleman, nor compel him to share his wealth with himself. He therefore tried every means to discover Nicholas' secret, and was constantly spying about his workshop. At last an opportunity offered. Nicholas had gone out to a neighbour's house, and had omitted to close the door as carefully as usual. The captain went in, and searched every imaginable spot; but that day's goods had all been removed, and there was nothing to be seen but the four bare walls. At last, just as he was going to retire, he spied a little recess, and, on examination, discovered in it the old coffee-mill which Nicholas had brought on board, and which had been the subject of so much ridicule. He recollected, too, that Nicholas had taken this with him when he came on shore.

"Beyond a doubt," said he, "this mill must be the work of some great conjuror, and does everything the silly fellow wishes to have done. I had better seize on it at once, and hereafter, by force or stratagem, I shall discover the way to use it, and then I am a made man!"

As he spoke, he stretched out his hand to seize it. But at this moment Nicholas, who had come in meanwhile, and overheard his old master's soliloquy, cried out suddenly—

"Mill, mill! grind away
Stout oak cudgels now, I pray!"

when lo! the mill began to turn furiously, and a multitude of cudgels issued from it, and belaboured the unfortunate captain's back till they left it black and blue, and in a most melancholy plight. He shouted and stormed, alternately threatening and imploring for mercy; but in vain. The castigation continued, and indeed became more violent; for the mill was constantly setting new cudgels in motion, and when the early ones fell off, there were ever new recruits to take their place.

"Ah my dear, sweet Master Nicholas!" sobbed the unfortunate captain, "do, pray do, stop this cudgelling, or I shall expire. Oh—oh—oh! Why did I ever call this stupid young rascal, who by right should be my servant—why did I call him 'sweet Master Nicholas?' Stop this moment your infernal tricks, you worthless scoundrel, or I shall hang you up at the mast-head like a weathercock; there you shall dangle while there is breath in your body! Oh murder! murder!"

Nicholas, instead of answering him, pointed to the blue caftan —his uniform as an officer of the court—which sheltered him from all the captain's menaces.

"Yes, yes!" the wretched man replied; "I was wrong when I spoke so disrespectfully to your excellency. I regret it bitterly; and if you will only have pity on my wounded back, I shall never forget myself so again."

"Well, I am beginning myself," said Nicholas, "to think that you have got quite enough to teach you never to lay your hand on another's property again. I shall open the door for you therefore, and you may go about your business; but be sure never to attempt such a trick again, else you shall not escape so cheaply."

The captain flew, as if he had wings, through the open door, and all the cudgels pursued him merrily. But as soon as he was a short distance away, Nicholas cried—

"Bravo, mill! rest thee now;
Thou hast ground enough, I trow!"

The cudgels ceased, therefore, and the unfortunate captain was left to pursue his way in peace, as well as his pains would permit him: but from this day forth he entertained a deep grudge against Nicholas, and vowed and declared that he would leave no stone unturned to get possession of this magic mill, and, if possible, to revenge himself some other way. For a long time he planned and planned, but in vain, till at length a thought occurred to him which appeared very feasible. He could not set about it at once, however, for he was obliged to wait till the traces of the cudgelling had disappeared. But the delay only made his hatred the more deep and bitter, and the very moment he was well, he went straight to Master Nicholas, offered him his hand, told him that they should mutually forgive and forget, and in evidence of the sincerity of his reconciliation, invited Nicholas to a splendid entertainment at the principal hotel, to which he had asked a number of his friends.

Nicholas, who was naturally a good-humoured youth, at once accepted the invitation. The wine proved very attractive, and in a short time Nicholas had taken quite enough for the captain's purpose. He would gladly have sliced off the poor fellow's ears as he lay, but the presence of Nicholas's friends compelled him to bridle his revenge; and while they were engaged in conveying Nicholas to bed, the captain hastily repaired to the poor youth's house, having previously abstracted the key out of his pocket, and began to search for the mill. He found it without difficulty, concealed it carefully under his cloak, flew like lightning to the ship, and lest, when Nicholas had slept off his drunken fit, he should raise an alarm about the robbery, ordered the ship to put to sea without a moment's delay.

Late in the evening Nicholas awoke, and was greatly surprised to find himself in bed in a strange place. After a little, however, calling to mind the occurrences of the day, he was dreadfully alarmed; for he saw that what had happened with the captain and his friends was a concerted plan, and that they had availed themselves of his insensible condition to play a villanous trick upon him. He flung on his clothes, and hurried without delay to his house; but found, to his indescribable affliction, that his precious treasure, the origin and foundation of his wealth, was gone.

Still he resolved to do his best, though he feared it was too late, to recover his treasure. Summoning his neighbours to his assistance, therefore, he went down to the river where the ship had been lying. But alas! she had long since set sail, and now had reached the open sea, where it was hopeless to attempt pursuit. Sick at heart, and deeply downcast, he returned to his house, and from that moment he was of course compelled to leave his orders unexecuted, and to break up his establishment. The people in the city said he had speculated too far, and had run out his capital. But Nicholas himself knew where the shoe pinched, and quietly betook himself to the country, where he had time, in his cooler moments, to reflect that he was better off than he thought at first; having contrived, while his trade lasted, to lay up a considerable sum, sufficient to purchase a very nice property, on which he lived till a good old age, pouring blessings on his old aunt and her still older coffee-mill.

Meanwhile the thief was sailing over the deep sea, and chuckling at his good fortune. He indulged himself in thinking what a multitude of speculations he would embark in, till he should at last be the first man in the land. "And then," said he, "I shall break the old mill to pieces, lest any one else should grow as rich as myself. Luckily I still recollect, since that cursed cudgelling, the words which set the mill in motion."

During this soliloquy he had begun to feel hungry, and ordered the cook to serve dinner without delay. The cook soon presented himself. "A nice dinner it will be!" said he with a countenance full of ill-humour. "Where am I to find it, pray?

We set sail in such a hurry, that we have not a fortnight's provisions on board! And this moment, when I went to put some salt in your soup, I found to my horror that there is not a grain of salt in the ship!"

"Well, well!" said the captain in great good-humour, "make your mind easy about it. Be assured we shall want for nothing; and in the first place, I must get you some salt for the soup."

He took the coffee-mill down from the shelf as he spoke, and said with great solemnity—

"Mill, mill! grind away;
Let us have some salt, I pray!"

The mill, according to its wont, began to turn, and, to the captain's great delight, forth came a thick stream of salt. The cook opened his mouth and eyes, but could not for his life conceive how this came to pass, till at last, when there was already a large heap of salt lying before them, he said, "That may do for the present, and the mill, if it pleases, may grind us something else."

The captain also, who saw that they now had salt enough to last for a year and a day, was disposed to stop the working of the mill; but, alas! to his horror, it now struck him for the first time that he did not know the words necessary to stop it! In his terror and anguish of mind he grasped it for the purpose of stopping its revolutions; but it struck him such a blow upon the fingers, that the blood spouted out furiously, and he drew back screaming with pain and affright.

"It must be some devil or hobgoblin we have got on board!" cried the cook, who, as the heap of salt continued to increase, ran away to the fore-deck, and told the sailors what the captain had done.

Meanwhile the captain tried every species of prayer, and every form of exorcism; but to no purpose. At last he flew into a rage, and drew his sword. "Worthless thing that you are!" he cried with fury, "I will knock you to shivers, and put an end to your magic at once!" He aimed a terrific blow at the mill, and struck it with such effect, that it flew into two pieces. At first he was delighted with his heroism; but what was his horror when he saw both halves stand erect, and both begin to grind away as busily as the one mill had ground before! He was struck dumb with terror, and could make no farther effort to relieve himself.

Meanwhile the mills continued to grind away busily, and at last they ground such a quantity of salt, that the ship could not float any longer under the weight, but sunk to the bottom with the captain and the crew!

From that time forth—as the story-books go—the sea has been salt, and it will always continue so; for both the mills are still at work, and never fail to maintain the supply!

THE BRITISH CONQUEST OF INDIA.

THE first nation of modern times to hold a commercial intercourse with India—that famous land of the East, regarding which such gorgeous accounts had come down from antiquity—was the Portuguese. To discover a short route to the celebrated countries where the gold and the diamonds, and the rich spices were to be found, was the great object of European ambition in the fifteenth century; and as the Portuguese navigator Vasco de Gama was the first to solve the problem, by doubling the Cape of Good Hope (previously passed by his countryman Diaz), and sailing into the Indian Ocean in the year 1497, his countrymen, then celebrated among the nations of Europe for their enterprise and nautical skill, were the first to reap the advantages of a connexion by sea with the East Indies. Nearly a whole century elapsed, "during which," to use the words of Mr Mill in his "History of British India," "the Portuguese, without a rival, enjoyed and abused the advantages of superior knowledge and art amid a feeble and half-civilised people."

About the end of the sixteenth century, other nations, especially the English and the Dutch, began to compete with the Portuguese in the trade with the East Indies. Passing over various efforts made by English adventurers, supported by government, to establish a regular commerce with India, we come to the memorable attempt made under the auspices of a number of London merchants, who had been constituted into a company for the purpose by a royal charter, dated the 31st of December 1600. "This charter," says Mr Mill, "the origin of a power so anomalous and important as that which was afterwards accumulated in the hands of the East India Company, contained nothing which remarkably distinguished it from the other charters of incorporation so commonly in that age bestowed upon trading associations. It constituted the adventurers a body politic and corporate, by the name of 'the Governor and Company of Merchants of London trading to the East Indies,' and vested them with the usual privileges and powers. According to the principle of the times, the charter was exclusive; prohibiting the rest of the community from trading within the limits assigned to the Company; that is, the space of land and ocean lying beyond the Cape of Good Hope and the Straits of Magellan; but granting to the Company the power, whenever they pleased, of bestowing licenses for that purpose." The charter was granted at first for a period of fifteen years, with the probability, however, of renewal.

Such was the foundation of the celebrated East India Company, whose power in the world's affairs was long so enormous. The first voyages of the ships belonging to the Company were not to the Indian continent, but to the islands of Java, Sumatra, &c. from which they brought home calicoes, raw silk, indigo, and spices. It was soon found desirable, however, to hold commercial intercourse with Hindoostan itself; and accordingly, after some difficulties, leave was obtained from the native authorities, in the years 1611 and 1612, to establish factories or warehouses for the convenience of trade at Surat, Ahmedabad, Cambay, and Gogo, on the west. Thus, when the British first planted their feet on the soil of India, they appeared as nothing more than the humble agents or servants of a company of merchants in a distant island, charged with the task of shipping and unshipping goods, and bound, as they valued their lives and liberties, to behave in a civil and even submissive manner to the natives. From such small beginnings did the empire of the British in India take its rise.

The original East India Company, with its charters at different times disputed and renewed, continued throughout the seventeenth century to carry on a more or less profitable traffic with the East. Its factories were extended to Java, Sumatra, Borneo, the Banda Islands, Celebes, Malacca, Siam, and the coasts of Malabar and Coromandel. In 1640, the native authorities gave permission for the building of Fort St George at Madras; and in 1645, a factory was established on the banks of the Hoogly, a branch of the Ganges near its mouth, which formed the foundation of Calcutta. The island of Bombay was also procured as a settlement in 1664–5, after a struggle with its Portuguese possessors. Three years before this the Company received authority, for the first time, to make war and peace with the native princes; but its affairs were not in a prosperous state; and soon after the Revolution of 1688, the question of the validity of the old royal charter was started. The consequence followed of the Company not being able to perform its obligations, on account of losses occasioned by wars, infidelity of officers, extravagance, &c.; and parliament, in 1698, granted a charter to a new East India Company, on condition of a loan of £2,000,000 sterling to the state, and which was required to carry on King William's wars. But the great contentions between the two Companies soon made it necessary to unite them, and a union was finally effected in 1708, when an act of parliament was passed, establishing the conjoined association under the title of "the United Company of Merchants trading to the East Indies."

The constitution adopted for managing the affairs of this great Company was as follows:—The whole of the business was to be in the hands of two courts—a Court of Proprietors, and a Court of Directors. The qualification for being a member of the Court of Proprietors was to be the possession of at least £500 of the Company's stock; but the possession of more than that quantity of stock was not to give a proprietor more than a single vote. The directors were to be twenty-four in number, of whom one was to be chairman, and another deputy-chairman; they were to be chosen annually by the votes of the proprietors at a general meeting; and the qualification for being elected a director was to be the possession of at least £2000 of the Company's stock. Four general courts, or Courts of Proprietors, were to be held in the year—a court once a quarter; additional courts, however, might be held when circumstances required it. The Courts of Directors were to meet as often as the directors themselves saw fit, and at such times and places as they might appoint; the presence of thirteen directors to be necessary to constitute a court. "According to this constitution," says Mr Mill, "the supreme power was vested in the Court of Proprietors. In the first place, they held the legislative power entire; all laws and regulations, all determinations of dividend, all grants of money, were made by the Court of Proprietors. To act under their ordinances, and manage the business of routine, was the department reserved for the Court of Directors. In the second place, the supreme power was secured to the Court of Proprietors by the important power of displacing annually the persons whom they chose to act in their behalf. In this constitution, if the Court of Proprietors be regarded as representing the general body of the people, the Court of Directors as representing an aristocratical senate, and the chairman as representing the sovereign, we have an image of the British constitution. In the constitution, however, of the East India Company, the power allotted to the democratical part was so great, that a small portion may seem to have been reserved to the other two. Yet the actual result has been extremely different. Notwithstanding the power which, by the theory of the constitution, was reserved to the popular part of the system, all power has centered in the Court of Directors; and the government of the Company has been an oligarchy. In fact, so far from meddling too much, the Court of Proprietors have not attended to the common affairs even sufficiently for the business of inspection."

The Company, constituted on the footing here described, were as yet nothing more than an association of merchants exporting bullion, lead, quicksilver, woollen cloths, and hardware to India; and importing in return calicoes, raw silk, diamonds, tea (the first order for the importation of which was given in the year 1667), porcelain, pepper, drugs, and saltpetre. Their governmental establishments were Bombay, Madras, and Calcutta; the last of which was only a short time previously a mere commercial agency dependent on Madras. Already, however, they had formed the design of obtaining an influence in India by other means than that of simple commerce; and the extension of the Company's settlements soon became the main object of those charged with the direction of the Company's affairs in India. The first notable advantage gained by the Company was in the year 1715. In that year, "an embassy" being sent on a commercial commission to Delhi, it happened that a medical gentleman named Hamilton, who accompanied the factors, had the good fortune to cure the Emperor Feroksere of a severe illness, which could not be overcome by the ignorant native physicians. In gratitude for this important service, the emperor, at Hamilton's request, granted liberty to the Company to purchase in Bengal thirty-seven townships in addition to that of Calcutta; he also conferred upon them some important commercial privileges, which soon rendered Calcutta a flourishing settlement.

From this period the Company's power in India continued to increase. At home, however, they had to contend with a powerful opposition, the general verdict of public opinion even at that time being hostile to such a monopoly of trade as that vested in the East India Company. As the time for the renewal of the Company's charter came round, the most energetic efforts were employed to throw open the Indian trade to the general enterprise of the community; and it is probable that these efforts might have succeeded, had it not been for the influence which the Company obtained over the mind of government by means of loans of money to help government through cases of emergency. Thus, in the year 1744, the Company advanced to government a loan of £1,000,000 at three per cent., in consideration of which they obtained an extension of their monopoly till the year 1780.

It is at this period—about the middle of the last century—that the career of the Company begins to be most interesting to the historian. For a century and a half, an association of merchants and speculators had been in existence, carrying on a trade with India for the purposes of pecuniary profit. At one time the trade had been brisk, at another dull; and in no respect was it peculiarly distinguished from the various other trades in which people at that time engaged for the purpose of money-making. The name of India, it is true, had still a mysterious sound in the public ear; vague ideas were still entertained of its wealth; and on that account, perhaps, there was a greater ambition among speculators to be proprietors of East Indian than of other kinds of stock; but, upon the whole, the extent of trade carried on, and the rate of profits made by partners of the East India Company during the former half of the eighteenth century, were not nearly so large as, with our present notions of India, and the power of the East India Company, we are apt to imagine them to have been. It was about the middle of the century that that course of events began along which the East India Company, and with it the British nation, have marched to their world-envied supremacy over central and southern Asia. This course of events, striking in themselves, and deserving of attention, on account of their essential intertexture with the British history of the last century, we proceed to sketch. It will be necessary, before doing so, however, to give our readers some idea of the field into which, by means of the East India trade, British industry and enterprise had been introduced; in other words, to give them some account of the history and the internal condition of that portion of the earth's surface called India, previous to its invasion and conquest by us money-making and large-brained islanders.

INDIA PREVIOUS TO THE BRITISH CONQUEST.

Passing over the legendary chronologies of the Hindoos themselves, the utility of which as materials for history may be judged of by the fact, that they speak of kings reigning for twenty-three thousand years each, and extend back to nearly four millions of years in all, the first historical notices we have of India are those given by the Greek writers, who allude to the invasion of India by Alexander the Great, in the year 327 before Christ. "From these notices," says Mr Mill, "the conclusion has been drawn that the Hindoos, at the time of Alexander's invasion, were in a state of manners, society, and knowledge, exactly the same with that in which they were discovered by the nations of modern Europe: nor is there any reason for differing widely from this opinion. It is certain that the few features of which we have any description from the Greeks bear no inaccurate resemblance to those which are found to distinguish this people at the present day."

About the beginning of the eleventh century, however, this Hindoo population—who, it is probable, had till that time been the exclusive inhabitants of the country lying between the Himalaya Mountains and the Indian Ocean—were mixed with a new race, professing a different religion, and following different customs. These new competitors for the possession of Hindoostan were Mohammedans, who invaded the country from its north-western frontier. From Arabia as a centre, the great empire which the prophet Mohammed had founded in the beginning of the seventh century had extended itself far and wide, east and west, so as to stretch from the Indus in the one direction almost to the Straits of Gibraltar in the other. The first Mohammedan invader of India was Mahmoud of Shizni, who, in the beginning of the eleventh century, was sultan over that part of the disintegrated Arabic empire which lay to the west of the Indus. He commenced his successful expeditions into India about the year 1000, and continued them till 1024, making the destruction of Hindoo idolatry and the plunder of its shrines more the object of his visits than the acquisition of territory. In this period of twenty-four years he prostrated, for the moment, a considerable number of the native princes, and exacted immense tributes in gold and every kind of valuable commodity. A successor of Mahmoud, named Mohammed, after carrying on war with the Indian princes for some time, at length, about the year 1193, entered Hindoostan with an exceedingly large force, and bore down all opposition. The king of Delhi was slain in battle, and having advanced to that ancient capital, Mohammed there left a viceroy to maintain his authority. In this manner a Mohammedan dominion was for the first time established in the heart of India, and in one of its greatest cities; and thus commenced the first Affghan or Patan dynasty.

A second Affghan or Patan dynasty was established, by one of those revolutions so common in eastern states, in the year 1291. During the existence of this dynasty, which continued till towards the end of the fifteenth century, the Mohammedan power extended itself farther south in Hindoostan, as far even as the Carnatic: so that before the beginning of the sixteenth century Mohammedans must have been pretty thickly interspersed with the original Hindoo population, throughout at least the north-western, the central, and the southern portions of Hindoostan. The foundation of the famous Mogul dynasty by Baber, a descendant of the great Tamerlane, in the year 1525, may be considered as having completed the subjugation of India by the Mohammedans. Overpowering the Mohammedan chiefs, among whom the country was divided, as well as conquering portions of territory which had not yet been thoroughly subjected to the Mohammedan yoke, Baber founded an empire in India which eclipsed that of his predecessors in respect both of extent and stability. From the foundation of the Mogul empire by Baber in 1525, a series of Mohammedan emperors, whose seat of authority was at Delhi, ruled the largest and finest portions of India. By them the country was in many places newly subdivided into provinces, and put under the government of tributary kings or nabobs, who superseded the Hindoo rajahs or petty princes. One of the greatest of these Mogul emperors was Akbar, who flourished between the years 1556 and 1605. By his daring and judicious management, the central provinces were preserved in complete tranquillity, and Guzerat, Bengal, and part of the Deccan were added to his already extensive empire.

Akbar, at his death in 1605, left the Mohammedan empire in India divided into fifteen provinces or subahs, each of which was governed under the emperor by a viceroy styled subahdar. The names of the fifteen subahs were Allahabad, Agra, Oude, Ajmeer, Guzerat, Bahar, Bengal, Delhi, Cabool, Lahore, Multan, Malwa, Berar, Candeish, and Ahmednuggur. Jehongir, who succeeded his father Akbar, was able, although with considerable difficulty, to retain the imperial authority over all these provinces. It was in his reign, which extended from 1605 to 1628, that the English first began to plant factories on the north-western coast of Hindoostan, in the manner already described; and it was by the favour of the emperors, his successors, and that of the subahdars or viceroys of the various maritime provinces, that the East India Company were able, during the seventeenth century, and half of the eighteenth, to carry on their trade, whether with the Hindoos or Mohammedans of India. One of the most celebrated of the Mogul emperors was Aurungzebe, great-grandson of Akbar, who ruled from 1658 to 1707. Under this prince, the empire of the Moguls came to the height of its glory, and reached its largest extent. After Aurungzebe had added to it the kingdoms of the Deccan, it included nearly the whole of Hindoostan, with the neighbouring regions of Cabool on the one hand, and Assam on the other. The revenues extorted from this populous and wealthy territory amounted to £32,000,000 sterling. During the reign of Aurungzebe, it was attacked by the Persians, and also by a growing nation called Mahrattas, consisting of a number of associated native Hindoo tribes, whose country comprehended large portions of the provinces of Malwa, Candeish, Aurungabad, and Bejapore, in the Deccan.

After the death of Aurungzebe, none of his successors exhibiting equal abilities, the Mogul empire declined; and the great officers of the empire threw off the yoke of the imperial power, and became independent princes. It was from Feroksere, the great-grandson of Aurungzebe, that the East India Company obtained, in the year 1715, the grant of thirty-seven townships in Bengal, and of additional commercial privileges, to which we have already alluded as marking so distinct an epoch in the Company's history. Not long after this event, the Persians, under the celebrated Nadir Shah, invaded Hindoostan, adding another element of confusion to those which already existed.

Such is a summary view of the history of India previous to the time when the British began their career of conquest in that country. The proportion of Mohammedans to Hindoos over the whole peninsula may have been as one to six; although in some districts the proportion was much larger. Upon the whole, the Mohammedans were still the dominant race, excelling the

Hindoos at least in strength and activity of character; but, as we have just seen, a reaction had begun, and the Hindoos were in various parts of the peninsula regaining their supremacy. Into this mêlée of Hindoos and Mohammedans, struggling among themselves and against each other, the ambition and enterprise of Europeans forced their way, and the whole aspect and destinies of India were changed. The manner and progress of this revolution we are now to describe.

STRUGGLE BETWEEN THE FRENCH AND ENGLISH IN INDIA—WAR IN THE CARNATIC.

The death of Charles VI., emperor of Germany, in the year 1740, gave origin to a war in which several of the European nations engaged, but the principal burden of which came at length to be sustained by France on the one side and England on the other. The formal declaration of war between these two countries took place in the year 1744, and, as was natural, the enmity which existed between the two mother countries affected the settlements of each in all parts of the world. In Hindoostan, especially, the declaration of war was attended with important results.

The French had begun to trade with India towards the end of the seventeenth century, under the auspices of an East India Company established in the reign of Louis XIV., somewhat on the model of its British rival. Various attempts had been made by this company to obtain settlements on the coast for the convenience of traffic, as the British had done. Most of these attempts, however, had failed; and at the breaking out of the war in 1744, the only French settlement of any consequence in India was Pondicherry, on the Coromandel coast, about a hundred miles south of the British settlement of Madras. The town was strongly fortified, a considerable portion of territory was attached to it, and it was governed by a president and council, who had also under their charge three small establishments or factories, which the French possessed in other parts of Hindoostan; namely, Carical on the Coromandel coast, Mahé on the Malabar coast, and Chandernagore in Bengal. The governor of Pondicherry, at the time of the declaration of hostilities between France and England, was Joseph Francis Dupleix, the son of a director of the company, who, after giving proofs of his zeal and ability by a long course of arduous service, had been appointed to the office in 1742, and had already exerted himself so as to place the affairs of the French in Hindoostan on a much more prosperous footing than they had attained under any former governor.

The possessions of the English in Hindoostan at this time were, as our readers know, much more extensive than those of the French. Instead of one government or presidency, like the French, the English had three—the presidency of Bombay on the west coast, and that of Madras on the Coromandel coast north of Pondicherry, and that of Calcutta in Bengal, which had been erected into a separate presidency so lately as the year 1707. Each of these presidencies had considerable territories depending on it for government and protection.

Besides Pondicherry and its dependencies on the coast of the Indian peninsula, the French East India Company possessed the two islands of Mauritius and Bourbon, situated in the Indian Ocean, east of the large island of Madagascar. These islands were governed by a president and council of their own, distinct from that of Pondicherry; and at the commencement of the war between England and France, the governor of the two was an officer named Labourdonnais, distinguished by his great abilities, and his large experience in all colonial matters. Very rarely had two such men as Dupleix and Labourdonnais been found in such situations as those which they respectively occupied; and the fact that France had them to rely upon for the management of her affairs in the Indian Ocean, gave her an ominous preponderance over England, which, although her commerce with India was larger than that of France, could not at that time point to any man of hers in India capable of opposing the designs of the two French governors with sufficient genius.

Labourdonnais took the lead in the attempt to assist France, by striking a blow at the Indian power of her rival, England. Great was the alarm of the British in Madras when, on the 14th of September 1746, a French fleet anchored within sight of the town, and it was known that the governor of the Mauritius was on board. Madras was then the richest and most important of all the British settlements in India; and its entire population amounted to about 250,000, of whom, however, no more than 300 were English-born. After sustaining a bombardment of five days, Madras surrendered to Labourdonnais, and the French flag waved on the ramparts of Fort St George. Labourdonnais, however, had been instructed not to retain possession of Madras; and accordingly, one of the articles of capitulation agreed to between him and the English authorities was, that within a certain period the town should be restored, on the payment of a moderate ransom. Being a man of high honour and spirit, he would have punctually fulfilled this agreement had he been his own master; but Dupleix, the governor of Pondicherry, who to unquestionable talents joined a great ambition of conquest, and a less scrupulous sense of honour than that which animated Labourdonnais, thwarted him so much in all his proceedings subsequent to the capture of Madras, that he at length found it necessary to return to Europe to defend his conduct.

The removal of Labourdonnais from India left Dupleix at liberty to follow out his own ideas, which aimed at nothing less than the establishment of a French empire in India. The necessary preliminary was the uprooting of the various settlements which the British had planted on the Coromandel coast. To restore Madras, according to stipulation, would have been, in the eyes of Dupleix, a retrograde step; accordingly, acting professedly under the influence of the general voice of the inhabitants of Pondicherry, he not only retained the town, but even plundered it, and carried the English governor and a number of the principal inhabitants prisoners to Pondicherry.

About twelve miles south of Pondicherry was the settlement of Fort St David, belonging to the English. Hither many of the inhabitants of Madras had retired on the violation of the treaty made with Labourdonnais; and here, in the meantime, were centered all the functions of the Madras presidency. Dupleix resolved to attack this place, the capture of which would, it was probable, completely destroy the power of the English on the Coromandel coast. Accordingly, on the 19th of December 1746, he appeared before it with a considerable force of Europeans and negroes. The siege continued long, and would probably have ended in the reduction of the fort; but fortunately, early in 1747 an English fleet arrived, the settlement was saved, and the fortunes of the parties reversed. As the French had laid siege to Fort St David, so the British determined to attack Pondicherry. The superiority, however, which the British possessed in numbers, and in fresh supplies, was more than counterbalanced by the general ignorance of their officers in matters of Indian warfare, by the hardships of the climate, and by the great abilities of Dupleix. After a siege of thirty-one days, Pondicherry was abandoned by the British without any impression having been made upon it. Further hostilities were in the meantime prevented, by the arrival of the intelligence that a treaty had been agreed to between England and France, in terms of which Madras was to be restored, and the affairs of both countries on the Coromandel coast placed on their former footing.

The cessation of hostilities was but temporary; a new path had been opened up for European ambition; and both French and English were eager to tread it. Dupleix especially was alive to all the opportunities which his position afforded him. In his eyes that commerce with India which he had been appointed to superintend and control, sank into a very insignificant matter compared with the extension of the French power in Hindoostan. He found himself planted on the sea-edge of a vast country, the wealth of which was enormous. He saw it overspread by millions of Hindoos and Mohammedans, weak in themselves, and held together by the most wretched system of government. The great Mogul empire was no longer formidable; it was crumbling to pieces. What, then, was there to prevent him, an educated European, a native of *La belle France*, from playing a game among these tawny weaklings worthy of his race, his culture, his country? To plunge into the politics of India—to intrigue with this nabob and that rajah, all the while keeping the extension of the French power in view as his main end—this was the plan proposed to himself by Dupleix.

The first operations of Dupleix were in the Carnatic—the name given to the tract of country on the Coromandel coast between the Kistna and the Cavery. Under the Mogul empire, this large territory formed part of the subah of the Deccan, and was governed by an officer called a nabob, who, as well as the subahdar of the Deccan, was nominated by the emperor. Latterly, however, both dignities had become in a manner independent, and open to competition. In 1749 the nabob of the Carnatic was Anwar-u-Deen; the subahdar of the Deccan at the same time was Nazir Jung. The titles of both were disputed; that of Anwar-u-Deen by Chunda Saheb, and that of Nazir Jung by Mirzapha Jung. The two claimants naturally made common cause with each other; and in order to increase their chances of success, they applied for assistance to Dupleix. Nothing could have been more agreeable to the scheming mind of Dupleix than this request; and the result was, that a joint army of 40,000 natives, and 2300 troops under French command, advanced against the Nabob Anwar-u-Deen. In the engagement with the nabob's forces which ensued, the French gained the victory for their allies. Anwar-u-Deen was killed at the great age of one hundred and seven years, and a rich booty fell into the hands of the conquerors. Arcot, the capital of the Carnatic, surrendered immediately after, and the fortunes of the allies seemed to be in the ascendant.

These events took place in December 1749, after which, with much intriguing on all sides, parties arranged themselves thus: Dupleix, as before, took part with Mirzapha Jung and Chunda Saheb, although ready, as opportunity presented itself, to throw either of them off. The English, resolving to check the schemes of Dupleix, gave what assistance they could to Nazir Jung, the reigning subahdar of the Deccan, and Mohammed Ali, who assumed to be the legitimate successor to the nabobship of the Carnatic. Dupleix, however, triumphed. Entering into a correspondence with Nazir Jung, with a view to detach him from the English, he at the same time, lest this negotiation should fail, opened another with certain of Nazir's officers who were disaffected to him, and ready for a revolution. Unfortunately for the subahdar, the negotiation with the disaffected portion of his followers came soonest to a conclusion. In October 1750, his camp, which the English had left, disgusted with his ambiguous behaviour, was attacked by the French; turning to encourage his men to defend it, he was shot through the heart by one of his traitor officers, and Mirzapha Jung was proclaimed subahdar of the Deccan.

This was a great triumph for Dupleix. As it was by his means that Mirzapha Jung had attained the coveted dignity of subahdar of the Deccan, the Frenchman was, out of gratitude, appointed governor of all the Mogul territory lying on the east coast, from the Kistna to Cape Comorin, Chunda Saheb acting as his deputy or nabob in the Carnatic. The fortunes of the British were now at a very low ebb. Their only Indian ally was Mohammed Ali, who retained possession of the town and district of Trichinopoly, but who was so far from being an enthusiastic friend of the English interests, that he appeared willing to listen to any proposals of reconciliation from the French. The French had gained a great reputation throughout all southern Hindoostan ; and the English were regarded, both by Hindoos and Mohammedans, as quite a second-rate people.

At this crisis there stepped forth a young man whose name was destined to be celebrated in the history of British India. In the year 1744 there had arrived at Madras a youth named Robert Clive, the son of a gentleman in Shropshire. He was destined to fill the situation of a writer in the Company's service; but he had not been long in India, before his unruly and obstinate disposition showed itself in such a way, as to prove that he was ill qualified to give satisfaction in a position where deference to superior authority was regarded as the principal human virtue. Escaping from Madras after its capture, he was permitted, fortunately both for himself and the British interests, to exchange his civil rank for an ensignship in the Company's army. From that time forward he had distinguished himself by his intrepidity and cool daring on several important occasions. Accordingly, when in the present emergency, Clive, who had been just appointed a captain, to fill a vacant place, proposed the somewhat bold scheme of attacking Arcot, so as to create a diversion of the enemy's forces from Trichinopoly, the proposal was approved of by the presidency, and Clive, with a force of 200 Europeans and 300 sepoys, was charged with its execution. Clive accomplished his design with the most brilliant success. Arcot was taken ; and Clive returned victorious to Fort St David in December 1752.

Good fortune now again seemed to be on the side of the British. The French and their allies raised the siege of Trichinopoly, and took up their position in the fortified island of Seringham, on one of the branches of the Coleroon. They were not able, however, to resist the forces which attacked them in this position, but at length capitulated, and were carried away to the English settlements as prisoners of war.

There was no stability, however, in Indian affairs. A new shuffling of parties soon took place, to carry on the war in the Carnatic. In the beginning of 1753, by which time Clive had returned to England for the benefit of his health, the opposed parties were as follows :—The French had drawn over Morari Rao, the Mahratta chief, and had likewise procured some assistance, in the shape of supplies, from another native dignitary, the governor of Vellore, whom Dupleix flattered with hopes of the nabobship of the Carnatic, in case Mohammed Ali were conquered. The English, on the other hand, had Mohammed Ali for their associate, and received some scanty and reluctant help from the rajah of Tanjore, who did not yet see clearly which side was likely to prove the strongest. The struggle between the two armies was for the possession of Trichinopoly, the English being its actual occupants, and the French trying to dislodge them. For a year and a half, that is, from May 1753 to October 1754, the siege was continued, affording opportunities for the display of much bravery, and of much suppleness and dishonesty on both sides, still without any decisive advantage on either: the English doggedly maintaining a position which was conceived to be essential to the preservation of British influence in the Carnatic, and the French as resolutely bent on obtaining possession of a place, the occupation of which would enable them, according to the boast of Dupleix, to reduce Madras to a mere fishing-village.

Meanwhile events favourable to the French were taking place in other parts of the Deccan. Mirzapha Jung having been slain by his subjects, his son Salabat was appointed by French influence to succeed him. Salabat, to show his gratitude, yielded to the French that tract of country on the Coromandel coast which includes the Northern Circars: thus making the whole territory ceded to the French in Hindoostan extend from Cape Comorin to the Pagoda of Juggernaut.

Such a cession of territory, however, was merely nominal, and was not destined ever to amount to a reality. While these wars, and conflicts, and intrigues had been going on in the Carnatic, the cool-headed people in England and France, in whose names the whole turmoil was conducted, had begun to think whether any real advantage was to be gained by permitting their servants to fight with each other, and set up and depose nabobs and subahdars in Indian swamps and jungles under a broiling sun. Upon the whole, they decided that the occupation was a waste of industry; the French government especially was displeased with the conquering policy of Dupleix. Commissioners, appointed by the French and by the English East India Companies, met in London to discuss their mutual differences; and the result was, that in the summer of 1754 M. Godhen was sent out on the part of the French, with authority to supersede Dupleix, and conclude an arrangement with the English. M. Godhen arrived in the Carnatic in the month of August, and in a short time a treaty was agreed to between him and the English governor, Mr Saunders, in terms of which the French resigned all their reputed acquisitions in India, both nations retaining only such settlements on the coast as were deemed necessary for the purposes of commerce, and Mohammed Ali, the protégé of the English, being allowed to remain undisputed nabob of Arcot. Such was the impotent conclusion of all the ambitious schemes of Dupleix; and sad must it have been to the daring and crafty mind of that governor to see his projects for the aggrandisement of France thus laid in the dust, and to be compelled to return to Europe to face the thankless men in whose interests he had so fruitlessly toiled, and so lavishly expended his sagacity, his moral principle, and his private wealth.

Messrs Godhen and Saunders returned to Europe, leaving the surface of affairs in India calm and smooth to appearance. But calmness and smoothness were not characteristics of Indian politics, and it was not long before new disturbances broke out. The English being left supreme, or at least possessed of great authority in the Carnatic, where the nabob was their creature, were soon involved in the disputes of that dignitary with the surrounding native princes—disputes in which they were the more interested, that it was only by extortion from these princes that they could obtain a tolerable quantity of money as a reward for their services to the nabob. So also the French, under Bussy, having been left in the confidence of the subahdar of the Deccan, were mixed up with his affairs, and dependent on his purse. The working of these jarring influences kept the Deccan in a state of continued warfare and confusion till the year 1756, when war being again declared between Great Britain and France, the contest assumed a more regular character. In the meantime, let us quit the presidency of Madras, and turn our attention to another part of India, the presidency of Calcutta or Bengal.

ACQUISITION OF BENGAL BY THE BRITISH.

Bengal, one of the original subahs of the Mogul empire in India, had hitherto been regarded by the English as of inferior importance to the Carnatic; but circumstances were about to change their views on this point. In April 1756, Aliverdy Khan, a chief of Affghan extraction, who had governed Bengal for many years in the capacity of subahdar, died, leaving his nephew, Surajah Dowla, his successor. Surajah Dowla is described as a dissolute prince, and a hater of the British; and one of his first resolutions, on assuming his honours as subahdar, was to expel them from his territories, or at all events to reduce their power, and spoil them of part of their wealth, which he conceived to be much greater than it was. With this view he took the field in May 1756 with an army of 40,000 foot, 30,000 horse, and 400 elephants; and after some preliminaries, advanced against Calcutta, and invested it on the 18th of June. Unprepared to resist such a force, the governor and council thought it the safest policy to embark the European inhabitants and their property on board ships, and seek refuge in the other settlements. By some strange mismanagement, however, for which the governor, Mr Drake, was blamed, a number of persons were left behind, who, finding themselves deserted, chose Mr Holwell as their commander. The little band held out against the subahdar and his army, in hopes to obtain terms; but at length the place was taken by storm, and all were captured. Although it does not appear to have been the intention of the subahdar to treat his prisoners with cruelty, the scene which followed is one of the most horrible on record. When the evening came on, it became necessary to secure the prisoners in some place of safety; and a small damp dungeon, named the Black Hole, which the English had themselves used as a prison, was chosen for the purpose. Into this horrible place one hundred and forty-six human beings were forced, of whom only twenty-three came out alive in the morning, the remainder having perished of suffocation from the want of fresh air, the guards without listening to their groans and shrieks, and yet refusing to waken the subahdar to announce to him the situation of his prisoners.

The news of this catastrophe, and of the ruin, as it seemed, of the British establishment in Bengal, reached Madras in August; and it was immediately determined that Clive, who had now returned to Madras with the rank of colonel in the army, and deputy-governor of Fort St David, should proceed to Bengal to punish the subahdar. Arriving in the Ganges in the month of December with five ships of war and five transports, having 900 European troops and 1500 sepoys on board, Clive speedily retrieved the losses of the British; and after retaking Calcutta, with almost all the merchandise which had been left in it, and inflicting no small damage on the subahdar's forces, compelled that potentate to sue for peace, and to conclude a treaty of submission, compensation, and friendship with the British. The subahdar having thus been reduced to terms, Clive, in March 1757, attacked and took Chandernagore, the principal French establishment in Bengal. According to his instructions, Clive ought now to have returned without delay to Madras, where, in consequence of the outbreak of the war between England and France, a French fleet was every day expected to arrive. This of itself is evidence of the absence of any great designs of conquest on the part of the British. Bengal, however, appeared a nobler field to Clive, and he resolved to disobey his orders, and remain there. To forward his further designs relative to the extension and consolidation of the British power in that part of India, it was necessary to have, as subahdar or nabob of the province, a man who would co-operate with him, or over whom he could exert an influence; and as Surajah Dowla was not such a person, he did not hesitate to set on foot a deep intrigue for deposing Surajah, and elevating Meer Jaffier, a relation by marriage of the late Aliverdy Khan, in his room. The intrigue, aided by a battle fought on the 23d of June 1757, succeeded satisfactorily: Surajah Dowla was slain by Meer Jaffier's son, and Meer Jaffier became subahdar or nabob of Bengal. The honour, however, was an expensive one, for he had agreed to pay the following sums in return for the help which he had received from the British:—10,000,000 rupees to the East India Company; 5,000,000 rupees to the English inhabitants of Calcutta; 2,000,000 rupees to the Indians; 700,000 rupees to the Armenians; 2,500,000 rupees to the fleet; 2,500,000 rupees to the army; 280,000 rupees each to Mr Drake and Colonel Clive; and 240,000 rupees each to three other gentlemen—the gross amount of these sums in English money being £2,697,750. The demand for such a sum, however, had been founded on a miscalculation of the resources at the disposal of a subahdar of Bengal; and ultimately the parties interested were obliged to be content with half of what had been asked, and one-third of that half was paid in goods and jewels.

Meer Jaffier, who had thus purchased the throne of Bengal, did not give satisfaction to his new subjects. The necessity of supplying the British with money compelled him to have recourse to such exactions and cruelties as rendered him odious. Nor were the other native powers of Hindoostan inattentive to the revolution which had been effected in Bengal, or unwilling to make an attempt to prevent the English from gaining more power in India. Accordingly, the Sharada, or eldest son of the Mogul Emperor Aulumgee II., having been invested by his father with the dignity of subahdar of Bengal, which Meer Jaffier held by English patronage, he formed an alliance with two powerful native princes, the subahdar of Allahabad, and the nabob of Oude, and invaded Bengal in the end of 1758. Jaffier could not have opposed this invasion alone; but Clive, seeing the British prospects to be dependent on his retaining the influence he had acquired in Bengal, did not hesitate to march against the invaders, although in doing so he was actually declaring himself an enemy of the Great Mogul, under whose auspices the invasion had taken place. Without the expense of a battle, Clive was able to quash the invasion, and disperse the enemy's force; a result which so delighted Jaffier, that he conferred on him, under the title of Jaghire, the whole of the rents which the East India Company paid to the Bengal government for their territories round Calcutta—a sum amounting to £30,000 per annum. Shortly afterwards, having done everything in his power to make the British influence paramount in Bengal, Clive returned a second time to England. Before proceeding with the narrative of events on his return, let us cast a glance at the position of affairs in the Carnatic, which, it will be remembered, Clive left in 1756, in daily expectation of being visited by a French fleet.

The expected fleet did not arrive till April 1758. The forces on board of it intended to prosecute the war against the English in the Carnatic were commanded by the Count de Lally, an officer of Irish extraction in the French service. Lally lost no time in obeying his instructions by attacking Fort St David, which he did with so much vigour, that on the 1st of June the British surrendered. Retiring to Pondicherry, Lally then matured the plan of his future proceedings, the grand objects of which were, first the reduction of Madras, and then the destruction of the rising power of the British in Bengal. Lally's measures, and his wilful conduct, displeased many on whose co-operation the success of his views depended. Nevertheless, he laid siege to Madras, and had proceeded some way towards the reduction of the place, when an English fleet hove in sight, and the circumstances of the parties were reversed. With the reinforcements brought by this fleet, and some vessels which came immediately after, the English under Colonel Coote retrieved all their losses, beat the enemy at every point, and at last, in the end of 1760, laid siege to Pondicherry. In January 1761 this town, the chief French settlement in the Carnatic, surrendered; after which it was impossible for the one or two French factories which remained to hold out; and by the month of April 1761, the French had not a single foot of ground in the whole of India. The unfortunate Lally, on his return to France, was impeached with the crime of want of success; and although his services in the cause of France for forty-five years, and even his conduct in the very expedition which afforded the articles of his impeachment, deserved a better reward, he was condemned to death, and executed, a victim of the national vanity.

The British were now without European rivals in India. They had established a firm footing in the Deccan and in Bengal; in the latter, especially, their power was almost paramount, and the whole of India lay invitingly before them. From this moment, therefore, the struggle of the British for ascendancy in Hindoostan lay not with the French or any other European nation, for these had been virtually cleared out of the country, but with the native Hindoo-Mohammedan people.

After Clive's departure for England, Bengal became the scene of fresh confusion, owing to the extortions of the Company's servants, and the incapacity of Meer Jaffier. The latter cause, or at least Meer Jaffier's incapacity to raise money sufficient to supply the demands made upon him by the English, induced Mr Vansittart, and the council who managed the Company's affairs, to depose him, and set up in his stead his son-in-law, Meer Cossim. If, however, Meer Jaffier had proved too weak a man for the purposes of the Company's representatives, Meer Cossim, on the other hand, proved too firm and able: for he made it his endeavour to govern Bengal with some degree of justice and impartiality, both as regarded the natives and the European settlers. He soon came into conflict with the Company's servants, by refusing to be a party to their unjust and cruel methods of acquiring wealth. The principal of these unjust methods was the monopoly of internal trade. Under cover of the old privilege granted by the Mogul to the East India Company to export and import goods, and to carry them overland without payment of customs or tolls—the principal source of revenue with the native princes—the Company's servants carried on a trade of their own in those articles which constituted the main items of native consumption; thus making enormous profits by avoiding the payment of tolls, and at the same time ruining the native dealers, who were obliged to pay all the toll-dues before they could bring their goods to market. This state of things had become intolerable; the natives were groaning under the tyranny; and Meer Cossim, who was a man of just disposition, remonstrated with the European authorities against the iniquitous practice of private trade. As almost every person in authority was an interested party, no heed was paid to these remonstrances, and Meer Cossim's attempt to enforce the payment of even a moderate duty by the English dealers was treated with scorn. In this emergency Meer Cossim took an extraordinary and really noble step: he abolished all duties whatever, and left the internal traffic of Bengal perfectly open. The amazed Englishmen thus outwitted, were now clamorous for the restoration of those very duties, for the abolition of which, in their own case, they had been contending. A decided rupture was the consequence; hostilities were begun between the English and Meer Cossim, which terminated in the defeat of the latter, and his flight into Oude, by the nabob of which he was received with kindness. Meer Cossim, the nabob of Oude, and the Sharada, who, since his last appearance, had by his father's death succeeded to the somewhat empty title of Emperor or Great Mogul, were now the allied antagonists of the English. A regular war commenced between their forces and the British troops commanded by Major, afterwards Sir Hector Munro; which, after some severe fighting, ended most fortunately for the British in May 1765, Meer Cossim having fled into the interior, and the nabob of Oude and the Great Mogul having submitted in the most humble manner. The death of Meer Jaffier was also a piece of good fortune.

At this moment Clive returned to India. Although there had been great differences between him and the East India Company, and he had even commenced a lawsuit against them for the proceeds of his jaghire, his acceptance of which from Meer Jaffier was one of the principal causes of their dissatisfaction with him, his abilities were yet in such estimation, that when alarmed by the intelligence of the state of affairs in Bengal, the directors found it necessary to send out some one to assume the chief direction, they were obliged to select him, and even to comply with his conditions, which were, that he should be invested with the powers of commander-in-chief, president, and governor of Bengal, and be at liberty to act, by the advice of a select committee of four, independently of the council. With such powers from the Company, and with the new title of Lord Clive, conferred on him by his majesty, he arrived for the third time in India. His first occupation was to arrange the treaty which was on foot with the vanquished Mogul and nabob of Oude. The nabob was to retain all his territories, with the exception of Allahabad and Cerah, which were to be given to the Mogul; and he was to pay fifty lacs of rupees to the English towards defraying their expenses in the war. The Mogul, on the other hand, receiving Allahabad and Cerah, was to grant to the East India Company the duanee, or right of collecting the revenues in the provinces of Bengal, Bahar, and Orissa—a privilege equivalent, according to Indian ideas, to the sovereignty over those provinces; in return for which the Company were to continue to pay him the twenty-six lacs of rupees of annual revenue which he was entitled to as emperor. Shortly after these arrangements, which were completed on the 12th of August 1765, Nugein-ul-Dowlah, the young son of Meer Jaffier, and whom the English had appointed nabob in the room of his father, was pensioned off, and the English were left virtually the sole masters of one of the finest portions of Hindoostan—that watered by the Lower Ganges and its many mouths.

ADMINISTRATION OF WARREN HASTINGS—EXTENSION OF THE BRITISH POWER—WAR IN MYSORE.

After establishing, with considerable difficulty, a system of government in Bengal, Lord Clive returned to England in the beginning of 1767, leaving the management of affairs in the hands of a select committee. For several years the condition of matters was one of comparative tranquillity, although whether the administration of the English was just and beneficial, the following sentences from Mr Macaulay's article on Warren Hastings, referring to the state of Bengal and the conduct of the English there under the system which Lord Clive had established, will indicate:—"There were two governments," says Mr Macaulay, "in Bengal—the real and the ostensible. The supreme power belonged to the Company, and was, in truth, the most despotic that can be conceived. But though thus absolute in reality, the English had not yet assumed the style of sovereignty. They held their territories as vassals of the Mogul; they raised their revenues as collectors appointed by the imperial commission; their public seal was inscribed with the imperial titles; and their mint struck only the imperial coin. Against misgovernment, such as then afflicted Bengal, it was impossible to struggle. A war of Bengalees against Englishmen was like a war of sheep against wolves—of men against demons. The only protection which the conquered could find was in the moderation, the clemency, the enlarged policy of the conquerors. But at first, English power came among them unaccompanied by English morality. There was an interval between the time at which they became our subjects, and the time at which we began to reflect that we were bound to discharge towards them the duties of rulers. During that interval, the business of a servant of the Company was simply to wring out of the natives a hundred or two hundred thousand pounds as speedily as possible, that he might return home before his constitution had suffered from the heat, to marry a peer's daughter, to buy rotten boroughs in Cornwall, and to give balls in St James's Square."

In the meantime, while the Company's servants were accumulating fortunes in Bengal, the affairs of the Company itself were by no means so flourishing as people had expected. "The most absurd notions," says Mr Macaulay, "were then entertained in England respecting the wealth of India. Palaces of porphyry hung with the richest brocade, heaps of pearls and diamonds, vaults from which pagodas and gold mohurs were measured out by the bushel, filled the imagination even of men of business." When, therefore, it became known in England that, so far from having large surplus revenues from Bengal, the Company was in such embarrassments as to be obliged to borrow first the sum of £400,000, and afterwards the sum of £300,000 from the bank, the public began to clamour for an investigation into the conduct of the Company's servants, to whose malpractices the defalcation was attributed, and to demand a reform in the constitution of the Company. The Company's administration of their Indian territories consequently became a subject of long and eager parliamentary discussion, which terminated in July 1773 in a complete remodelling of the Company, and the establishment of a new system for the British administration of India. The principal features of this important change were as follows:—The qualification to vote in the Court of Proprietors was to be the possession of £1000 of the Company's stock, instead of £500 as before; the possession of £3000 was to entitle to two votes, of £6000 to three votes, of £10,000 to four votes; whereas, formerly, no proprietor, whatever his amount of stock, had more than a single vote: and out of the twenty-four directors, only six were to be elected annually, instead of the whole number, as had hitherto been the case. Further, the presidency of Bengal was to be erected into a superiority over the other presidencies, and was to be administered in future by a governor-general, with a salary of £25,000, who would therefore be in reality the supreme British ruler in India. The appointment of the first governor-general, with four counsellors at a salary of £8000 each, was to be in the hands of the crown; but after five years, the patronage was to revert into the Company's hands, the appointments made by the Company, however, to be subject to the approbation of the crown. In pursuance of the plan of centering the administration of India in Calcutta, a supreme court of judicature was to be erected there, the judges to be appointed by the crown.

This sweeping revolution in the constitution of the Company having been carried, notwithstanding all the opposition offered to it, the crown appointed, as the first governor-general of India, Mr Warren Hastings, a gentleman who, born in 1732 the member of an old but reduced English family, had gone out as a writer to Bengal in the year 1750, had acted a busy part in the contest of which that province had been the scene, had returned to England in 1764, but had again gone out in 1769 in the capacity of a member of the council in Madras, where his services were so efficient, that, in 1772, he had been appointed at the head of the government of Bengal. It was to this man, whose name is now so celebrated, that the great business of consolidating the British power in India was intrusted; and in his hands it remained for upwards of ten years—that is, to his resignation of the governor-generalship in 1785. A full history of these ten years would include three chapters, or rather would consist of three interwrought narratives: the first devoted to a detail of the personal history of Mr Hastings during his residence in India; the second giving a view of Mr Hastings' system of administration in the territories over which the Company's sway already extended; and the third exhibiting the progress of Indian conquest under his rule, and in consequence of his policy. The last of course is what alone falls to be treated by us in the present place; and as the enlargement of the British power in India under Mr Hastings' administration consisted rather in the extension of British political influence over the native principalities, than in the actual acquisition of new territories by force of arms, our account may be all the more brief.

At the date of the appointment of Mr Hastings to be governor-general, Hindoostan may be considered as having been divided as follows. Bengal, Bahar, and Orissa were under the sovereignty of the British, on the footing already described, and constituted the presidency of Calcutta. Turning, then, to the Deccan, or triangular extremity of the country (the subahdarship of which had been held, since the extinction of French influence, by Nizam Ali, who had murdered his brother Salabat Jung, the subahdar set up by Bussy), we find the English paramount in the Carnatic, the nabob of which, independent now of the subahdar, was Mohammed Ali, their creature. To the British territory in the Deccan was also added about this time the long strip of coast-land called the Northern Circars, lying between the Carnatic and Orissa. This territory had been ceded by the Mogul to the British, being detached from the subahdarship of the Deccan, and annexed to the nabobship of the Carnatic; and the two provinces together, the Carnatic and the Northern Circars, constituted the Madras presidency. Thus the two presidencies of Calcutta and Madras included the whole eastern coast of India, from Cape Comorin to the Ganges. On the west coast, again, the British possessions consisted of the presidency of Bombay, the territorial extent of which was quite inconsiderable. The rest of India—that is, all the interior, and, with the exception of Bombay and its dependencies, the whole range of the west coast—was still in the hands of native powers. Nominally, the Mogul was sovereign of the whole, as indeed he was of the entire extent of Hindoostan; but, in reality, he was a mere phantom; and his reputed empire, once actually ruled over by his ancestors, was split into numerous principalities, governed by whatsoever authority, Hindoo or Mohammedan, was strong enough to maintain itself. There was first Nizam Ali, the Mohammedan subahdar of the Deccan, whose territories embraced the country intervening between the two presidencies of Madras and Bombay, with Hyderabad for a centre; next there was the Mohammedan nabob of Oude, claiming sovereignty over the district adjoining the Bengal presidency on the north and west; close neighbours of the nabob of Oude, and inhabiting the country between the Ganges and the mountains, were the Rohilla or Affghan chiefs, who had penetrated thus far from their native seats, and fixed a settlement there; on the west were the Rajpoot states; and lastly, there were the various Mahratta princes, dividing the remainder of Hindoostan among themselves. Of these Mahratta princes, the descendants of Hindoo freebooters, who had invaded the Mohammedan empire from the north-west in the reign of Aurungzebe, one governed in Berar, another in Guzerat, another in Malwa, and so on; all, however, professing to recognise as their head one rajah, who was supreme over the Mahratta states, and whose prime minister, a functionary whose dignities were partly civil and partly spiritual, was called the Peshwa. These Mahrattas, it may be added, were, with the exception of the British, the most growing power in India.

Such, as briefly described as is consistent with clearness, was the condition of Hindoostan when Warren Hastings commenced his administration. There was no regularity, no fixedness, no constitution. "There was scarcely," says Mr Macaulay, "a province in India in which the real sovereignty and the nominal sovereignty were not disjoined. It was impossible," he adds, in a sentence which casts a flood of light over the condition of Hindoostan at the period in question—"it was impossible to find, from the Himalayas to Mysore, a single government which was at once *de facto* and *de jure*—which possessed the physical means of making itself feared by its neighbours and subjects, and which had at the same time the authority derived from law and long prescription."

In such a state of things there was ample scope for the genius of such a man as Mr Hastings—able, calm, scheming, unscrupulous. Into no fitter hands could a commission for extending British influence in India have been placed. To keep a vigilant eye over the whole of Hindoostan; to watch the outbreak of a war between any two contiguous native powers, or of a difference between a native prince and his subjects; instantly to interfere, and either foment the dispute, or help to decide it, making the end in every case the acquisition of some advantage to the British, whether in present cash or in forthcoming profits—such was the habitual policy of Mr Hastings.

As was to be expected, it was in the neighbourhood of the Bengal presidency, where he himself resided, that Hastings was able to pursue this policy most steadily. Accordingly, without detailing all the particulars of his procedure, it may be stated that, in the course of his government, he was able not only to free Bengal from the obligation of paying a revenue to the Mogul, but also to establish such a political influence over Oude, as to derive from it extraordinary supplies of money, and to exercise an irresistible control over the conduct of its nabob. But it was not only from the Bengal presidency that encroachments were made upon the native territories. In the year 1774, the Company's officers of the Bombay presidency made an attempt to get possession of the two small islands of Bassein and Salsette. This involved the British of Bombay in a war with the Mahratta powers, who held that part of India. The supreme board at Calcutta interfered; troops were sent across the peninsula to Surat; and there ensued a long contest with the Mahrattas, interrupted by negotiations, all having for their object the extension of British influence around Bombay. But it was in the Deccan, and under the immediate auspices of the Madras presidency, that the most important struggle between the British and an Indian power took place—a struggle long protracted, and terminating ultimately in the subjection to the British of all the southern portion of the peninsula. Our account of this contest must be very summary.

One of the finest portions of the Deccan was the kingdom of Mysore, an inland territory between the Carnatic and Malabar coasts. To the throne of this kingdom there had raised himself, by a course of the most astonishing audacity and duplicity, Hyder Ali, a Mohammedan adventurer of northern origin, who, though of poor birth, and totally without education, was possessed of the greatest natural abilities. His rise had begun to alarm the neighbouring Indian princes, especially the Mahratta chiefs and the subahdar of the Deccan, and the greatest exertions had been made to crush him—the English authorities of the Madras presidency lending their aid for that purpose. But notwithstanding all, the power of Hyder Ali had grown and confirmed itself; Mysore had become, under his government, a prosperous and formidable kingdom, compact in the midst of anarchy; and the English, after experiencing several defeats at his hands, had been glad to conclude a treaty of alliance with him, by which they bound themselves to support and maintain his authority against all enemies. This treaty had been concluded in 1769; and since that time, Hyder and the English had been on terms of amity, although he complained bitterly of their unfaithfulness as allies, because they would not assist him against the Mahrattas. Indeed the monarch of Mysore seems, whether with reason or not, to have contracted a rooted dislike to the English, and a rooted desire to do them injury.

When, on the commencement of war between Great Britain and France in 1778, the Madras presidency, after reducing Pondicherry, which had been again restored to the French, seized on the Fort of Mahé, on the Malabar coast, which also belonged to the French, Hyder Ali, who laid claim to the settlement of Mahé as one of his dependencies, resolved, although now an old man, to come forward as the champion and protector of the French, and to strike a tremendous blow at the hated English before he died. In June 1780, "an army of 90,000 men, far superior in discipline and efficiency to any other native force that could be found in India, came pouring through those wild passes which, worn by mountain torrents, and dark with jungle, lead down from the great table-land of Mysore to the plains of the Carnatic. This great army was accompanied by a hundred pieces of cannon; and its movements were guided by many French officers, trained in the best military schools of Europe. Hyder was everywhere triumphant. The sepoys in many British garrisons flung down their arms. Some forts were surrendered by treachery, and some in despair. In a few days the whole open country north of the Coleroon had submitted.* The two English commanders, upon whose efforts the safety of Madras depended, instead of joining their forces, allowed themselves to be separately attacked by Hyder's troops, and were defeated. "In three weeks from the commencement of the war, the British empire in southern India had been brought to the verge of ruin. Then it was that the fertile genius and serene courage of Hastings achieved their most signal triumph. A swift ship, flying before the south-west monsoon, brought the evil tidings in a few days to Calcutta. In twenty-four hours the governor-general had framed a complete plan of policy adapted to the altered state of affairs. The struggle with Hyder was a struggle for life and death. It was no time for trifling. Hastings determined to resort to an extreme exercise of power: to suspend the incapable governor of Fort St George; to send Sir Eyre Coote to oppose Hyder, and to intrust that distinguished general with the whole administration of the war. The reinforcements were sent off with great expedition, and reached Madras before the expected French armament arrived in the Indian seas. The progress of Hyder was arrested; and in a few months the great victory of Porto Novo retrieved the honour of the English arms." The presidency of Madras was relieved from further fears in the meantime by the death of Hyder Ali, at a very advanced age, in December 1782; for although his son Tippoo Saib continued the war some time, and was evidently possessed with the same dislike to the English which had animated his father, and with abilities no less remarkable, he yet found it advisable to conclude a peace with the British, which restored matters to the footing on which they had stood previous to Hyder's invasion of the Carnatic.

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* Mr Macaulay's art. "Warren Hastings."

CONQUESTS UNDER THE MARQUIS CORNWALLIS AND THE MARQUIS OF WELLESLEY.

Meanwhile the maladministration of India was a constant subject of discussion in England, both in and out of parliament. Bills were proposed, both by Mr Fox and Mr Pitt, for a further modification and limitation of the powers of the East India Company. Mr Pitt's bill was carried, by which the power of the Company was modified thus far, that the Court of Directors was thenceforth to act in conjunction with, and be kept in check by, a Board of Control, consisting of six members of the privy council chosen by the king. The appointment of this Board of Control was the main change effected; and a most important one it was, since, in point of fact, it threw the government of India into the hands of the crown; but there were other minor ones, among which may be mentioned a diminution of the power of the Court of Proprietors, and a provision for making the Company's servants in future disclose the amount of fortune brought home with them from India.

These new arrangements were completed in 1786. Mr Hastings having resigned the office of governor-general, returned to England, where his impeachment and trial occupied for a long time the whole attention of the country; and there went out, as his successor, Lord Cornwallis, amply charged with instructions both from the Court of Directors and the Board of Control as to the spirit in which he should govern India. The administration of the internal affairs of the British dominion in India under this governor-general was characterised by stricter attention to just dealing than had yet been manifested in the Indian colonies; but with all his pacific dispositions, it was not long before he was involved in a war, having for its end the farther extension of the Company's territories. Tippoo Saib, the sultan of Mysore, had become as formidable in southern India as his father Hyder Ali had been, overawing and chastising the neighbouring powers, and manifesting a zeal for the propagation of the Mohammedan religion, which led him to perpetrate the most shocking cruelties on the Hindoo and Christian population on the Malabar coast. It became obviously desirable to check this growing power, so threatening to the interests of the Madras presidency; and an occasion of dispute having been easily found, the peaceful relations between Tippoo and the British were terminated, and the war in Mysore again began. To detail all the events of this war, which continued, with little intermission, from 1790 to 1799, and in which wonderful courage, endurance, and military skill were displayed on both sides, is impossible within our limits. Suffice it to say, that in 1792, Seringapatam, the capital of the Mysore, was besieged by the Marquis Cornwallis with a strong British army; and after some show of resistance, Tippoo was fain to offer terms of surrender. He agreed to give up half of his dominions, and pay £3,500,000 in bullion. For the fulfilment of the treaty, he was under the necessity of giving up two of his sons as hostages. Having fulfilled his engagement, these young princes were returned in 1794. But after this, he again commenced hostilities; and in 1799 the Earl of Mornington, afterwards Marquis Wellesley, the brother of the Duke of Wellington, having in the meantime superseded Lord Cornwallis as governor-general, the British forces under General Baird once more attacked, and now captured, Seringapatam. In the general slaughter which ensued in entering this strongly-fortified place, Tippoo was shot, and his body was afterwards found among a heap of the slain. Thus terminated a dynasty which, though short and limited in respect of territorial dominion, was undoubtedly the most vigorous and best-organised of any that had sprung out of the wreck of the Mogul empire. The kingdom of Mysore was forthwith divided among the conquerors—that is, among the English and their native allies in the war; a part, however, being erected into a separate Hindoo state. The territories reserved by the Marquis Wellesley for the Company in this partition were the coast of Canare, the district of Coimbetore, the passes of the Ghauts, and the capital of Seringapatam itself; in fact, the choicest portions of the Mysore kingdom.

Scarcely was the war with Tippoo Saib at an end, when a struggle began between the British and a new enemy—the Mahrattas, already spoken of in connexion with the preceding events. These Mahrattas, occupying a large portion of the west coast of Hindoostan, were, with the exception of the British, the most growing power in India; and it is probable that, had they not had the British for their rivals, they would have swept away the last relics of the Mogul dynasty, and erected India into a Mahratta empire. They had frequently come into collision with the British power since the time of Lord Clive, their vicinity to the Bombay presidency involving them in disputes with respect to the territories claimed by that presidency; but their jealousy of Hyder Ali, and his son Tippoo Saib, had led them rather to appear as friends of the British during the recent struggle in Mysore. That struggle once over, however, the Marquis of Wellesley began to be of opinion that it would be necessary, for the preservation of the British power in southern India, to come to some distinct and specific understanding with the Mahrattas. Accordingly, he offered them a share of the partitioned Mysore kingdom, on condition that they should form what was called "a subsidiary alliance" with the British; that is, to receive and maintain in their territories a British force, according to the custom of other dependent states. This offer was rejected, and the consequence was, a war between the British and the Mahrattas, which was carried on till the year 1805. The success of this war, in which the Duke of Wellington, then Sir Arthur Wellesley, gave the first distinguished proofs of that military genius which was afterwards to display itself on the theatre of Europe, was materially owing to the circumstance, that the chiefs of the Mahratta confederacy—namely, the Peshwa, or nominal head of the whole, whose capital was Poonah; the rajah of Berar, and Holkar, and Sindia, the representatives of two rival houses which had raised themselves to political ascendancy among the Mahrattas—were swayed by different sentiments, and animated by mutual hostilities. The skilful management of these internal differences among the Mahrattas by the Marquis of Wellesley, and the soldierly ability by which his views were seconded in the field by his brother Sir Arthur, by General Lake, and by other British officers, carried the British triumphantly through the contest, if indeed that is to be regarded as a triumph which consists in the mere success of a line of policy once adopted, without consideration whether that line of policy was essentially a noble and a just one. Different writers take different views of the legitimacy of the Mahratta war, some condemning, and some approving of the Marquis of Wellesley's conduct in undertaking and carrying it on; it is our part here merely to indicate the results. These were, that, by the year 1805, treaties had been concluded with the Peshwa, the rajah of Berar, and Sindia, by which parts of their territories were ceded to the British, and the British authority more or less stringently established in the rest; and only Holkar remained unsubdued. This Mahratta chief was also, in the course of the same year, reduced to such extremities as to be forced to fly; when unexpectedly the Marquis Cornwallis arrived in India a second time, commissioned to supersede the Marquis of Wellesley, whose extremely military administration had not given satisfaction to the nation and the East India Company at home. The new governor-general, however, had hardly announced his intentions of pursuing a line of policy directly opposed to that of his predecessor, when he died in October 1805, worn out by age and infirmities. Sir George Barlow, however, who acted as his successor until a new governor-general should be sent out, acted entirely on the views of the deceased governor; and under his administration a treaty was concluded with Holkar, restoring that fallen potentate to his former position, and a revision took place of the relations in which the other native states in India stood to the British power. The result of this revision was to place matters on such a footing, as that, while the Marquis of Wellesley's scheme of conquest and subsidiary alliances was thrown aside, the British still reaped advantages from the Mahratta war, and strengthened their now acknowledged supremacy in India.

The successor of Lord Cornwallis in the governor-generalship was Lord Minto, who held the office from 1807 to 1813. During Lord Minto's government, little was done to extend the British dominion within the limits of India itself, there being a strong desire on the part of the directors at home to avoid the establishment of political connexions with the native states in addition to those which already existed. The only important acquisitions of territory under the auspices of Lord Minto, were at the expense of the French and Dutch. From the former was taken the isles of Bourbon and Mauritius; from the latter, Java (afterwards relinquished). By the Marquis of Hastings, the successor of Lord Minto, a war with the Nepaulese and Pindarees of the Mahratta countries was brought to a successful termination; new territory was acquired, and a British resident imposed (1816–17).

It was intended that Mr Canning should succeed the Marquis of Hastings as governor-general of India. He had been unanimously appointed to the office by the Court of Directors, and was on the point of sailing for India, when the death of the Marquis of Londonderry, the foreign secretary of state, opened up for him a more congenial political career in Europe. He accordingly resigned his appointment, which was conferred on Earl Amherst, whose claims were deemed preferable to those of Lord William Bentinck—a nobleman who had acted as governor of Madras from 1804 to 1807, and who, having in the latter year been recalled in a hasty and somewhat angry manner, in consequence of some occurrences in his presidency, of which he had unjustly received the blame, was naturally anxious to return to India in a capacity which would enable him to vindicate his character in that part of the world where it had been injured. His wish was not gratified till the year 1828, when he arrived in India as successor to Lord Amherst, whose government had been signalised by a war against the Burmese of the eastern peninsula, carried on at great expense, but concluded in 1826 on terms favourable to the British, who obtained by it a considerable portion of additional territory on the east coast of the Bay of Bengal, and by the abolition, in 1827, of the former vassalage for the Indian possessions which the British had till then acknowledged to the king of Delhi.

A general idea of Lord William Bentinck's seven years' administration, so beneficial to India, will be obtained from the following extracts from a review of his character and measures, published in the *Indian News*:—"Lord William Bentinck," says this paper, "commenced his career as governor-general under circumstances by no means propitious to his popularity with the civil and military services constituting the great majority of the European community in India. The Burmese war, rashly entered into, and conducted on a scale of lavish expenditure, had exhausted the public treasury, and the Court of Directors, resolved on replenishing their empty coffers, and creating surplus revenue, had ordered several retrenchments which seriously encroached on the incomes of their servants in India. It fell to the lot of Lord William Bentinck to carry into effect some of the most unpalatable of these measures of economy." In consequence of his zeal in carrying into effect these measures of retrenchment, he incurred much odium at the commencement of his administration, notwithstanding that he was only executing the orders which he had received. But it was by achievements of greater importance than the reform of the Company's finances that Lord William Bentinck earned the gratitude of India. "One of the earliest and most important measures of his administration, was the abolition of the sacrifice of the *suttee*, or of the horrid practice of immolating widows on the funeral piles of their deceased husbands. . . . Some of the ablest and most experienced of the Company's servants gave their most decided opinions against the measure, as pregnant with danger to the peace of the country, and Lord William was only supported in this case by a few enlightened natives and the English press, which could of course exert no influence on the minds of the mass of the people. It is obvious that to resolve on the prohibition of the horrid rite under such circumstances, required an effort of that high moral courage of which his lordship's administration afforded so many striking proofs. . . . Lord William Bentinck was the first man also who gave an impetus to sound education, by a change in the system of the Committee of Public Instruction, that encouraged and facilitated the study of European science and literature, and especially the cultivation of the English language—that language which pre-eminently claims the title of the language of liberty, and which, being that of the rulers of India, it should be the aim of an enlightened statesman to diffuse among her people. One of the latest measures of his lordship connected with the instruction of the people, and certainly one of the noblest monuments of his government, is the medical college, established for the instruction of natives in the sciences of medicine and surgery, as practised in Europe. This noble institution is already turning out native practitioners equal in point of skill, when they leave the college, to the cleverest youths who go out from this country in the medical service, and who are subjected to an examination far more searching and severe than is usual in Europe." Nor was it only by such formal measures as these that Lord William displayed the liberal principles on which he desired to govern India. His own manners and example, both in his official capacity and as a private gentleman, were pervaded by the same liberal spirit. "His lordship and his amiable consort," says the writer of the paper already quoted, "were the first in their stations who received native gentlemen on a footing of perfect equality with Europeans at the government house at their public entertainments; and under this administration, for the first time, were native gentlemen seen at the soirées and balls of the governor-general. Before Lord William's time, a native could not enter the gates of the ground surrounding the government house in his palanquin or carriage, or even enter the fort. To do either, he must descend from his vehicle, and walk in, exposed to the sun: but Lord William Bentinck abolished these invidious and humiliating distinctions, and granted audiences to native gentlemen the same as to Europeans, although previously they had been only permitted such audiences at the public durbars.

"Lord William Bentinck was the first who gave the native judges adequate salaries, and held out to them the hope, since realised by Lord Auckland, of still higher professional emoluments; thus removing one of the causes which, in the days of Clive, led to the general corruption of the Company's civil servants, who now constitute perhaps the most honourable, as they certainly do, speaking of them collectively, the best qualified, body of public functionaries in any service in the world."

After seven years devoted with such good effect to the improvement of the condition of those parts of India which were under British rule, and characterised by a scrupulous adherence to the policy of non-interference with the independent states, Lord William Bentinck was obliged by ill health to resign the government. He left India in March 1835, universally regretted; and in the following year Lord Auckland was sent out as his successor. In the meantime, in the year 1833, the East India Company's charter had been renewed by the reformed parliament for a period of twenty years, with some modifications of the former terms, the chief of which was the abolition of the Company's monopoly of trade with India and China.

The great event which distinguished the governor-generalship of Lord Auckland was the breaking out of the war with the Affghans, whose country lies between British India and the eastern frontier of Persia. Attention had been early directed to these tribes, not only because their warlike habits rendered them formidable neighbours to an opulent country, but also because it was through Affghanistan that the power of Russia, acting upon Persia, would seek to extend itself towards India. At length, in 1838, the governor-general was induced, by reasons of policy, to declare hostilities against Dost Mohammed Khan, the chief of Affghanistan, who had rejected the friendship of the British, and shown a disposition to forward the encroaching designs of Persia. Dost Mohammed Khan was an adventurer, belonging to a family who had raised themselves to the supreme power among the Affghans, by expelling, in 1831, the reigning chief, Mahmoud, who had only a short time before expelled his own brother Shah-Sujah-ul-Mulk. This Shah-Sujah-ul-Mulk had sought refuge in the British dominions; and, as the best way of gaining the ends of the British government with regard to Affghanistan, it was resolved to assist this prince in subduing Dost Mohammed, and recovering his native kingdom. Thus began a war which was not terminated till late in the year 1842, under the government of Lord Ellenborough, who had gone out in the beginning of that year to succeed Lord Auckland. The circumstances of this war—the invasion of Affghanistan, the capture of Ghuznee, and the raising of Shah-Sujah to the throne of Cabul; the subsequent reverses of the British, when the Affghans rose against them; and the final evacuation of the country after the last brave detachments who had been left in it had been rescued—these are events still fresh in public recollection. The Affghan war, in short, was an ill-judged enterprise, of which the British were glad to rid themselves, leaving the Affghans to settle their own government.

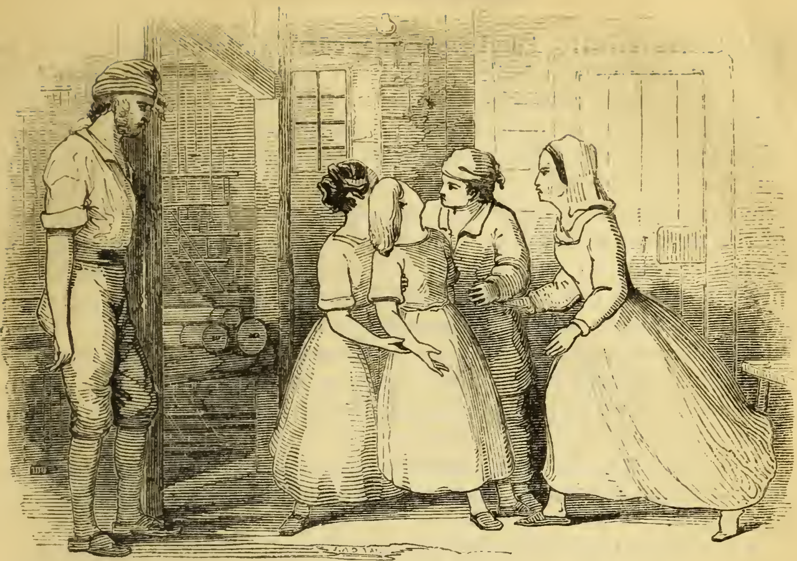
After the Affghan war, the next event of importance in Indian history was the conquest of Scinde, under the generalship of Sir Charles Napier—an event which has only ceased to be the most recent transaction of a striking nature in India since the victory of Lord Hardinge, Lord Gough, and Sir Harry Smith in the Punjaub, by which the Sikhs have been brought under British control.

India at present is divided into three portions: the British dominions, properly so called, in which the British power is paramount, and the inhabitants of which are, though of various races, our fellow-subjects; the tributary or dependent states, governed by native princes, acting more or less in subordination to British influence; and the independent states. The entire extent of Hindoostan being estimated at 1,214,483 square miles, with a population of upwards of 130,000,000, the proportions of the three classes of states above-mentioned were in 1841 as follows:—512,873 square miles British; 564,610 square miles tributary; and only 137,000 square miles independent. Since the date of that calculation, the annexation of Scinde, and the acquisition of a small portion of the Punjaub, has still farther diminished the extent of independent territory in Hindoostan; so that now it may almost with truth be said, that India consists but of two portions—the British and the dependent. Although the former scarcely equals the latter in territorial extent, it is far the more valuable, as is proved by its superior populousness; the population of the British part of India in 1841 being 83,473,417, giving a proportion of 162 to the square mile; while the population of the dependent or tributary portion was only 41,278,092, giving a proportion of only 73 to the square mile. Taking this same greater proportion of number of inhabitants to extent of territory as a test of superior resources of one kind or other, it would appear that the tributary portion of India should carry the palm over the independent portion; in which, in 1841, the proportion of inhabitants to the territory was but as 51 individuals to a square mile. The tributary states are seventeen or eighteen in number, omitting the least considerable.

The relations which subsist betwixt the Company and these states may be thus described:—The Company undertake the defence of the dependent prince's territories against all enemies, domestic or foreign. He is bound, on the other hand, to enter into no alliances with other sovereigns or states without the Company's consent; and he pays them a certain annual subsidy out of his revenues for their protection, while he generally keeps up an army at the same time for the maintenance of internal tranquillity. In some cases, instead of paying a subsidy, the prince cedes a portion of his territories, of which the Company draw the entire taxes. The Company keep a resident at the prince's court, who is entitled to demand an audience at any time; and by this agent the Company do, in fact, interfere pretty regularly in the internal concerns of the state, particularly in settling the succession to the throne. The princes are, in reality, mere viceroys, or rather tax-collectors for the Company.

The head-quarters of the East India Company are in Leadenhall Street, London; and from the Court of Directors in the establishment here all orders are issued. Matters of importance, however, in reference to India, are subject to the review of the Board of Control, appointed by the imperial government. Besides the troops immediately belonging to the East India Company, a portion of the British army is at all times in India, aiding these forces, and which, for the time being, is paid by the Company.

Such is a brief account of that very extraordinary affair—the Conquest of India by the British. Calmly considered by the moralist, the acquisition of this immense territory has been an act of injustice. The British nation has taken by force, or on the plea of an assumed necessity, a large section of Asia; and this they keep on only one decent excuse, which is, that if abandoned, the whole Indian peninsula would fall under the dominion, not of its native Hindoo races, but its former Mohammedan masters, who are a set of rapacious adventurers; and that, therefore, it is a deed of humanity to continue the British sovereignty over the country. Assuming that this apology is well-founded, how much are we called on to adopt all proper measures for the civilisation of India—for the introduction and maintenance of just laws; education on the most extensive scale; Christianity, with all its meliorating influences. Let us also not forget to insist on the substitution of a considerate system of taxation for the oppressive arrangements now in force, and for which the East India Company justly exposes itself to the execration of every humane mind. When all this, and something more, is done, it will be time enough to speak of the benefits which the British conquest has conferred on India.



STORY OF JACQUARD.

I.

ON a day of autumn, in the year 1795, in an upper apartment of a wretched house situated in one of the back streets of Lyons, through the windows of which the sun cast a feeble and doubtful light, owing to the numberless patches of paper which supplied the place of glass, four persons were engaged weaving the gold and silver tissue for which that town is so celebrated. Though the movement of the machine itself was brisk, yet a painful silence reigned in the small apartment, no sound being heard but that of the shuttle and cords as they were put in motion. In front of the loom, seated on a high bench, was a man of about forty years of age, working his feet to the right and left, as a means of action to the treadles or footboards of the cumbersome and ill-constructed machine. Near him sat a young woman, pale and emaciated, preparing the reeds on which the silk was rolled previous to being placed in the loom; whilst two young girls, in forced and painful attitudes, put the cords in motion.

At the time of which we speak, fearful were the sufferings of those who worked at this employment. Though badly remunerated, necessity obliged a continued and wearying application. It was painful to see the contrast of the rich stuffs, thus side by side, with the wretched clothing of the pale and miserable beings, whose knowledge of the gold, silver, and silks, alas! only consisted in the additional labour which the varied and elegant patterns entailed! Loud were the complaints of the *canuts*, or weavers, as to the smallness of their wages, and frequently had they committed outrages on this much-contested point. They alleged that the manufacturers could afford to give larger payments for work, without recognising the fact, that wages depend on the demand and supply of labourers; and therefore, that if wages are low, the only way to heighten them is by a reduction of the number of hands. Yet, to be substantially beneficial, this would require to be done in all countries; for manufacturers, pressed on by competition, would naturally emigrate with their capital to places where wages were on the lowest scale. These principles, unhappily, were not understood by the silk weavers of Lyons, among whom the person now introduced was a fair sample, both as respects toiling industry and an ignorance of the true causes of his excessive toils.

"Antoinette, do you know where Joseph has gone to?" at length asked the man, Jacquard by name, in a voice which spoke of fatigue.

"He went to the shopkeeper for some silk," replied his wife.

"It is a long time since he went out."

"Hardly two hours; still he is invariably obliged to wait. But, Marie, you appear to be in pain," added she, addressing one of the young girls before alluded to.

"It is nothing, mother," replied the girl; "it will soon be time for sleep, when we can forget all our fatigue."

"Yes, to recommence again to-morrow," said the man.

"What would you wish, Charles?" asked his wife, with a look in which affection and resignation were mingled. "Is not this season better than the last, when I have often seen you draw the belt tighter around your body, the more easily to support the pangs of hunger which exhausted your strength? Though the work at present is hard, yet we have, thank God, enough to eat. Cheer up, my children! if the dinner has been meagre, we have at least a good supper of boiled chestnuts and lard, and as much bread as you wish to eat, my little ones."

A slight expression of anguish, uttered by the youngest and most wretched-looking of the girls, attracted the attention of the woman, who, turning towards her, asked if she was ill.

"No, aunt," slowly replied the child, whose languid smile sadly belied her words.

"Would you wish to change with me, cousin?" asked Marie: "my work seems easier than yours."

"No; I am very well here," feebly answered Josephine, her dim and sunken eyes, and her pallid countenance, expressing lassitude more than suffering, but apparently unconscious of the attention of her cousin.

Another interval of silence ensued—a repose for the lips, but not for the body. But Josephine having again unconsciously moaned, the canut ceased his work as he gazed on her.

"Poor little one!" muttered he; then, as if to drive away thought, he applied himself more vigorously to his labour.

"The wife of Jaubert the canut died yesterday. Were you aware of it, wife?" resumed the weaver.

"Heaven protect us! No. Of what did she die?" asked Antoinette.

"Of what did our daughter die last year? Of what did the sister of Jean die last week? What caused the death, five years since, of my sister Marion, the mother of your poor cousin Josephine? Of what do all the canuts die before their time? What but of misery and exhaustion! Look at these children, wife!" continued he in a milder and lower tone, looking towards the young girls, who, fatigued by the unnatural position in which they were obliged to remain while moving the cords, had paid no attention to the conversation.

"Oh dear!" again sighed the feeble voice of little Josephine.

"Ay, wife, it is easy to see that she will soon follow her poor mother," continued the man in a whisper, as he wiped the perspiration from his forehead.

"Do not speak thus, Charles," said Antoinette with an involuntary shudder.

"Have you not perceived how cramped and deformed her limbs are? Even rest and quiet at night do not restore their shape."

"Josephine has been always weak and sickly," replied Antoinette, as if seeking to delude even herself. "When this piece is finished, I shall make her rest for some days, and she will be better after it. With Marie it is different; her paleness does not arise from sickness, but from confinement in this close and ill-aired room; a little out-door exercise will reinstate her health and good looks, for she has a naturally good constitution."

"Yes, as a young mulberry-tree decayed at the root," answered the weaver, without ceasing his employment. "We shall not be able to preserve her any more than we could her sister and my cousin Marion: she will die, and her brother also, my dear little Joseph, and we shall have no one left to close our eyes, my poor wife!"

"God is good, Charles!" answered Antoinette with resignation, and forcing her pale lips to smile, as if to raise her husband's courage. "He will not leave us childless. Do you feel unwell, Marie?" continued she, as her smile faded before the sad countenance of her daughter.

"No, mother; only a little fatigued," replied the young girl. "It is Josephine who is ill."

A slight knock at the door interrupted the conversation.

II.

The family of hard-working weavers was surprised at a visit during work hours from any one, and they were more surprised still, when they opened the door to the visitant, on the present occasion.

The mother and daughter both rose somewhat disconcerted as a tall and handsome young man entered the apartment. He was about twenty-five years of age, and dressed in the height of the then reigning fashion: silk stockings, and shoes with large silver buckles, the buttons of his satin dress being embossed in the centre with a butterfly, and wearing a sword and three-cornered hat.

"M. Brechet!" exclaimed Antoinette, as she offered the stranger a chair. "You have, then, come to see us?"

"As you see, Madame Jacquard; but do not let me disturb you, or I shall be off again. How is your health, Pere Jacquard?"

"Hum! Workmen have no time to think of it, M. Brechet; but I thank you, notwithstanding, for your inquiries."

"I have been taking some pieces of satin to M. Guinar, and on my return, finding myself in your street, I did not wish to pass your door without seeing how you all were; so, stepping from my gig, here I am, Pere Jacquard."

"It is a poor place for such as you to come to," said the weaver.

"That is little thought of when friends are to be seen. But how is Mademoiselle Marie?" added he, turning towards the young girl.

Marie, blushing, did not raise her head from her employment.

"As you see, M. Brechet," hastily answered the mother.

"And the little Josephine?"

"Just as usual," replied Antoinette.

"Where is my little friend Joseph? I do not see him."

"He is out at present, monsieur, but will soon return."

"M. Brechet," said Jacquard abruptly, "you are come, I suppose, to demand the three crowns I owe you?"

"What an opinion you must have of me! For shame! On the contrary, if you want two or three more, you have but to ask for them."

"I feel myself too much indebted to you already, sir."

"Do not think about it, Pere Jacquard."

"But I do think about it, M. Brechet: it is my duty to think about it."

"What folly! Besides, there are other means by which you may not only liquidate what you already owe, but gain much more."

"It is perhaps by becoming a satin weaver, M. Brechet? But I am only a silk weaver, and I daresay shall die one."

"I do not allude to that," replied the young man, who, while speaking, directed his look towards Marie.

"Then I cannot divine what you mean."

The satinaire for a moment hesitated, then added in a firm voice, "You have a daughter, Pere Jacquard."

"And a good girl she is, M. Brechet; one of whom a father may be proud."

"Well, I have two workshops—one for satin, the other for velvet. I am equally well known either as M. Brechet the veloutier, or M. Brechet the satinaire——"

"I cannot quite understand you," interrupted Jacquard.

"Allow M. Brechet to speak, Charles," said Antoinette mildly to her husband.

"This, then, is what I would say. I have already told you that I have two workshops, in each of which there are twenty workmen. Well, there is still something wanted in these two workshops, Pere Jacquard."

"There are always workmen to be found, M. Brechet."

"But it is not workmen I want; it is a female I speak of."

"Ah! she must, I suppose, be clever?"

"No, Pere Jacquard; I seek a companion—in fact, a wife."

"I understand you now, M. Brechet."

"And if you consent."

"To what, M. Brechet?"

"Say that you consent, Pere Jacquard—say that you consent; and you also, Madame Jacquard."

"Is it that you should marry our daughter, M. Brechet?" asked Antoinette, whose expressive smile told that since his arrival she had divined the cause of his visit.

"If Mademoiselle Marie has no objection," said the satinaire.

"But," said Jacquard, "recollect that our daughter is poor, M. Brechet."

"She is mild and uncomplaining."

"She is not even pretty!"

"She pleases me, Pere Jacquard; and if I possess her good opinion——"

"There is no doubt of that, M. Brechet," said the weaver briskly. "She must indeed be hard to please if she does not like you, but I do not wish to give a promise."

"And wherefore not?"

"Because you are rich, and we are poor; because you are a satinaire, a veloutier, in fact, a gentleman wearing a sword, and we are nothing more than poor canuts; you ride in your carriage, while we walk on foot; you can order your clerk to carry your pieces of velvet or satin, while we are obliged to take our work to the shop, and wait the pleasure of those who employ us; and for a thousand other reasons, M. Brechet."

"Each one worse than the other, Pere Jacquard: however, I do not wish to take you by surprise. Reflect on what I have said, and all I ask at present is, to be allowed to repeat my visit."

"I am not proud, M. Brechet; we shall always be happy to see you: but I promise nothing—remember, I promise nothing."

"Well, I am contented; to-morrow, then, Pere Jacquard," said the satinaire, as he rose and took leave, accompanied to the street door by Antoinette.

III.

The visit of M. Brechet, with its very remarkable revelation, roused many varied emotions in the minds of the poor family. After the departure of the handsome and fair-spoken suitor, the limbs of the weaver moved quicker than was their wont, while he slowly hummed a plaintive and monotonous ballad.

"A sure sign that father is out of humour," whispered Marie to her cousin.

"Yes!" replied Josephine in the same tone.

"Do you suffer more than ordinary to-day, that your voice is so feeble?" asked Marie.

"Yes!" again whispered the young girl.

"I also am ill, Josephine; but is not M. Brechet an engaging young man? Is he not, Josephine?"

"Yes!" was still the only response.

"Listen, Josephine. Father will not always be so proud and distant to M. Brechet; he will not refuse him when mother speaks on the subject. It is true that women do not understand these things as well as men; but he will consent at last, and then I shall take you with me, and then you will not have to work any longer. Does not that give you pleasure? But you do not reply, cousin?"

The poor child again muttered "Yes!" but without taking any seeming interest in what was told her.

"Then my father," continued Marie, "shall not be killing himself with overwork, and in the slack season he shall not suffer from hunger; and then mother shall not any longer destroy her health by fretting, nor blind herself making canettes: she will be able to recruit herself from time to time. And my brother, my little Joseph, shall not be a canut—he shall be a satinaire or veloutier, whichever he pleases; but for you, my little Josephine, I see that you must be a lady, and if my husband does not wish to support an idle girl, why, I shall work for you myself. But why do you weep, Josephine; you are not well? Why do you not answer me?"

"I am very weak."

"Your work is too hard for you."

"I shall get used to it."

"What are you both singing in such a low tone?" asked the weaver, interrupting his ballad to listen to the children.

"We are not singing, father; in my opinion it is yourself," replied Marie with an affectation of gaiety.

"Yes, I sing to drive away care, Marie; but you never sing now as you were wont to do."

"Ah, father, I have no voice now, and I cannot tell why."

"I know well!" muttered the canut, as he brushed away a tear which mingled with the perspiration that rolled down his face. "I see," continued he half aloud, "that it will not do to be too proud; but what a pang it would cost me to have a son-in-law who might perhaps look with scorn on me when he has once got my daughter; but——" and he continued his ballad.

"Here is my brother!" exclaimed Marie, as a flush of pleasure passed over her pale countenance.

The weaver raised his head as the steps were heard on the stairs. Josephine alone stirred not.

There soon entered a tall, delicate lad of thirteen years of age. It was Joseph, the son of Jacquard. Like the generality of the children of the canuts, he had a subdued and sad expression of countenance, which, when at rest, spoke of nothing remarkable, yet when his pale features were lit up by excitement or some sudden emotion, it changed his entire appearance. The truth is, Joseph was no ordinary boy. God had given him good natural faculties, which he had exerted himself to cultivate by reflection. Joseph was always thinking on some useful subject or other; but, silent and modest, his own family did not know the extent of his capacity. And is this not always the case with genius? The world, with its eyes turned to the clouds, does not see the great men in embryo who are lying at its feet.

"Where have you remained such a length of time?" asked the weaver of his son.

"First of all, here is the silk," replied Joseph, handing a bundle to his mother; "and now to tell you what detained me, father. In returning from the shop of M. Guillaume, I met Touissant, the son of François the canut; perceiving that he had been crying, I inquired the reason. 'My mother,' replied he, 'has broken the loom; father is from home, and I have been with Martel the joiner to try and get him to repair it, but he is so busy that he cannot come: the piece must remain unfinished; and when my father returns to-night, he will be very angry about it. Oh dear! what shall I do?' Then, father, finding, from what he told me, that the loom was not much injured, I went home with him, and succeeded in mending it, so that his mother is now at work again."

"You! all alone?" asked the weaver, surprised.

"It did not require to be very clever, father, to do so. What a pity that the looms are so badly constructed!"

"You think so!" said his father ironically. "I should like to know what you see so bad about our looms?"

"Every portion of them, father," replied the boy with animation. "Must it not be ill-constructed when it requires so much exertion to put it in motion? Is it not a machine which actually kills the workmen? Do I not see yourself covered with perspiration? Look at Marie, who has lost her rosy and healthful appearance; observe Josephine——" The little canut ceased speaking; he could not find words to express his feelings at the decay of the poor little flower. "It is a horrible machine!" added he a moment after.

"You had better invent another!" said his father roughly.

"And wherefore not?" asked Joseph; "that would indeed be a happy idea."

"Go, foolish boy!" said Charles, shrugging his shoulders; "instead of criticising and finding fault with what has been the means of livelihood to your father and all his family, you had better throw aside your hat and coat and come to work."

"If you have no objection," replied the boy, "I shall take Josephine's place for a while, father, as she seems unable to work. See, mother, her hands can scarcely ply the cords. Come, Josephine, what is the matter with you?" added he, as the poor child ran towards him, and was caught in his arms.

"Nothing!" replied the young girl in a feeble voice, endeavouring at the same time to return to her employment; but, as if the exertion had been too much for her, she leaned on the shoulder of the little canut.

"Josephine! How pale she is!" exclaimed Marie, rising from her seat, and running towards her cousin. "Josephine, why do you not tell us when you are suffering?"

"Do not weep thus, Marie," said her mother, as she held some vinegar to the nostrils of Josephine; "this will be nothing—nothing, I hope." But the terror depicted in her countenance evinced that she had not that hope which she wished to inspire in others.

"Nothing!" repeated Marie, weeping and pressing her cousin's hands in hers. "Nothing! see how pale she has become, and her hands are damp and cold as ice. Josephine! Oh, mother, she is surely dying!"

"Charles, run and seek the doctor," said Antoinette to her husband, who, overcome by emotion, had remained a silent spectator. "Go quickly, I intreat you. My God, take pity on us!" ejaculated the poor woman in an agony of grief.

Charles immediately left the room without replying.

"Josephine, speak to me!" exclaimed Marie; "for pity's sake, speak to me!"

Josephine answered not, but remained motionless, supported in the arms of young Jacquard, who gazed on her in sad and silent grief. Her eyes were closed, and a slight breathing alone told that she existed. Not a word was spoken by any of the unhappy family as the step of the weaver was heard on the staircase; sobs alone betrayed their sorrow; and as they looked on the deathlike features of the young girl, each seemed to read in her countenance a fate which awaited themselves. The respiration of Josephine, which had become every moment less perceptible, ceased altogether as the doctor entered the room.

"Is there, then, no hope?" asked Charles, as the doctor, after examining the dying girl's pulse, sadly shook his head in confirmation of their fears.

"You have sent for me too late, my friend," replied the physician, letting fall the arm of Josephine.

As he left the apartment, how difficult did the members of this sad family find it to bring the reality of his words home to their minds! And yet the truth was there, terrible and striking—the poor little creature was no more!

A burst of sobbing succeeded; and then, as if imperious necessity had imposed a law to grief, the eyes of each were dried; and silently, and with one accord, removing the body of the dead child into a corner of the room, and covering it with a wretched counterpane, the family resumed their employment.

Joseph, as if it had been a matter of course, seated himself in the place which had been occupied but a few minutes previously by his cousin, crouching himself up in the same painful and forced attitude that had caused her death.

"Marie!" said Jacquard abruptly; and then, as if the sad event which had occurred had silenced all his objections, added, "I shall no longer oppose your marriage with M. Brechet."

IV.

What a dismal evening was passed by the poor family—so poor, that they dared scarcely to intermit their labour to spend a moment on sorrow. As seven o'clock sounded from a neighbouring church, they sat down to their meagre supper, composed of fried chestnuts, which were distributed by Antoinette, along with a piece of bread. Joseph sat seemingly plunged in his own sad reflections, without touching his supper.

"Why do you not eat? Are you unwell, Joseph?" asked his mother.

"No," replied he; "I am thinking of something."

"What is it?" asked all together.

"I think—but you must not be angry with me, or suppose that it is a childish caprice on my part—but I have reflected well, and I cannot be a canut."

"A wise thought, certainly!" exclaimed his father, striking his knife against the part of the loom which served him as a supper-table. "Have I not told you, Antoinette, that your son's brain was touched? But tell me, foolish boy, what has put this idea into your head?"

"It is the sight of the miseries which the canuts endure, father. If they had other looms, and——"

"Are not these good enough?" interrupted the weaver.

"See their effects!" replied the boy, casting a look of grief towards the body of his cousin.

"It is our fate!" said the weaver in a subdued voice.

"It is our fate to work for the rich; that is but just," answered Joseph. “Of that I do not complain; but of the loom, father—the loom, which kills the workmen.”

“You are foolish, Joseph!” said his mother. “How can you think to change a machine which has served the canuts for centuries?”

“It is precisely, my dear mother, because it is the same machine which has served for such a length of time, that it seems possible to me that another might be invented. Do not interrupt me, father, but allow me to finish. Tell me, are not your stuffs finer and better finished than those made by your father?”

“My father was not a canut; he was a stone mason at Couzon.”

“My granduncle Kive then was one?”

“Yes,” replied his mother.

“Very well; did Uncle Kive make as fine stuffs as my father?”

“Certainly not,” said the weaver.

“Then, since the stuffs have been improved, why should not the looms be improved also?”

“Why?—why?” repeated the *routinier* workman pettishly. “Because they cannot.”

“Say rather because no one has thought of doing so, father,” replied the boy; adding with a sigh, as he looked towards the place where the little Josephine lay, “and one would do well to think of it.”

“What, then, would you wish to do?” asked his father, touched at the silent appeal.

“To enter as an apprentice with Master Pinet the bookbinder, father.”

“Be it so; though it would be better to follow the trade of your father. To whom can I bequeath my loom, if not to you?”

“You can bequeath it to the husband of my sister, as my mother’s father bequeathed it to you, father. However, I do not say that I shall always refuse to work as a canut; but that must be when another loom has been invented by some one, and that person may perchance be myself.”

V.

Following the bent of his inclination, young Jacquard passed from the workshop of his father into that of a bookbinder, but his active and inventive spirit prevented him from remaining long in the inferior regions of labour. Mechanics had for him a peculiar attraction; but, unfortunately, his limited means did not allow him to put into immediate execution the products of his busy brain. His talents were but slowly developed: for the man who possesses a happy and useful idea, resembles the earth containing some hidden treasure: it requires, in the first instance, some occasion for its development; and secondly, some accidental circumstance or opportunity for its discovery. The following were the simple means which brought Jacquard's abilities to light:—

A short time previous to the Peace of Amiens, the Royal Society of London offered a considerable sum of money to any one who should invent a mechanical apparatus applicable to some peculiar process of thread-making. An extract of the society's programme, copied into a French paper, fell under the eye of Jacquard, who immediately set his brains to work, and after many fruitless essays, at length succeeded in finding the secret. Being as simple as it was useful, he imagined that he could not have been alone in the discovery; nevertheless, this did not prevent him from making a model of the machine; but once made, he put it in his pocket, and thought no more of the matter. One day, however, while with some of his acquaintances, who had also read the programme, the conversation turned on the filet or thread-machine.

"Here is the difficulty solved," said he, taking the model from his pocket.

"Have you not made known the discovery, and demanded the sum offered?" asked one of his acquaintances.

"Nonsense! Do you imagine that I am the only person who has discovered it?"

"Will you confide it to me?" asked his friend, taking up the miniature filet.

"With all my heart," replied Jacquard; and in an hour afterwards he had forgotten his model in reflecting over an idea which had engrossed his attention for a length of time—the means of meliorating, by some new description of loom, the miseries of the canuts of Lyons, as that class of weavers are called who manufacture the gold and silver tissues.

Some weeks afterwards, Jacquard was summoned before the prefect, and without being able to form the slightest conjecture why he was sent for, immediately obeyed the order.

"Monsieur," said the magistrate, "I have heard of your ability as a mechanic, and have therefore sent for you."

"It must be some person who wishes to pass off a joke at my expense, Monsieur le Prefect," answered Jacquard confused, and bowing to the magistrate.

"I assure you that it is not: have you not lately made an admirable discovery?"

"Very simple, sir—very simple."

"But very useful to humanity."

"I have not been so vain as to suppose so, sir."

"The mechanism is most ingenious: you are indeed a clever workman, M. Jacquard!"

'Monsieur is very good to say so."

"You must have studied deeply, to have gained such an insight in the art."

"I, monsieur! In truth I know nothing."

"And this filet!" said the prefect, as he took from his desk the model which Jacquard had given to his friend.

"It certainly is mine, sir; but I had altogether forgotten it until a few minutes since," replied Jacquard with naïveté.

"But your friend has not forgotten it, nor I either; and I have got the orders of the First Consul to send the model to Paris."

Jacquard thanked the kind magistrate, and withdrew.

After the lapse of a few weeks, he was again sent for. On his entrance into the office, the prefect addressed him.

"You must immediately set out for Paris, M. Jacquard."

"For Paris!" replied Jacquard. "Set out for Paris, sir! And by whose orders, may I ask?"

"Those of the First Consul."

"It is impossible: there must be some mistake as to the name, sir. What have I done? What can the First Consul want of me —a poor, unknown workman?"

"The orders of the First Consul admit of no delay, my dear M. Jacquard: they must be obeyed. I shall let your family know of your departure. A postchaise waits for you at the door of the Prefecture; and further this man (the prefect pointed to a gendarme) has orders to accompany you, and not lose sight of you."

"But I have never done injury to any one. I declare solemnly that I am neither a robber nor a criminal. Believe me, sir, there must be some error as to the name," said Jacquard in extreme agitation.

"Calm yourself, M. Jacquard," said the prefect, as he conducted him to the courtyard. "Be assured that the First Consul is a man who knows how to appreciate talent wherever it is found. Even if he never does anything for you," continued the prefect, "would it not be worth your while to leave your family and affairs for a short time for the sake of seeing Paris?"

"Indeed, sir, I should not think so."

"Well, no matter; you will find that he has good reasons for acting thus. Come, get into the chaise, M. Jacquard; I promise that no harm shall befall you: and as it is most likely that on such short notice you may not be provided with money, the gendarme will take care that you want for nothing. Good-by, sir, and a pleasant journey to you."

Jacquard had never before been in Paris; and the first place they stopped at on their arrival in the capital was at the Conservatory of Arts. The first persons whom he met with were Bonaparte, then First Consul, and Carnot, the prime minister.

"Is it you who call yourself Joseph Jacquard?" demanded Carnot in a brusque tone. "Is it you who pretends to do what no one else can accomplish—to form a knot on a stretched cord?"

Surprised by the tone of the speaker, and awed at finding himself in the presence of such high personages, the youth did not immediately reply. But Bonaparte, with that suavity he could so well assume, having asked Jacquard a few trivial questions, led him by degrees into an animated conversation, and one which might be considered the foundation of his after-success in life.

Jacquard was at once installed in the Conservatory; all the secrets of mechanics, which till then he had been unable to study, were laid open to his inspection. In the midst of these and other wonders of industry, all difficulties seemed to vanish as he thought on his long-cherished idea of constructing a loom which would meliorate the condition of the canuts of his native town. The first task to which he was put to work, was the constructing a full-sized machine after the model that had been of such service to him, and which, when completed, gave general satisfaction. A magnificent shawl, destined for Josephine, the wife of Bonaparte, wrought in a loom that had cost more than twenty thousand francs, made him form the idea of applying to these works of luxury a less complicated, and at the same time a much less expensive machinery, in which he succeeded beyond his most sanguine expectations.

While thus employed for the emperor, he had steadily persevered in his endeavours to perfect the machine which had engrossed his thoughts from boyhood, and in 1801 completed the one known as the "Jacquard-Loom," which was exhibited at the Exposition of Arts in Paris the same year.

VI.

We shall now see how the Jacquard-loom was received by those for whose benefit it was expressly intended. Having received from the French government a pension of a thousand crowns for his discovery, Jacquard expected that, with such testimonials of its value, he should have no difficulty in establishing the loom in his native city. Filled, therefore, with the hope of meliorating the condition of his fellow-townsmen, Jacquard returned to Lyons. Alas! these hopes were quickly dispelled. Having, at his own expense, constructed one of the machines, the Conseil des Prud'hommes* were invited to inspect it, and give their opinions. Great was Jacquard's dismay when he found that they not only opposed the introduction of his loom, but gave orders that it should be publicly destroyed; which was accordingly done in the *Place*, amidst the shouts and rejoicings of the populace; and his invention excited such an enmity against him amongst the weavers, that he three times narrowly escaped with his life.

A few years elapsed, during which the English had made rapid strides in the manufacture of gold and silver tissues, and it was only when the French began to feel the effects of foreign competition that their prejudices gave way; and in self-defence, they adopted the loom which they had previously rejected and despised. The inventor, altogether forgetting the ignominious treatment he had received, gladly came forward, and under his superintendence looms were rapidly constructed, and were soon employed in most of the silk manufacturing districts of France.

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* A body appointed to watch over the interests of the Lyonese trade.

Many improvements were made from time to time by him; yet though the recompense was scarcely commensurate with the services rendered, Jacquard, happy in the thought of being instrumental not only in adding to the comforts of the workmen, but also in furthering the interests of the employers, lived modestly and retired, without desiring anything more. His disinterestedness was only equalled by the uprightness of his heart. Many magnificent offers were made to him by strangers; but with firmness, devoid of pride, he refused them all, and preferred engaging himself, at a moderate annuity given by the municipal council of Lyons, "to consecrate all his time and abilities to the service of the town, and to perfect, as far as lay in his power, his former inventions."

In a great measure owing to this machine, the canuts have acquired almost a new existence. If the work is not always plenty, at least it does not kill them. In the schools and in the workshops, instead of the pale and emaciated beings who formerly earned a scanty subsistence with their very life-blood, are to be seen well-dressed and ruddy-looking children; and men, no longer wearing that heartbroken and timid look which was then a characteristic feature of their profession, appear at the present day the most healthy and well-disposed class of artisans in Lyons.

The fabrication of the stuffs has also wonderfully increased. In 1788 there were but two hundred and forty looms in Lyons for the manufacture of stuffs; in 1801, at the time of Jacquard's discovery, there were two thousand eight hundred; at the present day there are thirty-two thousand looms at work, of which number the ingenious machines invented by Jacquard count nearly one-third.

After the Exposition of Arts in 1819, he received the decoration of the Legion of Honour; a recompense justly due to the humble workman through whose instrumentality a suffering and unhappy population had been regenerated.

Towards the close of his life, Jacquard, wishing to enjoy the society of his sister and her children, retired to a small villa at Duillons, a few leagues from Lyons, where M. Brechet had established a factory. Here he was visited by many illustrious foreigners, anxious to converse with the man whose name had spread over all Europe, and frequent were the expressions of surprise at finding in so modest a retreat one who had diffused so much opulence around him.

"The manufacturers, through you, have all grown rich," remarked a visitor.

"So much the better," replied Jacquard. "I have retired on a moderate competency, and I have no cause to complain; it is sufficient for me that I have been of service to my fellow-citizens."

"Your townsmen," said a stranger of distinction, "have not treated you with proper respect."

"I have received more than I sought," replied Jacquard; "and I desire no further."

This useful man, born of obscure parents, and who were not forgotten by him in his prosperity, ended his days peaceably at Duillons, in August 1834, and was interred in the village cemetery. A subscription was opened by the Conseil des Prud'hommes of Lyons, for the purpose of raising a monument suitable to the memory of him who had justly merited the appellation of the benefactor of mankind.

Lyons continues to be one of the principal seats of the silk manufacture in France. Unfortunately, however, the Jacquard-loom, though benefiting the workmen in various ways, has not prevented differences as to wages. In recent times there have been various unions and strikes among the weavers, which have led to insurrections of a serious nature (See Tract, No. 38). The last of these outbreaks was quelled only after much blood was shed, and great damage done to the town. To guard against a recurrence of these disasters, the town is now overawed by fortifications, whose cannon are seen bristling on the different heights around. Thus subdued, the operative silk-weavers confess the hopelessness of bettering themselves by violence, and look for an improvement in circumstances to other means than intimidating their employers. With this unhappy tendency to quarrel with the ordinary routine of labour, many of the silk-weavers of Lyons are a superior class of men. Among them there is a class called *chefs d'atelier*, or chiefs of the workshop. In the private residences of these men the weaving is carried on. The chef receives the work from the manufacturer, puts it into the loom, and superintends the weaving, besides working on a loom himself. Lyons is built like Edinburgh. A building consists of several floors, each inhabited by a separate family, and the families reach their respective dwellings by a common stone stair. In the summer of 1844 we had the pleasure of visiting the establishment of one of these chefs. It was situated on the fourth floor of a tall building. On being conducted into the weaving apartment, the scene was curious. We had never seen any mechanism half so intricate, and apparently unintelligible.

The process was by Jacquard cards, but the patterns to be wrought embraced such variety of detail, that the apparatus was an inextricable maze of bobbins, strings, and other parts incomprehensible to a stranger. The chef, doffing his cap, received us with great politeness, and took pains to explain—vain thought—the mechanique of the looms under his charge, three in number. Lifting up a piece of paper carefully pinned over the parts woven of the fabrics in hand, he showed the beauty of their designs. One of the pieces was magnificent. It was a gorgeous assemblage of colours finely harmonised in tone, with gold and silver thread in different combinations, and was intended, he said, for church banners. Another piece, the groundwork of which was white satin, interwoven also with gold and silver, was designed for priests' vestments in the church service. The chef mentioned, that such was the complexity of one of these pieces, that he was occupied three months in arranging it in the loom, and that the workman employed upon it could not weave more than a yard in the week. The price which it would cost the manufacturer was to be a hundred francs per yard. The operatives engaged in weaving such articles realise from twelve to fifteen francs for their weekly labour. That they do not earn much less, is clearly owing to the introduction of the Jacquard-loom.

FIRESIDE EDUCATION.

HUMAN society is composed of families. A family consists of husband, wife, children. This is not an accidental or arbitrary arrangement. The family compact originates in the necessities of our nature; has existed from the creation; and, by the good providence of God, will continue till the end of time. Accordingly, all attempts to encroach on the obligations, as well as the privileges, of the family relationship, have proved less or more nugatory, and must ever inevitably do so. It may be a matter for consideration whether the government of a nation should be a monarchy or a democracy, or, as in England, a mixture of both; but there is no need for considering on what principles human beings shall be cared for in the domestic government; these principles have been settled long ago by the Creator, when he made man, and any cavil on the subject would be altogether worthless. What is the fundamental object of the family compact, is extremely evident: a due provision for the affections, and for the nurture and education of children—the latter insured by the permanence of the matrimonial engagement. Thus, by what we must call a primary ordination, father, mother, children, compose a community distinct in its character, and which all must recognise as essential to the subsistence and wellbeing of civil society. We have considered it necessary to state thus broadly at the outset what appears to be the primary principles of human relationship; for there are not wanting parties who would endeavour to rear systems of society in which the family compact is to have no place, and parental care is to be absolved from its duties—a dream of the imagination, which the common sense of mankind will ever reject as visionary, and consider, for all good purposes, to be impracticable.

Whatever be the benevolence of plans propounded for the rearing of children apart from the parental roof, it cannot escape notice that they proceed on a misconception of what education really is. In the treatment which nature dictates, the child is to be cared for in various ways, and for these various ways education to a certain extent, under the immediate direction of parents, is indispensable; in a word, FIRESIDE EDUCATION is necessary to form the perfect being.

Fireside education is thus a wide and comprehensive thing: its enlightened object is to transform a weak uninstructed child into a healthy and accomplished man or woman. What a variety of considerations are necessarily engaged in this onerous duty! The child is to be cared for physically; that is, as regards food, warmth, clothing, exercise, and, it may be, medical attendance. He is to be cared for morally; in which is involved the suppression of evil passions, the cultivation of the affections, kindness to animals, love of honesty and truth, and worship of the Divine Being. He is to be cared for intellectually; that is, he is to be instructed in all useful knowledge, in order that he may with advantage perform his part in society.

Any routine of education which does not embrace all these particulars, is of course imperfect. Education, as respects mere physical training, may produce a man healthful in constitution, and handsome in appearance, accomplished, possibly, in walking, riding, or in the performance of manual operations; but he who possesses no more education than this, is at best only an elegant savage. Gladiators, the knights of old, boxers, rope-dancers, and similar personages, furnished examples of this proficiency. Physical, united with intellectual education, but without moral training, produces a still more dangerous character; it is persons so educated who compose a large section of clever and designing criminals, also ambitious and unprincipled men in different ranks of society. Physical, with intellectual education, is pretty nearly the entire amount of culture imparted at hospital seminaries. No doubt at these institutions the pupils listen to moral admonitions, and repeat answers to questions on religious subjects; but that is not moral education, in the proper sense of the term, and therefore they necessarily are deprived of one of the most important elements of youthful culture.

Moral education may be guided by books and verbal admonitions; precept and persuasion are of undeniable utility; but, strictly speaking, moral culture is valueless unless principle is confirmed into habit. A child, for example, may be taught to commit to memory answers to an immense variety of questions, psalms, hymns, and passages of Scripture; and he may be made to know at the same time that it is sinful to steal, lie, or injure his neighbour; yet with all this, and apparently a paragon of learning, he may be little better than a heathen, and have no proper sense of applying his knowledge to the regulation of his own conduct. The true explanation of the phenomenon is, that the whole course of moral instruction has been a deceptive make-believe. The power of memory was evoked; but memory is not principle.

In infant schools, which are a species of enlarged and well-conducted family circles, the feelings and propensities are subjected to a systematic training greatly to the advantage of children; and where parents are incapable of properly conducting home education, infant schools are indispensable. Independently of these valuable institutions, however, there is a lesser or greater necessity for family intercourse, and lamentable is the fate of that child for whom no domestic hearth offers its cheering influence. The fireside may be homely, or it may be dignified; but whether it belong to poor or rich, it may be equally a shrine of the affections, a scene of happiness, a school of the heart.

A school of the heart! In these words we arrive at the true operation of moral principle. The heart must be touched; the feelings affected; the baser propensities subdued; the higher emotions quickened; and all made love and joy within. And how can this be done? Only by moral and religious principle being confirmed by training and exercise, in reference to companions, parents, brothers, sisters, and other relations, as well as the general circumstances by which we are surrounded. The very act of loving and of consulting the feelings of those with whom we are domesticated, strengthens the tendency to well-doing. Nor are the incidents which occur in a family without their value. Births, deaths, meetings of relations, misfortunes, things joyful and things sorrowful, are all means of moral culture. So likewise, within the domestic circle, are acquired habits of order and perseverance, ideas of personal intercourse and courtesy, along with much familiar but useful knowledge. Recollections of a youthful and well-regulated home form also a source of refined gratification in after-life. How frequently has it been confessed that the remembrance of a father's solicitude and affection has acted like a perpetual beacon in warning from vice! Old remembrances, however, centre chiefly round the mother. She is the divinity of the child, and was all in all to him before he knew of any other object of veneration. What hosts of remembrances of this dear departed shade! Her early attention to all his little wants; her anxiety about his personal appearance and behaviour, as she used to send him forth every morning to school; her attempts to shelter him from rebuke and punishment—perhaps her privations, her sufferings, in widowhood; her heroic struggles to maintain appearances, and get her boy forward in the world; her delight, finally, in living to see him in that position of respectability which for years had been the object of her most fondly-cherished hopes; the tranquil close of her existence and dying blessing—all this, and much more, may be said to form an inextinguishable inheritance of pleasurable recollection—a fountain of feeling perpetually welling out, and irrigating those dreary wastes of hard every-day toil and thought which lie irksomely in the path of life.

Nor are the benefits of family intercourse in their immediate or remote consequences confined to the children. "We are very apt to imagine that the family arrangement is entirely for the sake of the young—that the children are exclusively benefited; and that, if it is disturbed or set aside, the young, the children, are the only persons who suffer. On the contrary, it appears to me that the old are as much interested in this divine institution as the young—that it is as beneficial to parents as to children—and that any departure from it must bring a penalty upon the parents equal to any which the children can suffer. We are accustomed to hear much, and very justly, of the obligations which children owe to their parents. But while they very wisely impress this on their children, people are very ready to forget, or not remark, that as the child owes much to the parent, so the parent owes much to the child; that while he has been the object and receiver of good, he has also been the minister of good: and every loving thought, every toil, every sacrifice on the part of the parent, has received from day to day a return—a real and most precious reward. Surely those persons judge very erroneously who imagine that all the care, trouble, and expense they lay out upon their children is so much capital sunk, and from which no return is to be expected till the child has grown to maturity, or at least till he has reached the years of discretion. We are very apt to reckon nothing a blessing which does not come to us in a material form; and so we sometimes undervalue or overlook our highest privileges, because they do not address themselves to our eyes, and cannot be felt or handled by us. To any one who observes and reflects, it will, I think, be evident that the parent is as much the better for the child as the child is for the parent; that infancy, childhood, youth, bestow as much on manhood, womanhood, old age, as they derive from them; that this is an instance of that general law, that we cannot do good to others without getting good from them: in this field it is impossible to sow without reaping; for the same soil which receives the seed from the bountiful hand, returns it with increase. What blessings, then, are children the means of conveying to their parents? In other words, how is it needful, for the sake of the father and mother, as well as of their offspring, that the family life should be jealously guarded?

"The celebrated Lord Erskine has told us that he never robed himself to plead at the bar, but he thought he felt his children pulling at his gown; and if the history of human thoughts were legible to us as it is to the eye of God, we should doubtless find that multitudes of the greatest men—men who were great in the good which they were enabled to achieve, which is the truest greatness—drew their strongest stimulants from the families God had given them; and that, on the other hand, myriads who have lived usefully and well, had been saved from vices to which they were prone by the consideration that these would involve in ruin those who were dearer to them than their own life. I might add a great deal more to show that those persons are in a grievous mistake who fancy that, however necessary the parent may be to the child, the child is not necessary or beneficial to the parent. It appears to me, on the contrary, that parents who do their duty, and keep their eyes open, will acknowledge that they have been amply repaid, day by day, for all their anxiety, labour, and pains; that the pleasures and instruction, the incitements to good, the salutary restraints which their children have supplied, the thoughts they have suggested, the feelings they have inspired, were cheaply purchased even with the cost and care of a family; and that children are not, as men buried in selfishness esteem, a mere tax and burden, but truly a promise and a blessing, as they have pronounced them who lived in the ages of faith."*

So much we have thought it desirable to say on the general advantages of fireside in preference to any other species of management for the young; and we now proceed to the more special object of the present sheet.

We take it for granted at the outset that parents desire to see their children grow up healthful, intelligent, honest, orderly, good-hearted—beings able to perform their part creditably in society, and a comfort to all connected with them. Attention to them from birth cannot insure these good results; but it will go far towards doing so. It is, at all events, the duty of every parent to do the utmost in his power to rear his children properly, if only to avoid future self-reproaches for his neglect.

In a previous Tract (No. 6 of the present series), we offered directions for the management of infants from birth till the age of four or five years. We explained how infants should be treated as respects their bodily health, food, air, and exercise—sleep, clothing, washing, and dressing—illnesses, deformities, and imperfections—and moral and intellectual training. To these explanations the following are supplementary, in reference to children from five years of age upwards.

MORAL TRAINING.

So much has been said on this subject in the Tract on the Management of Infants, that little remains to be added.

That which we would here more emphatically insist on is, that in youth, as well as in infancy, the child should, as far as reason or convenience will allow, be suffered to associate with his parents. Socially, the child is the equal of his father and mother. He is younger, but in other respects he is an equal, and should be treated as such. It may seem strange that we should speak of what seems to be an evident truth; but this, like many other truths, is unfortunately apt to be lost sight of. We almost everywhere see children treated as if they were inferior beings, and kept systematically out of sight, like toys, only to be shown and fondled on certain occasions. In a right domestic management, however, the children are to be viewed as only younger men and women, and respected accordingly. Much practical advantage will arise from this consideration, as will be immediately explained.

A child has everything to learn, and he learns best by having good examples for imitation. If you, therefore, desire to see your children well-behaved, do not leave them in the charge of servants, who are for the most part ignorant, and otherwise not well adapted to train the minds of young persons. Rear and superintend your children yourself, at least in all matters of general intercourse. They may be dressed and cleaned by domestics, and domestics may also walk out with them; but let them spend a considerable part of their time with you daily in the parlour. In short, you, the parents, are to be the model to be imitated, not the girl who is hired to sweep out the rooms, or to do any other humble office in the household. Being thus the companions of your children, and conscious that every word you utter, and everything you do, will be imitated, you will of course take care to say and do nothing which can lead to improper habits.

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* These well-expressed sentences we extract from a discourse delivered before the governors of George Heriot's Hospital, Edinburgh, on the 1st of June 1846, by the Rev. Dr Robert Lee.

Temper.—In all families there are differences of character: one child will be lively, another dull; some will have good, others bad tempers. It is of first importance to cultivate a cheerful temper in children, and therefore the greater care will be required in this respect when there appears to be any deficiency in the natural disposition. Much will depend on how you treat the child. If it be peevish, do not scold or threaten it; and, we may add, in no circumstances get out of temper with it.

The mother of a family with whom we are acquainted pursues the following excellent plan with her children. When one of them cries, or is otherwise in bad humour, she says, "Oh, I see you are not well, my dear; I think you had better go to bed, and I will give you a little medicine." This kind of sympathy usually sets all to rights. The disinclination to be put to bed and take medicine acts as a sovereign remedy.

Some parents are constantly telling their children not to do this, and not to do that. This is not treating them as equals, and too prominently establishes the principle of inferiority. Children should not be talked to as if they were dogs. They should be requested, not ordered; at least in all ordinary matters, and when they commit no act of insubordination. "I should think you had better not meddle with that knife; it is rather sharp." "I would let alone that piece of broken glass; it is dangerous." "Don't you think this would be a pleasant day for a walk?" "I thought you would not have done so foolish a thing." "I am sorry we cannot bear that noise; and I think you had better go to the nursery." By accustoming children to such mild language, they learn to be mild themselves. A soft word will do more with such children than a torrent of reproof.

Firmness, however, is as requisite as mildness in family management. On this point we beg to extract the following observations from the work of Mr Goodrich on *Fireside Education:*—"Some children are easily managed, but there are few who will not sometimes try to have their own way. At one time they will attempt to evade, at another they will brave, authority. In this species of strife they are often sharp-witted and dexterous, and sometimes intrepid, pertinacious, and headstrong.

If they succeed once, they gather courage; if twice, they feel assured; if thrice, they triumph. The only safe method is for the parent to meet the first resistance of the child with firmness, and by no means to permit himself to be baffled either by evasion or defiance. But great caution is to be used. The object should be, not merely to make the child obey externally, but internally; to make the obedience sincere and hearty, and to make it flow alike from affection, a sense of duty, and a conviction that he consults his true interest in so doing. All these motives should be brought to concur in the act; if any one of them is wanting, the obedience is imperfect. To accomplish this thorough subjection of the child to parental authority, it is obvious that great prudence is necessary. There must be no violence, no display of temper, no angry looks, no hasty words. Before he can expect to govern a child, a parent must first learn to govern himself. His own passions being under control, his heart chastened, and the traces of vexation swept from his countenance, he may meet the rebellious child, assured of triumph. That child might resist threats, and be hardened by force; but it will not long resist patient kindness, tender remonstrance, affectionate counsel."

Truth.—Accustom your children, from the earliest infancy, to speak the truth; and this they will do, if not prevented by servants, or by their parents. How lamentable is it to find persons so lost to all sense of obligation as to encourage deceit in their children! A mother will be heard admonishing them to conceal such a thing from the knowledge of their father—to say they did not see so and so, &c. Such deceits are ruinous to the moral character of children, and, we need not say here, that they are grossly wicked.

Children should never hear a falsehood uttered. The very idea of there being such a thing as untruth ought not to come across their mind, unless, indeed, when the criminality and fruits of falsehood require explanation and reproof. Every encouragement, even to the pardoning of offences, should be given to truth. Cultivate in the child's mind a love of candour, straightforwardness, honour, and integrity, along with a corresponding hatred of falsehood, equivocation, dishonesty, and meanness. Lessons in these things, however, will be of little use. The cultivation must be by the training of motives and principles into confirmed habits, and that can be realised only within the family circle.

Religious impressions, in the same manner, require to be made in the first place by parents as much as possible by means of practical habits and personal explanations. As the mind expands, the leading characteristics of Creation and Providence, the nature of God, and the reasons for his being an object of veneration and worship, may be explained. And from these as starting points, all proper explanations as to religious doctrine and duties will naturally diverge.

Some parents, either because they are themselves ignorant, or because they will not take the trouble, leave their children to pick up religious knowledge from catechisms, the learning of which they rigorously enforce. We fear no little mischief arises from this practice. Few young people can understand the meaning of catechisms, and the obligation to learn them as a task is apt to disgust them with what ought to be the grandest of all subjects of meditation. We advise great caution in the way of enforcing catechetical instruction.

PERSONAL HABITS—HEALTH.

Speaking.—Speak to and in the presence of children in correct phraseology and grammar. Never employ a single slang or loose expression. Let the sounds, the emphasis, the diction, be all as they ought to be. This may be troublesome—not, however, to people of good education—but remember the reward which will ensue. Accustomed to speak correctly from infancy, the child, as a matter of habit, will avoid errors of expression, and scarcely require any instruction in the dry rules of grammar.

One of the most serious errors in education is habituating children to speak ungrammatically; not from any deliberate intention, but from mere carelessness, and more particularly from leaving them almost exclusively in the hands of servants. By this sort of tuition, children are compelled to learn two dialects instead of one—the ungrammatical form of speech in use among the lowest of the population, and that which is seen in books. Unfortunately, the former becomes their vernacular; and so little do they acquire of correct speech, that schoolmasters spend years in trying to impart to them a proper knowledge of grammar. We repeat, that if children be taught to speak correctly from the first, they will be saved the drudgery of learning grammar by rule. The practice of requiring children to be instructed to speak and write correctly by schoolmasters, is by no means creditable to intelligent parents, and affords too strong grounds for the belief that this branch of culture is generally neglected.

Manners.—If parents possess good manners, so also will their children, if they be allowed to associate with them. Thus, a child, as his perceptions become more vigorous, will instinctively, and with very little verbal instruction, learn to come into and go out of a room, speak to and shake hands with visitors, sit at table, and so on, all according to what is usually considered good manners. Sedateness in children is of course out of the question, and ought neither to be expected nor insisted on. All that is wanted is a reasonable attention to decorum, along with a happy buoyancy of disposition.

Manners cannot be taught by rule. Some parents, not aware of this fact, pursue the following practice:—To suit their own immediate convenience, they keep their children aloof in nurseries, or in the hands of servants, and only permit them to enter the parlour as a special indulgence. Finding that this creates bashfulness, they endeavour to school their children into certain forms of behaviour. Thus they will be heard giving them the following directions:—"When you come into the room, you will be sure to go and shake hands with all the gentlemen; and remember not to hang down your head, but look everybody in the face, as if you were not ashamed. And remember not to slip behind the chairs, or go below the table, for nobody wishes to do you any harm; and remember to say, 'Yes, sir,' or 'No, sir,' when a gentleman speaks to you; and remember to speak prettily, and don't sulk, or put your finger in your mouth; and above all things, remember not to make a noise, for if you do, I shall have you turned out of the room. Now, therefore, remember to behave yourself; and if you don't, it will be the worse for you."

And this is called teaching manners! We would not speak harshly on the subject; for mothers who address themselves in this form to their children, only err from ignorance of their duties. All telling about behaviour to children is the next thing to useless. The true method of teaching manners is to let them be fixed by habit; and this, as already stated, is done by the simple process of bringing up children in the society of their parents, for by this means they have to behave well as a mere matter of imitation. The companionship, however, requires to be general, not at particular occasions.

We would hold it to be an impossibility to impart agreeable manners to children, if they are turned out of the parlour in the objurgatory strain which is sometimes employed. Becoming tired of them, or wishing to be private, the father or mother will occasionally be heard telling them, in an angry tone of voice, "to go out of the room this moment, or they will beat them if they don't." How can children, who are thus scolded and tyrannised over, be expected to come forward cheerfully in company? Oppressed with apprehensions, and positively ignorant of modes of behaviour from want of training, they are alternately timid and restless; and feeling themselves under a restraint in company, they gladly rush into the society of servants, or of any companions they can pick up.

Health and cleanliness.—To insure, as far as possible, bodily health in your children, let them enjoy the open air daily; accustom them to walk, and to take pleasure in out-door excursions. Let them sleep in airy apartments, and cause them to attend strictly to personal cleanliness. Do not leave it to chance, but instruct them how they should wash their face and hands, clean their teeth every morning, and comb and brush their hair.

As they grow up, make them fully aware of the necessity for attending to various matters connected with their own health. Among other things, the operation of various kinds of food on the system, and the danger of excessive indulgence, should be explained as opportunities occur. Some knowledge of the administration and operation of medicines—not the trash of quack advertisers—should likewise be communicated.

By precept, as well as by example, children should be warned against intemperance. Unfortunately, many parents, influenced by no bad intentions, but only from heedlessness or misapplied affection, are seen giving their children drops of wine, or other kinds of intoxicating liquor, and so commencing bad habits. When the children are constitutionally tender, these indulgences will seriously damage health, besides being perhaps morally ruinous.

Many persons, men and women, are seen to have irregularly-set or bad teeth. In almost every instance this has been caused by the carelessness of parents. It is the duty of every mother to watch the growth of her children's teeth; and if any of them appear to be growing in an irregular manner, she should cause them to be put in proper order by a dentist. Some English mothers are scrupulously careful on this point, and they have, accordingly, the satisfaction of seeing their children grow up with rows of fine teeth.

Self-service.—Accustom your children to use their hands as well as their heads. Teach them that they must learn to serve themselves; that they cannot expect always to be ministered to by servants or by their mothers.

All boys and girls should acquire a habit of keeping their clothes as neat and clean as possible, and of laying them by for future use. Girls, in particular, cannot too early learn to fold up and put away their clothes, and to acquire other habits of neatness and order.

At the proper age, girls should be taught to knit, darn, and sew. The ability to make and mend their own garments will to many prove little less than a fortune. The art of mending is at least indispensable; and no mother performs her duty who does not insist on her daughters acquiring this accomplishment. Every girl should be made to understand that a hole in her stockings or gloves, or any similar defect in her dress, is a mark of personal indolence.

Boys and girls, as they grow up, should equally acquire the power of doing many little things which will prove useful in life. We know the father of a family who insists on each of his children learning how to tie different kinds of knots, to tie up parcels with cord, to draw a cork, to light a fire, to cut the leaves of a book, to deliver a message, to arrange books on shelves, to brush their clothes, to pack a trunk, &c. Each of his boys is taught how to fold a coat for travelling. There is much practical wisdom in these instructions.

Money.—Young people should be accustomed to the use and value of money. Where it can be at all afforded, they should be given a trifle of pocket-money weekly, the amount perhaps being regulated by good conduct. By this means they will generally learn by experience that money is easily spent and lost, and that it needs to be husbanded if anything important is to be bought. If deprived of money altogether, they will covet that belonging to others; and when at length they enter the world, and are intrusted with funds, they will in all probability become heedless spendthrifts. That money is a representative of the savings of labour, and not got without patient industry, is one of the lessons which a parent will not fail to impart to his children.

Temptation.—Let children be exposed to temptation as little as possible. There is a notion amongst some that a little temptation is not amiss, as a means of training the young to withstand greater assaults. But this is, we are convinced, an ill-founded doctrine, and most fatal policy. It is of the nature of every one of our feelings to be awakened into activity by the presentation of its appropriate object; and it is the equally natural result, that the frequent activity promotes the power and the tendency to activity of those feelings. By presenting, then, what are called temptations, we are taking a direct means of educating and strengthening the inclinations towards error. On the contrary, a feeling, allowed to lie dormant, loses in power, and becomes always less and less liable to act. There is perhaps a confusion of ideas at the bottom of the objectionable theory. The true plan seems to be, to remove all actual temptation, but to give the intellect and the moral feelings proper warning against all such dangers, and thus prepare them for resistance when the time of unavoidable trial arrives. We would say, then, do not allow the young to see or touch evil things, or even to be in company where such things are to be spoken lightly of, from an idea that they are thus to be hardened against temptation. Be content to inspire a salutary horror of such things by your own report, if you only are so fortunate as to be able to keep your young charge exempt from positive contact with what is discommendable. An error may of course be committed in speaking too strongly against what you disapprove of, in which case the young person no sooner discovers the exaggeration, than, from a principle of contradiction, he is inclined to embrace the vice. But discretion will save from this mistake. Upon the whole, it may be set down as a most important rule in education, to reduce temptation to the smallest possible bounds.

SCHOOL INSTRUCTION.

A large number of persons entertain the idea that education consists of what is usually learned at school. Education, however, as may be seen by the preceding explanations, is of a very comprehensive nature, and includes the *forming of character* in youth. That which is taught at school is at best a very limited kind of education; it refers principally to the acquisition of certain kinds of technical knowledge, and therefore chiefly concerns the intellect. We can, indeed, imagine the possibility of a character-forming education at school; but in the present state of things, such is rarely realised. What the schoolmaster imparts is instruction, not education in its entire sense; and we mention this, in order that parents may see the propriety of not expecting too much from their children by attending schools.

School attendance, however, is not valueless in a moral sense. It creates habits of order and attention to time, and is useful in lowering those notions of self-esteem which children educated in solitude are apt to form. One of the most serious errors in ordinary schooling, is the practice of competition among pupils. The holding out of prizes for proficiency inspires tumultuary passions in youth; and conquest is only achieved by dashing the hopes of others. But this is not the worst of its evils. It is often attended by physical as well as moral injury. The eager striving to gain prizes frequently leads to undue excitement in the brain, which ends in disease and death. Whether for the paltry triumph of seeing their children carry off a prize, or for the pleasure of seeing them prodigies of learning, parents are equally blameable in urging too close attention to studies.

Some children manifest an extraordinary aptitude for learning while still very young. They will be observed to learn a lesson or commit hymns to memory with marvellous ease. This precocity, as being considered a mark of genius, usually delights parents. They are not aware of what they are admiring. Precocity is an unnatural development of brain; it is the beginning of functional derangement, and if not checked, will probably lead to melancholy consequences. In children of tender constitutions, precocity is almost uniformly fatal.

Parents should not give themselves any vexation about the apparent backwardness of their children in school learning. In most instances, pupils get forward as quickly as is necessary, and at all events as fast as their faculties will admit of. Some children, indeed, will require to be inspirited by every proper admonition; but if they seem to do all that is in their power, they ought not to be rebuked. To blame a child because he is behind his fellows, would in many cases be as absurd as to blame him for not being able to wield a sledge-hammer. After all, proficiency at school is found to be no certain indication of success in life. Generally, he who has the best memory is the best scholar; and as a vast many things besides memory are required to make an accomplished man, it not unfrequently happens that boys who made a poor figure at school, display great energy of purpose on reaching manhood.

Five years of age is early enough for the commencement of attendance at school, though before that period children may be taught their letters at home. The elementary branches of instruction are reading, writing, and arithmetic; and these all should learn. The higher branches may be said to consist of mathematics, drawing, foreign and classical languages, music, &c.; and instruction in these departments is less or more given according to the means of parents, and other circumstances.

On this subject we must confine ourselves to general recommendations. Children possess not only different degrees of aptitude, but a different manifestation of faculties. Some have an inclination to learn one thing, and some another; one boy will show a strong taste for mathematics, another will be equally bent on learning classical languages. On the whole, it is best not to thwart these dispositions; they only need to be regulated according to professional views.

As a general advice, we should say, give your children as good a school education as your means will admit of. Saving in this branch of expenditure is poor economy; for nothing yields so good a return as a liberal education. Select also the most respectable schools and teachers. If governesses need to be hired for your daughters, offer and pay a suitable salary for their valuable services.

In childhood, the faculty of imitating sounds and words seems to be much stronger than it is in after-life. Whether this arise from any peculiar condition of the mind, or only from the want of engrossing cares, is of no consequence to our present purpose. The fact is evident, that children may with ease be accustomed to speak any language, however difficult, and not only one, but many languages.

If parents, therefore, wish their children to speak French as well as English, all they need do is to speak French to them, or get a French nursery governess, with whom they can spend a part of their time. By means such as this, it would be a matter of no difficulty to cause a child, before he was twelve years of age, to speak several languages—as, for example, English, French, German, and Italian—with perfect fluency and exactness. Such is the plan usually pursued in the education of children in various continental countries; and as it gives no trouble to the pupils, it is much preferable to that adopted in England, where the learning of foreign tongues is a serious drudgery at school, and occupies time which should be employed on something more dignified than the mechanical acquisition of words. Among the English nobility, we believe, the plan of employing French nursery governesses is becoming common.

RECREATIONS.

Children require to be amused. They like to play, romp, run about, and seek other recreations; all which is quite natural and proper. Girls love to dress and nurse dolls. Let them follow this fancy; for it is in obedience to a natural propensity, and, besides cultivating the affections, implants habits of order. Boys, on the other hand, love out-door sports, and these, so far as they are safe, they should be allowed to follow.

Boys should also be encouraged to keep rabbits and pigeons; for the practice gives a kind of knowledge far from useless, and also teaches kindness to animals. If there be accommodation for it, boys should likewise be allowed to tend and cultivate a little garden, under proper instructions. This will give not only health, but amusement, along with a practical knowledge of vegetation. Angling is another out-door recreation that may be advantageously permitted, in consequence of the knowledge it communicates. All recreations, indeed, which communicate a love for, and intimacy with, the works of nature, cannot but prove beneficial.

Gaming for money, *horse-racing*, and any other sports of a vicious or brutal character, should find no place among the recreations of youth, or indeed of persons of any age. It is important to rear children with a becoming horror of all dissolute amusements; and no lesson in this respect will prove so effectual as pointing out to them the practical results of such amusements in the misery of their votaries.

Companions.—Children require companions, and if deprived of those of a respectable kind, they may attach themselves to persons of a disreputable order. Judicious parents will endeavour to prevent companionship with mean associates. All young persons should be taught to *look up*, never to look down, for acquaintances and friends; not that inferiors are to be despised, far from it, but that it is of the first consequence to be inspired with a reasonable ambition to rise or get forward in the world. As a general rule, however, success in life may be said to be in the inverse ratio of the number of acquaintances. It is by their own exertions, not the assistance of others, that the young will succeed in their career.

Dancing is a recreation which some parents are disinclined to teach. They fear that it may lead to improper habits. No one, however, should reason against the use of anything because it is liable to abuse. Besides, we have known instances of children learning to dance clandestinely among loose company, when their parents objected to their being taught by a respectable master of the art. We are convinced that there is a natural desire for dancing; and the suppression of this emotion cannot be commended, on whatever grounds. Let it be regulated, not suppressed. The following observations of Dr Channing on the subject will be read with interest:—

"Dancing is an amusement which has been discouraged in our country by many of the best people, and not without reason. Dancing is associated in their minds with balls; and this is one of the worst forms of social pleasure. The time consumed in preparation for a ball, the waste of thought upon it, the extravagance of dress, the late hours, the exhaustion of strength, the exposure of health, and the languor of the succeeding day—these, and other evils connected with this amusement, are strong reasons for banishing it from the community. But dancing ought not, therefore, to be proscribed. On the contrary, balls should be discouraged for this, among other reasons, that dancing, instead of being a rare pleasure, requiring elaborate preparation, may become an every-day amusement, and may mix with our common intercourse. This exercise is among the most healthful. The body, as well as the mind, feels its gladdening influence. No amusement seems more to have a foundation in our nature. The animation of youth naturally overflows in harmonious movements. The true idea of dancing entitles it to favour. Its end is to realise perfect grace in motion; and who does not know that a sense of the graceful is one of the higher faculties of our nature? It is to be desired that dancing should become too common among us to be made the object of special preparation, as in the ball; that members of the same family, when confined by unfavourable weather, should recur to it for exercise and exhilaration; that branches of the same family should enliven in this way their occasional meetings; that it should fill up an hour in all the assemblages for relaxation, in which the young form a part. It is to be desired that this accomplishment should be extended to the labouring classes of society, not only as an innocent pleasure, but as a means of improving the manners. Why shall not gracefulness be spread through the whole community? From the French nation we learn that a degree of grace and refinement of manners may pervade all classes. The philanthropist and Christian must desire to break down the partition walls between human beings in different conditions; and one means of doing this, is to remove the conscious awkwardness which confinement to laborious occupations is apt to induce. An accomplishment, giving free and graceful movement, though a far weaker bond than intellectual or moral culture, still does something to bring those who partake it near each other."

Theatrical amusements, we regret to say, are not among the recreations to which we can extend our friendship. We agree with the writer last quoted when he says—"In its present state, the theatre deserves no encouragement. It is an accumulation of immoral influences. It has nourished intemperance and all vice. In saying this, I do not say that the amusement is radically, essentially evil. I can have a conception of a theatre which would be the noblest of all amusements, and would take a high rank among the means of refining the taste and elevating the character of a people. The deep woes, the mighty and terrible passions, and the sublime emotions of genuine tragedy, are fitted to thrill us with human sympathies, with profound interest in our nature, with a consciousness of what man can do, and dare, and suffer, with an awed feeling of the fearful mysteries of life. The soul of the spectator is stirred from its depths, and the lethargy in which so many live is roused, at least for a time, to some intenseness of thought and sensibility. The drama answers a high purpose when it places us in the presence of the most solemn and striking events of human history, and lays bare to us the human heart in its most powerful, appalling, glorious workings. But how little does the theatre accomplish its end! How often is it disgraced by monstrous distortions of human nature, and still more disgraced by profaneness, coarseness, indelicacy, low wit, such as no woman, worthy of the name, can hear without a blush, and no man can take pleasure in without self-degradation!"

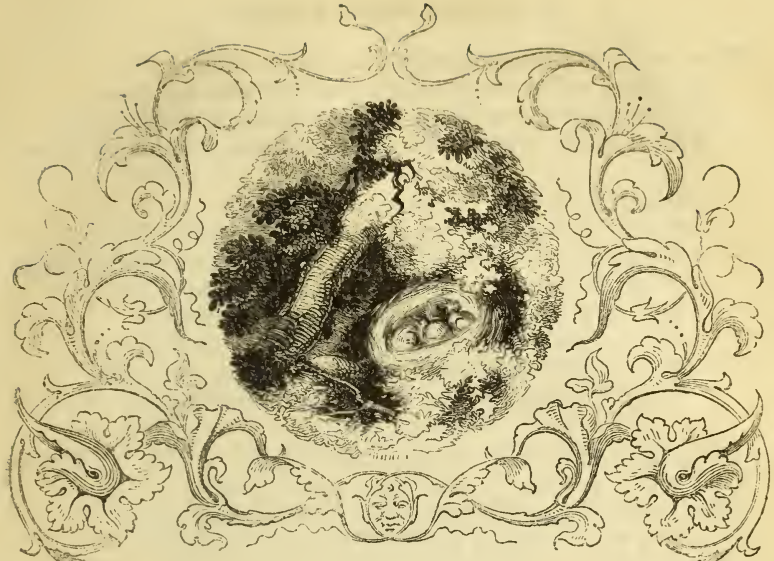
Children are usually fascinated with the theatre: its fripperies and drollery amuse them. When they are old enough to be reasoned with, the true character of the amusement may be explained, and all reasonable means taken to prevent a taste for theatricals. The badly-ventilated state of most theatres ought to cause them to be shunned, independently of their moral pollutions.

Music, cultivated as a home amusement, has latterly, and with good effect, been extinguishing the taste for theatrical entertainments. The love of harmonious sounds is a natural affection, less or more intense in all human creatures, and its cultivation merits the approbation of all who desire social advancement. Let children, therefore, be taught music, vocal and instrumental, as far as your means will permit, or as is otherwise suitable. Our belief is, that by implanting a taste for music in the people, many grosser vices would disappear, and society in general would be greatly brightened up and improved.

Books form an important engine of mental culture and recreation. Young people in general are disposed to reading, and what parents are chiefly called on to do, is to regulate this taste, and lead it into proper channels. Among much that issues from the press, there is not a little trash—books calculated to sow dissensions in society, and to distract, if not pollute, the mind. The greater number of novels, by representing human nature as it never was, and never will be, are of this vitiating tendency. Judicious parents, however, ought to show no churlish harshness on this point. They will find little difficulty in directing the tastes of their children towards an improving and cheering kind of literature, without resorting to positive injunctions.

A love of the fine arts, among which we include dancing, music, drawing, painting, sculpture, and all else which is refined and ennobling, will be found available in no small degree as an engine of juvenile culture. Education consists very much in the suppression of coarse animal emotions, and the exaltation of the higher faculties and feelings. Young people, therefore, should be led into the admiration of the beautiful, the chaste, the elegant, the grand, the sublime. The viewing of fine natural scenery, or of objects of high art, the hearing of fine music, the reading of the best kinds of poetry, the listening to pure and lofty eloquence, are thus all calculated to improve the mind and elevate the feelings. And with tastes of this kind, the youth may be said to be fortified against allurements of a contrary tendency.

W. C.



SELECT POEMS ON BIRDS.

BIRDS.

BIRDS—birds! ye are beautiful things,
With your earth-treading feet and your cloud-cleaving wings;
Where shall man wander, and where shall he dwell,
Beautiful birds, that ye come not as well?
Ye have nests on the mountain all rugged and stark,
Ye have nests in the forest all tangled and dark:
Ye build and ye brood ’neath the cottagers’ eaves,
And ye sleep on the sod ’mid the bonnie green leaves;
Ye hide in the heather, ye lurk in the brake,
Ye dive in the sweet flags that shadow the lake:
Ye skim where the stream parts the orchard-decked land,
Ye dance where the foam sweeps the desolate strand.
Beautiful birds! ye come thickly around,
When the bud’s on the branch, and the snow’s on the ground;
Ye come when the richest of roses flush out,
And ye come when the yellow leaf eddies about.

Beautiful birds! how the schoolboy remembers
The warblers that chorused his holiday tune;
The robin that chirped in the frosty Decembers,
The blackbird that whistled through flower-crownéd June.

That schoolboy remembers his holiday ramble,
When he pulled every blossom of palm he could see,
When his finger was raised as he stopped in the bramble
With "Hark! there's the cuckoo; how close he must be!"

Beautiful birds! we've encircled thy names
With the fairest of fruits and the fiercest of flames.
We paint War with his eagle, and Peace with her dove;
With the red bolt of Death, and the olive of Love:
The fountain of friendship is never complete,
Till ye coo o'er its waters so sparkling and sweet;
And where is the hand that would dare to divide
Even Wisdom's grave self from the owl by her side?

Beautiful creatures of freedom and light!
Oh! where is the eye that groweth not bright
As it watches you trimming your soft glossy coats,
Swelling your bosoms, and ruffling your throats?
Oh! I would not ask, as the old ditties sing,
To be "happy as sand-boy" or "happy as king;"
For the joy is more blissful that bids me declare,
"I'm as happy as all the wild birds in the air."
I will tell them to find me a grave when I die,
Where no marble will shut out the glorious sky;
Let them give me a tomb where the daisy will bloom,
Where the moon will shine down, and the leveret pass by;
But be sure there's a tree stretching out high and wide,
Where the linnet, the thrush, and the woodlark may hide;
For the truest and purest of requiems heard
Is the eloquent hymn of the beautiful bird.

—ELIZA COOK.

WERE I A LITTLE BIRD.

A ROVER, e'en at beauty's shrine
I'd pay a traveller's call, no more:
I would the little wings were mine
On which thou, pretty bird, dost soar!
Thou see'st full many a country bright;
Thy sports all nature's works invite;
The sky is pure, the air is free.
I'd fly quick, quick! ay, quick as light,
Were I a little bird like thee!

I'd learn of tuneful Philomel,
With gentle sounds to charm the glade;
Then hover near the pastourelle,
And join in song the rustic maid.

I'd cheer one hermit's dwelling low—
No relics selleth he, I know,
But the poor bless his charity.
I'd fly quick, quick! ay, there I'd go,
Were I a little bird like thee!

I'd hie me to the turrets dread,
Where sadly pine the captives lone;
With hidden wing, and drooping head,
I'd chant a song of plaintive tone.
One at my sight would faintly smile;
Another muse—dreaming the while
Of fields he loved in youth to see.
I'd fly quick, quick! were't many a mile,
And I a little bird like thee!

To a king's court I'd next away—
Some pleasure-wearied, joyless elf—
Filling his halls with carols gay,
On olive-tree I'd perch myself.
Then to the hiding-place, where lie
Some poor proscribed family,
I'd bear a slip of that same tree!
I'd fly quick, quick! blow low, blow high,
Were I a little bird like thee!

But day and night, with might and main,
I'd flee from beauty's dangerous eyes,
Lest powerful Love should once again
My heart in captive bonds surprise!
If on fair bosom—likely case—
That hunter wise his net should place,
Too well I know how it would be;
I'd fly there, quick, with headlong pace,
Were I a little bird like thee!

—W. ANDERSON. *From* BERANGER.

THE SEA DIVER.

MY way is on the bright blue sea,
  My sleep upon its rocking tide;
And many an eye has followed me,
  Where billows clasp the worn sea-side.

My plumage bears the crimson blush,
  When ocean by the sun is kissed!
When fades the evening's purple flush,
  My dark wing cleaves the silver mist.

Full many a fathom down beneath
The bright arch of the splendid deep,
My ear has heard the sea-shell breathe
O'er living myriads in their sleep.

They rested by the coral throne,
And by the pearly diadem,
Where the pale sea-grape had o'ergrown
The glorious dwellings made for them.

At night upon my storm-drenched wing,
I poised above a helmless bark,
And soon I saw the shattered thing
Had passed away, and left no mark.

And when the wind and storm had done,
A ship, that had rode out the gale,
Sunk down—without a signal gun,
And none was left to tell the tale.

I saw the pomp of day depart—
The cloud resign its golden crown,
When to the ocean's beating heart,
The sailor's wasted corse went down.

Peace be to those whose graves are made
Beneath the bright and silver sea!
Peace that their relics there were laid
With no vain pride and pageantry.

—H. W. LONGFELLOW.

THE EARLY BLUE-BIRD.

BLUE-BIRD, on yon leafless tree,
Dost thou carol thus to me,
"Spring is coming!—spring is here?"
Say'st thou so, my birdling dear?
What is that in misty shroud
Stealing from the darkened cloud?
Lo! the snow-flakes' gathering mound
Settles o'er the whitened ground,
Yet thou singest blithe and clear,
"Spring is coming!—spring is here!"

Strik'st thou not too bold a strain?
Winds are piping o'er the plain,
Clouds are sweeping o'er the sky,
With a black and threatening eye;

Urchins, by the frozen rill,
Wrap their mantles closer still;
Yon poor man, with doublet old,
Doth he shiver at the cold?
Hath he not a nose of blue?
Tell me, birdling—tell me true.

Spring's a maid of mirth and glee,
Rosy wreaths and revelry:
Hast thou woo'd some wingéd love
To a nest in verdant grove?
Sung to her in greenwood bower,
Sunny skies that never lower—
Lured her with thy promise fair
Of a lot that knows no care?
Prithee, bird, in coat of blue,
Though a lover—tell her true.

Ask her if, when storms are long,
She can sing a cheerful song—
When the rude winds rock the tree,
If she'll closer cling to thee?
Then the blasts that sweep the sky,
Unappalled shall pass thee by;
Though thy curtained chamber show
Siftings of untimely snow,
Warm and glad thy heart shall be,
Love shall make it spring for thee.

—L. H. Sigourney.

THE ROBIN.

A thousand birds, in joyous tone,
  Proclaimed the birth of spring;
But, robin, thou art left alone
  The autumn's dirge to sing.

We hear the merry linnet's voice
  When waving woods look green,
And thrush and nightingale rejoice
  When hawthorn buds are seen.

But when they wither on the ground,
  Then, robin, thou art heard
To mourn their fall, in plaintive sound,
  For thou art Pity's bird.

Where fading leaves their shadows fling,
  I love to see thee nigh;
A listener, when I touch the string,
  And warbling in reply.

—Miss Strickland.

THE WREN.

Why is the cuckoo's melody preferred,
And nightingale's rich song so fondly praised
In poets' rhymes? Is there no other bird
Of nature's minstrelsy, that oft hath raised
One's heart to ecstacy and mirth so well?
I judge not how another's taste is caught;
With mine are other birds that bear the bell,
Whose song hath crowds of happy memories brought;
Such the wood-robin, singing in the dell,
And little wren, that many a time hath sought
Shelter from showers in huts where I may dwell,
In early spring, the tenant of the plain,
Tending my sheep: and still they come to tell
The happy stories of the past again.

—J. Clare.

TO THE THRUSH.

Oh herald of the spring! while yet
No harebell scents the woodland lane,
Nor starwort fair, nor violet,
Braves the bleak gust and driving rain,
'Tis thine, as through the copses rude
Some pensive wanderer sighs along,
To tell of hope and fortitude,
And soothe him with thy lonely song.

For thee, then, may the hawthorn bush,
The elder, and the spindle-tree,
With all their various berries, blush,
And the blue sloe abound for thee!
For thee the coral holly glow,
Its armed and glossy leaves among;
And the pellucid mistletoe
O'er many a branchéd oak be hung!

Still may thy nest, with soft moss lined,
Be hidden from the invading jay;
Nor truant boy its covert find,
To bear thy callow young away.
So thou, precursor still of good,
Shalt to the pensive wanderer sing
Thy song of hope and fortitude,
Oh herald of approaching spring!

—Charlotte Smith.

SWALLOWS.

Gay birds of summer! you we hail,
While coming from beyond the sea,
When flowers adorn the dewy vale,
And blossoms hang upon the tree.

Ye come from Egypt's sunny land,
And Hybla's sweet and honied plains,
To visit Britain's sea-washed strand,
When round us genial summer reigns.

Ye love the spots where ye were reared,
When first ye stretched abroad your wings;
These places seem to you endeared,
Amid your many journeyings.

And there your little nests ye build,
And nurse with care your tender brood;
And skimming o'er the lake and field,
Procure them nourishment and food.

Oft have I marked your rapid flight,
Ye happy birds! on sunny days,
When earth was beautiful and bright,
And warblers poured their sweetest lays.

And I have wished that I could fly
With you, afar, when winter lowers,
To bask beneath a cloudless sky,
Or roam among the myrtle bowers.

And I have wished to find a nest,
Where, undisturbed by care or strife,
In calm seclusion I might rest,
And pass the sunny hours of life—

Where I might dwell, till o'er my head
Age stretched its deepening clouds of gloom,
And then my wings I'd heavenward spread,
To seek a land of bliss and bloom.

Gay birds! ye visit us when bright
The summer sun in glory shines;
But from our fields ye take your flight,
When autumn, day by day, declines.

And so, like you, we often find
That those, in fortune's golden day,
Who seemed companions, loving, kind,
When storms arise, will haste away.

—Anon.

TO THE CUCKOO.

Hail, beauteous stranger of the grove!
Thou messenger of spring!
Now heaven repairs thy rural seat,
And woods thy welcome sing.

Soon as the daisy decks the green,
Thy certain voice we hear.
Hast thou a star to guide thy path,
Or mark the rolling year?

Delightful visitant! with thee
I hail the time of flowers,
And hear the sound of music sweet
From birds among the bowers.

The schoolboy, wandering through the wood
To pull the primrose gay,
Starts thy most curious voice to hear,
And imitates thy lay.

What time the pea puts on the bloom,
Thou fliest thy vocal vale,
An annual guest, in other lands,
Another spring to hail.

Sweet bird! thy bower is ever green,
Thy sky is ever clear;
Thou hast no sorrow in thy song,
No winter in thy year!

Oh could I fly, I'd fly with thee!
We'd make, with joyful wing,
Our annual visit o'er the globe,
Attendants on the spring.

—Michael Bruce.

THE NIGHTINGALE.

Soul of living music! teach me,
Teach me, floating thus along;
Love-sick warbler! come, and reach me,
With the secrets of thy song.

How thy beak, so sweetly trembling,
  On one note long-lingering tries—
On a thousand tones assembling,
  Pours the rush of harmonies!
Or, when rising shrill and shriller,
  Other music dies away,
Other songs grow still and stiller—
  Songster of the night and day!
Till—all sunk in silence round thee—
  Not a whisper, not a word,
Not a leaf-fall to confound thee—
  Breathless all—thou only heard.
Tell me, thou who failest never,
  Minstrel of the songs of spring!
Did the world see ages ever,
  When thy voice forgot to sing?
Is there in your woodland history
  Any Homer whom ye read?
Has your music aught of mystery?
  Has it measure, cliff, and creed?
Have ye teachers, who instruct ye,
  Checking each ambitious strain?
Learned parrots to conduct ye,
  When ye wander, back again?
Smiling at my dreams, I see thee—
  Nature, in her chainless will,
Did not fetter thee, but free thee—
  Pour thy hymns of rapture still!
Plumed in pomp and pride prodigious,
  Lo! the gaudy peacock nears;
But his grating voice, so hideous,
  Shocks the soul, and grates the ears.
Finches may be trained to follow
  Notes which dexterous arts combine;
But those notes sound vain and hollow,
  When compared, sweet bird, with thine.
Classic themes no longer courting,
  Ancient tongues I'll cast away,
And with nightingales disporting,
  Sing the wild and woodland lay.

—*From the Dutch of* LOOTS.

TO THE SAME.

WHEN twilight's gray and pensive hour,
Brings the low breeze and shuts the flower,
And bids the solitary star
Shine in pale beauty from afar:

When gathering shades the landscapes veil,
And peasants seek their village dale,
And mists from river-wave arise,
And dew in every blossom lies:

When evening's primrose opes to shed
Soft fragrance round her grassy bed;
When glow-worms in the wood-walk light
Their lamp to cheer the traveller's sight:

At that calm hour, so still, so pale,
Awakes the lonely nightingale,
And from a hermitage of shade,
Fills with her voice the forest glade.

And sweeter far than melting voice,
Than all which through the day rejoice;
And still shall bard and wanderer love
The twilight music of the grove.

—Mrs Hemans.

"WHAT IS THAT, MOTHER?"

"What is that, mother?"
"The lark, my child—
The morn has just looked out and smiled,
When he starts from his humble grassy nest,
And is up and away with the day on his breast,
And a hymn in his heart to yon pure, bright sphere,
To warble it out in his Maker's ear.
Ever, my child, be thy morn's first lays
Tuned, like the lark's, to thy Maker's praise."

"What is that, mother?"
"The dove, my son—
And that low, sweet voice, like a widow's moan,
Is flowing out from her gentle breast,
Constant and pure, by that lonely nest,
As the wave is poured from some crystal urn,
For her distant dear one's quick return.
Ever, my son, be thou like the dove,
In friendship as faithful, as constant in love."

"What is that, mother?"
"The eagle, boy—
Proudly careering his course of joy.
Firm on his mountain vigour relying,
Breasting the dark storm, the red bolt defying;

His wing on the wind, his eye on the sun,
He swerves not a hair, but bears onward, right on.
Boy! may the eagle's flight ever be thine,
Onward and upward, true to the line!"

"What is that, mother?"
"The swan, my love—
He is floating down from his native grove,
No loved one now, no nestling nigh;
He is floating down by himself to die;
Death darkens his eyes, and unplumes his wings,
Yet the sweetest song is the last he sings.
Live so, my love, that when death shall come,
Swan-like, and sweet, it may waft thee home."

-G. W. Doane, *an American poet.*

BIRDS OF PASSAGE.

The winter comes!—hark how he roars
Against our roofs, across our plains;
The instinctive birds to other shores
Are bearing hence their loves and strains:
But ne'er from us shall summer's smile
Seduce their faith—decoy their wing:
The birds the winter's storms exile,
Shall all come back again with spring.

The doom of exile is their lot,
And we lament it more than they:
From palace and from peasant's cot
The echo trolled their joyous lay;
Then sped they where the bright skies smile,
And to the gladdened natives sings:
The birds the winter's storms exile,
Shall all come back again with spring.

Bound to the soil, with envious eyes
We view the tourists flying forth;
The murky clouds already rise,
And mutter fiercely in the north:
Oh happy he, who can awhile
Escape from hence on ready wing!
The birds the winter's storms exile,
Shall all come back again with spring.

They'll think upon our plains; and when
The storm has shed its rage, and passed,
They'll visit the old oak again,
That has so often braved the blast—

To prophesy of summer's smile,
Of days more lovely then to sing:
The birds the winter's storms exile,
Shall all come back again with spring.

—ANON.

THE REDBREAST.

How simply unassuming is that strain!
It is the redbreast's song, the friend of man.
High is his perch, but humble is his home,
And well concealed. Sometimes within the sound
Of heartsome mill-clack, where the spacious door,
White-dusted, tells him plenty reigns around—
Close at the root of brier-bush, that o'erhangs
The narrow stream, with sheilings bedded white,
He fixes his abode, and lives at will;
Oft near some single cottage he prefers
To rear his little home; there, pert and spruce,
He shares the refuse of the good wife's churn,
Which kindly on the wall for him she leaves:
Below her lintel oft he lights, then in
He boldly flits, and fluttering loads his bill,
And to his young the yellow treasure bears.

—GRAHAME.

THE STORMY PETREL.

A THOUSAND miles from land are we,
Tossing about on the roaring sea;
From billow to bounding billow cast,
Like fleecy snow on the stormy blast:
The sails are scattered abroad like weeds,
The strong masts shake like quivering reeds,
The mighty cables, and iron chains,
The hull, which all earthly strength disdains,
They strain and they crack, and hearts like stone
Their natural hard proud strength disown.

Up and down!—up and down!
From the base of the wave to the billow's crown,
And amidst the flashing and feathery foam,
The stormy petrel finds a home—
A home, if such a place may be,
For her who lives on the wide, wide sea,

On the craggy ice, in the frozen air,
And only seeketh her rocky lair
To warm her young, and to teach them to spring
At once o'er the waves on their stormy wing!

O'er the deep!—o'er the deep!
Where the whale, and the shark, and swordfish sleep.
Outflying the blast and the driving rain,
The petrel telleth her tale—in vain;
For the mariner curseth the warning bird
Which bringeth him news of the storm unheard!
Ah! thus does the prophet of good or ill,
Meet hate from the creatures he serveth still:
Yet *he* ne'er falters: so, petrel, spring
Once more o'er the waves on thy stormy wing!

—B. W. PROCTER.

THE SPARROW AND THE CAGED BIRD.

I DOTE on every little bird
That twitters in the sun—
I love them all, from having heard
The simple tale of one!

In cage that 'neath the eaves was hung
When morn put forth her smiles,
A little yellow warbler sung
A song of distant isles!

One morn, when loud his melody,
There came on idle wing
A sparrow, and from sympathy
Thus seemed to say or sing:—

"Fair captive! why this joyous lay,
When sad should be thy heart?
Art thinking of a happier day,
Forgetful what thou art?

Perchance, while high thy music floats,
Where ne'er thy wings may flee,
Thy spirit rises with thy notes—
For they at least are free!

Thy song goes forth among the trees,
And up to heaven's high dome,
And haply bears thee o'er the seas
To thy own island home!

Poor bird! couldst thou come forth with me,
I'd lead thee to the grove,
Where all that's known of slavery
Is servitude to love!

How sweet to join our airy chase,
Or cower within thy nest,
Yet only bound to that one place
Because thou loved'st it best!

Alas, alas! the wish is vain,
Thy prison-bars are strong;
But I will come to thee again—
Adieu, sweet bird of song!"

Away it flew, but day by day
Returned with gathered food;
And through long months, the watchers say,
Went on this work of good.

I felt my holiest thoughts ascend,
Such Heaven-taught love to trace,
And deemed, perchance, this captive's friend,
The Howard of its race!

—J. HEDDERWICK.

THE SWALLOW'S RETURN.

WELCOME, welcome, feathered stranger!
Now the sun bids nature smile;
Safe arrived, and free from danger,
Welcome to our blooming isle!
Still twitter on my lowly roof,
And hail me at the dawn of day,
Each morn the recollected proof
Of time that ever fleets away!

Fond of sunshine, fond of shade,
Fond of skies serene and clear;
E'en transient storms thy joys invade,
In fairest seasons of the year;
What makes thee seek a milder clime?
What bids thee shun the wintry gale?
How knowest thou thy departing time?
Hail! wondrous bird!—hail, swallow, hail!

Sure something more to thee is given
Than myriads of the feathered race;
Some gift divine, some spark from Heaven,
That guides thy flight from place to place.

Still freely come, still freely go,
  And blessings crown thy vigorous wing;
May thy rude flight meet no rude foe,
  Delightful messenger of spring!

—W. FRANKLIN.

THE FEATHERED SONGSTERS.

AGAIN the balmy zephyr blows,
  Fresh verdure decks the grove,
Each bird with vernal rapture glows,
  And tunes his notes to love.

Ye gentle warblers, hither fly,
  And shun the noontide heat;
My shrubs a cooling shade supply,
  My groves a safe retreat.

Here freely hop from spray to spray,
  Or weave the mossy nest;
Here rove and sing the livelong day,
  At night here sweetly rest.

Amidst this cool translucent rill,
  That trickles down the glade;
Here bathe your plumes, here drink your fill,
  And revel in the shade.

No schoolboy rude, to mischief prone,
  E'er shows his ruddy face,
Or twangs his bow, or hurls a stone,
  In this sequestered place.

Hither the vocal thrush repairs;
  Secure the linnet sings;
The goldfinch dreads no slimy snares
  To clog her painted wings.

Sad nightingale! ah, quit thy haunt,
  Yon gentle woods among,
And round my friendly grotto chant
  Thy sweetly plaintive song!

Let not the harmless redbreast fear,
  Domestic bird, to come,
And seek a sure asylum here,
  With one who loves his home.

My trees for you, ye artless tribe,
Shall store of fruit preserve;
Oh let me thus your friendship bribe!
Come, feed without reserve.

For you these cherries I protect,
To you these plums belong;
Sweet is the fruit that you have pickt,
But sweeter far your song.

Then let this league betwixt us made
Our mutual interests guard;
Mine be the gift of fruit and shade,
Your songs be my reward.

—Richard Graves.

THE SONGSTERS.

When Phœbus lifts his head out of the winter's wave,
No sooner doth the earth her flowery bosom brave,
At such time as the year brings on the pleasant spring,
But hunts-up to the morn the feathered sylvans sing:
And in the lower grove, as on the rising knoll,
Upon the highest spray of every mounting pole,
These quiristers are perched, with many a speckled breast,
Then from her burnished gate the goodly glittering east
Gilds every lofty top, which late the humorous night
Bespangled had with pearl, to please the morning's sight;
On which the mirthful quires, with their clear open throats,
Unto the joyful morn so strain their warbling notes,
That hills and valleys ring, and even the echoing air
Seems all composed of sounds, about them everywhere.
The throstle with shrill sharps, as purposely he sung
T' awake the listless sun; or chiding that so long
He was in coming forth, that should the thickets thrill;
The woosel near at hand, that hath a golden bill,
As nature him had marked of purpose, t' let us see
That from all other birds his tunes should different be:
For with their vocal sounds they sing to pleasant May;
Upon his dulcet pipe the merle doth only play.
When in the lower brake, the nightingale hard by,
In such lamenting strains the joyful hours doth ply,
As though the other birds she to her tunes would draw.
And but that nature (by her all-constraining law)
Each bird to her own kind this season doth invite,
They else, alone to hear the charmer of the night
(The more to use their ears), their voices sure would spare,
That moduleth her tunes so admirably rare,

As man to set in parts at first had learned of her.
To Philomel the next, the linnet we prefer;
And by that warbling bird, the woodlark place we then,
The red-sparrow, the nope, the redbreast, and the wren.
The yellow-pate, which, though she hurt the blooming tree,
Yet scarce hath any bird a finer pipe than she.
And of these chanting fowls, the goldfinch not behind,
That hath so many sorts descending from her kind.
The tydy for her notes as delicate as they,
The laughing hecco, then the counterfeiting jay.
The softer with the shrill (some hid among the leaves,
Some in the taller trees, some in the lower greaves)
Thus sing away the morn, until the mounting sun,
Through thick exhaled fogs his golden head hath run,
And through the twisted tops of our close covert creeps
To kiss the gentle shade, this while that sweetly sleeps.

—DRAYTON (1563—1631).

THE AMERICAN EAGLE.

BIRD of the heavens! whose matchless eye
  Alone can front the blaze of day,
And, wandering through the radiant sky,
  Ne'er from the sunlight turns away;
Whose ample wing was made to rise
  Majestic o'er the loftiest peak,
On whose chill tops the winter skies,
  Around thy nest, in tempests speak.
What ranger of the winds can dare,
Proud mountain king! with thee compare?
Or lift his gaudier plumes on high
Before thy native majesty,
When thou hast taken thy seat alone,
Upon thy cloud-encircled throne?

Bird of the cliffs! thy noble form
  Might well be thought almost divine;
Born for the thunder and the storm,
  The mountain and the rock are thine;
And there, where never foot has been,
  Thy eyry is sublimely hung,
Where lowering skies their wrath begin,
  And loudest lullabies are sung
By the fierce spirit of the blast,
When, his snow mantle o'er him cast,
He sweeps across the mountain-top,
With a dark fury nought can stop,
And wings his wild unearthly way
Far through the clouded realms of day.

Bird of the sun! to thee—to thee
  The earliest tints of dawn are known,
And 'tis thy proud delight to see
  The monarch mount his gorgeous throne;
Throwing the crimson drapery by,
  That half impedes his glorious way;
And mounting up the radiant sky,
  Even what he is—the king of day!
Before the regent of the skies
Men shrink, and veil their dazzled eyes;
But thou, in regal majesty,
Hast kingly rank as well as he;
And with a steady, dauntless gaze,
Thou meet'st the splendour of his blaze.

Bird of Colombia! well art thou
  An emblem of our native land;
With unblenched front and noble brow,
  Among the nations doomed to stand;
Proud, like her mighty mountain woods;
  Like her own rivers, wandering free;
And sending forth, from hills and floods,
  The joyous shout of liberty!
Like thee, majestic bird! like thee
She stands in unbought majesty,
With spreading wing, untired and strong,
That dares a soaring far and long,
That mounts aloft, nor looks below,
And will not quail though tempests blow.

—C. W. Thompson.

THE LINNET.

The songs of nature, holiest, best are they!
  The sad winds sighing through the leafy trees—
  The lone lake's murmurs to the mountain breeze—
The streams' soft whispers, as they fondly stray
  Through dingles wild and over flowery leas,
  Are sweetly holy; but the purest hymn—
A melody like some old prophet-lay—
  Is thine, poured forth from hedge, and thicket dim—
                                        Linnet—wild linnet!

The poor, the scorned and lowly, forth may go
  Into the woods and dells, where leaves are green;
  And 'mong the breathing forest flowers may lean,
And hear thy music wandering to and fro,
  Like sunshine glancing o'er the summer scene.

Thou poor man's songster!—neither wealth nor powe
Can match the sweetness thou around dost throw!
Oh, bless thee for the joy of many an hour—
Linnet—wild linnet!

In sombre forest, gray and melancholy,
Yet sweet withal, and full of love and peace,
And 'mid the furze wrapped in a golden fleece
Of blossoms, and in hedgerows green and lowly;
On thymy banks, where wild bees never cease
Their murmur-song, thou hast thy home of love!
Like some lone hermit, far from sin and folly,
'Tis thine through forest fragrances to rove—
Linnet—wild linnet!

Some humble heart is sore and sick with grief,
And straight thou comest with thy gentle song
To wile the sufferer from his hate or wrong,
By bringing nature's love to his relief.
Thou churmest by the sick child's window long,
Till racking pain itself be wooed to sleep;
And when away have vanished flower and leaf,
Thy lonely wailing voice for them doth weep—
Linnet—wild linnet!

God saw how much of wo, and grief, and care,
Man's faults and follies on the earth would make;
And thee, sweet singer, for his creatures' sake,
He sent to warble wildly everywhere,
And by thy voice our souls to love to wake.
Oh blessed wandering spirit! unto thee
Pure hearts are knit, as unto things too fair,
And good, and beautiful of earth to be—
Linnet—wild linnet!

—R. Nicoll.

TO THE FRINGILLA MELODIA.

Joy fills the vale,
With joy ecstatic quivers every wing,
As floats thy note upon the genial gale,
Sweet bird of spring!

The violet
Awakens at thy song, and peers from out
Its fragrant nook, as if the season yet
Remained in doubt—

While from the rock
The columbine its crimson bell suspends,
That careless vibrates, as its slender stalk
The zephyr bends.

Say! when the blast
Of winter swept our whitened plains—what clime,
What sunnier realm thou charmedst, and how was past
Thy joyous time?

Did the green isles
Detain thee long? or, 'mid the palmy groves
Of the bright south, where liberty now smiles,
Didst sing thy loves?

Oh, well I know
Why thou art here thus soon, and why the bowers
So near the sun have lesser charms than now
Our land of flowers:

Thou art returned
On a glad errand—to rebuild thy nest,
And fan anew the gentle fire that burned
Within thy breast!

And thy wild strain,
Poured on the gale, is love's transporting voice—
That, calling on the plumy choir again,
Bids them rejoice:

Nor calls alone
To enjoy, but bids improve the fleeting hour—
Bids all that ever heard love's witching tone,
Or felt his power.

The poet too
It soft invokes to touch the trembling wire;
Yet ah, how few its sounds shall list, how few
His song admire!

But thy sweet lay,
Thou darling of the spring! no ear disdains;
Thy sage instructress, Nature, says, "Be gay!"
And prompts thy strains.

Oh, if I knew
Like thee to sing—like thee the heart to fire—
Youth should enchanted throng, and beauty sue
To hear my lyre.

Oft as the year
In gloom is wrapped, thy exile I shall mourn—
Oft as the spring returns, shall hail sincere
Thy glad return.

—H. Pickering.

THE WINGED WORSHIPPERS.

Two swallows having flown into church during divine service, were apostrophised in the following stanzas.

Gay, guiltless pair,
What seek ye from the fields of heaven?
Ye have no need of prayer,
Ye have no sins to be forgiven.

Why perch ye here,
Where mortals to their Maker bend?
Can your pure spirits fear
The God ye never could offend?

Ye never knew
The crimes for which we come to weep:
Penance is not for you,
Blessed wanderers of the *upper deep.*

To you 'tis given
To wake sweet nature's untaught lays;
Beneath the arch of heaven
To chirp away a life of praise.

Then spread each wing,
Far, far above, o'er lakes and lands,
And join the choirs that sing
In yon blue dome not reared with hands.

Or if ye stay
To note the consecrated hour,
Teach me the airy way,
And let me try your envied power.

Above the crowd,
On upward wings could I but fly,
I'd bathe in yon bright cloud,
And seek the stars that gem the sky.

'Twere heaven indeed,
Through fields of trackless light to soar,
On nature's charms to feed,
And nature's own great God adore.

—C. Sprague.

THE EAGLE.

There's a fierce gray bird with a sharpened beak,
With an angry eye and a startling shriek,
That nurses her brood where the cliff-flowers blow,
On the precipice-top, in perpetual snow—
Where the fountains are mute, or in secrecy flow;
That sits where the air is shrill and bleak,
On the splintered point of a shivered peak,
Where the weeds lie close, and the grass sings sharp,
To a comfortless tune, like a wintry harp.
Bald-headed and stripped, like a vulture torn
In wind and strife, with her feathers worn,
And ruffled, and stained; while scattering bright,
Round her serpent-neck, that is writhing, bare,
Is a crimson collar of gleaming hair!
Like the crest of a warrior thinned in the fight,
And shorn, and bristling, see her! where
She sits in the glow of the sun-bright air,
  With wing half-poised, and talons bleeding,
    And kindling eye, as if her prey
    Had suddenly been snatched away
  While she was tearing it, and feeding!

A bird that is first to worship the sun
When he gallops in flame, till the cloud-tides run
In billows of fire, as his course is done:
Above where the fountain is gushing in light;
Above where the torrent is forth in its might,
Like an imprisoned blaze that is bursting from night!
Above where the silvery flashing is seen—
The striping of waters, that skip o'er the green,
And soft, spongy moss, where the fairies have been,
Bending lovely and bright in the young morning's eye,
Like ribbons of flame, or the bow of the sky:
Above that dark torrent, above the bright stream—
The gay ruddy fount with the changeable gleam,
Where the lustre of heaven eternally plays—
The voice may be heard of the thunderer's bird,
Calling out to her god in a clear wild scream,
As she mounts to his throne, and unfolds in his beam;
  While her young are laid out in his rich red blaze,
  And their winglets are fledged in his hottest rays.

Proud bird of the cliff where the barren yew springs,
Where the sunshine stays, and the wind-harp sings,
Where the heralds of battle sit pluming their wings!

A scream!—she's awake!—over hill-top and flood
A crimson light runs, like the gushing of blood:
Over valley and rock, over mountain and wood,
That bird is abroad in the van of her brood!
—J. NEAL.

TO THE LARK.

MOUNT, child of morning! mount and sing,
And gaily beat thy fluttering wing,
And sound thy shrill alarms:
Bathed in the fountains of the dew,
Thy sense is keen, thy joys are new;
The wide world opens to thy view,
And spreads its earliest charms.

Far showered around, the hill, the plain,
Catch the glad impulse of thy strain,
And fling their veil aside;
While warm with hope and rapturous joy,
Thy thrilling lay rings cheerily,
Love swells its notes, and liberty,
And youth's exulting pride.

Thy little bosom knows no ill,
No gloomy thought, no wayward will:
'Tis sunshine all, and ease.
Like thy own plumes along the sky,
Thy tranquil days glide smoothly by;
No track behind them, as they fly,
Proclaims departed peace.

'Twas thus my earliest hopes aspired,
'Twas thus, with youthful ardour fired,
I vainly thought to soar:
To snatch from fate the dazzling prize,
Beyond the beam of vulgar eyes.
Alas! the unbidden sigh will rise.
Those days shall dawn no more!

How glorious rose life's morning star!
In bright procession round her car,
How danced the heavenly train!
Truth beckoned from her radiant throne,
And Fame held high her starry crown,
While Hope and Love looked smiling down,
Nor bade my toils be vain.

Too soon the fond illusion past;
Too gay, too bright, too pure to last,
It melted from my gaze.
And narrowing with each coming year,
Life's onward path grew dark and drear,
While pride forbade, the starting tear
Would fall o'er happier days.

Still o'er my soul, though changed and dead,
One lingering, doubtful beam is shed;
One ray not yet withdrawn;
And still that twilight soft and dear,
That tells of friends and former cheer,
Half makes me fain to linger here—
Half hope a second dawn.

Sing on—sing on! What heart so cold,
When such a tale of joy is told,
But needs must sympathise?
As from some cherub of the sky
I hail thy morning melody.
Oh! could I mount with thee on high,
And share thy ecstacies!

—Mrs Barbauld.

ON SCARING SOME WATER-FOWL ON LOCH-TURIT.

Why, ye tenants of the lake,
For me your watery haunt forsake?
Tell me, fellow-creatures, why
At my presence thus you fly?
Why disturb your social joys,
Parent, filial, kindred ties?
Common friend to you and me,
Nature's gifts to all are free:
Peaceful keep your dimpling wave,
Busy feed, or wanton lave;
Or, beneath the sheltering rock,
Bide the surging billow's shock.

Conscious, blushing for our race,
Soon, too soon, your fears I trace—
Man, your proud usurping foe,
Would be lord of all below;
Plumes himself in Freedom's pride,
Tyrant stern to all beside.

The eagle, from the cliffy brow,
Marking you his prey below;
In his breast no pity dwells;
Strong necessity compels.
But man, to whom alone is given
A ray direct from pitying Heaven,
Glories in his heart humane—
And creatures for his pleasure slain.

In these savage, liquid plains,
Only known to wandering swains,
Where the mossy rivulet strays;
Far from human haunts and ways;
All on nature you depend,
And life's poor season peaceful spend.

Or, if man's superior might
Dare invade your native right,
On the lofty ether borne,
Man with all his powers you scorn;
Swiftly seek, on clanging wings,
Other lakes and other springs;
And the foe you cannot brave,
Scorn at least to be his slave.

—Burns.

THE NOTES OF THE BIRDS.

Well do I love those various harmonies
That ring so gaily in spring's budding woods,
And in the thickets, and green quiet haunts,
And lonely copses of the summer-time,
And in red autumn's ancient solitudes.

If thou art pained with the world's noisy stir,
Or crazed with its mad tumults, and weighed down
With any of the ills of human life;
If thou art sick and weak, or mournest at the loss
Of brethren gone to that far distant land
To which we all do pass—gentle and poor,
The gayest and the gravest, all alike—
Then turn into the peaceful woods, and hear
The thrilling music of the forest birds.

How rich the varied choir! The unquiet finch
Calls from the distant hollows, and the wren
Uttereth her sweet and mellow plaint at times,
And the thrush mourneth where the kalmia hangs

Its crimson-spotted cups, or chirps half hid
Amid the lowly dogwood's snowy flowers;
And the blue jay flits by, from tree to tree,
And spreading its rich pinions, fills the ear
With its shrill-sounding and unsteady cry.

With the sweet airs of spring the robin comes;
And in her simple song there seems to gush
A strain of sorrow when she visiteth
Her last year's withered nest. But when the gloom
Of the deep twilight falls, she takes her perch
Upon the red-stemmed hazel's slender twig,
That overhangs the brook, and suits her song
To the slow rivulet's inconstant chime.

In the last days of autumn, when the corn
Lies sweet and yellow in the harvest-field,
And the gay company of reapers bind
The bearded wheat in sheaves—then peals abroad
The blackbird's merry chant. I love to hear,
Bold plunderer, thy mellow burst of song
Float from thy watch-place on the mossy tree,
Close at the corn-field edge.

Far up some brook's still course, whose current mines
The forest's blackened roots, and whose green marge
Is seldom visited by human foot,
The lonely heron sits, and harshly breaks
The Sabbath silence of the wilderness:
And you may find her by some reedy pool,
Or brooding gloomily on the time-stained rock,
Beside some misty and far-reaching lake.

Most awful is thy deep and heavy boom,
Gray watcher of the waters! Thou art king
Of the blue lake; and all the winged kind
Do fear the echo of thine angry cry.
How bright thy savage eye! Thou lookest down,
And seest the shining fishes as they glide;
And poising thy gray wing, thy glossy beak
Swift as an arrow strikes its roving prey.
Ofttimes I see thee, through the curling mist,
Dart like a spectre of the night, and hear
Thy strange bewildering call, like the wild scream
Of one whose life is perishing in the sea.

And now, wouldst thou, oh man, delight the ear
With earth's delicious sounds, or charm the eye
With beautiful creations? Then pass forth,

And find them midst those many-coloured birds
That fill the glowing woods. The richest hues
Lie in their splendid plumage, and their tones
Are sweeter than the music of the lute,
Or the harp's melody, or the notes that gush
So thrillingly from beauty's ruby lip.

—J. M'Lellan, *an American poet.*

THE WATERFOWL.

I saw on the breast of a beautiful river,
That reflected the green of the hill—
While scarce to the sunbeam it gave a slight quiver,
For the breath of the morning was still—
A bird, with a breast than the drifted snow whiter,
Serenely and silently glide;
And give to the waters an image still brighter—
Seeming Peace upon Pleasure's fair tide.
Still on, like the solitude's spirit, it glided,
Till a stranger intruding too near,
Uprising, its wings the light ether divided,
Far away from all shadow of fear!
Oh, happy the soul that reposes so lightly
On the bosom of temporal things;
At danger's approach, it can soar away brightly,
Above on ethereal wings.

—J. H. Miflin.

SPRING BIRDS.

Hark to the merry gossip of the spring—
The sweet mysterious voice which peoples place
With an Italian beauty, and does bring
As 'twere Elysium from the wilds of space
Where'er her wing inhabits! Give it chase,
In other bowers the fairy shouts again;
Where'er we run, it mocks our rapid race—
Still the same loose note, in a golden chain,
Rings through the vocal woods, and fills with joy the plain.

Hail to thee, shouting cuckoo! In my youth
Thou wert long time the Ariel of my hope,
The marvel of a summer! It did soothe
To listen to thee on some sunny slope,
Where the high oaks forbade an ampler scope
Than of the blue skies upward—and to sit,
Canopied, in the gladdening horoscope
Which thou my planet flung—a pleasant fit,
Long time my hours endeared, my kindling fancy smit.

And thus I love thee still—thy monotony
The selfsame transport flashes through my frame;
And when thy voice, sweet sibyl, all is flown,
My eager ear, I cannot choose but blame.
Oh may the world these feelings never tame!
If age o'er me her silver tresses spread,
It still would call thee by a lover's name,
And deem the spirit of delight unfled,
Nor bear, though gray without, a heart to nature dead!

—J. H. Wiffen.

THE WOUNDED EAGLE.

Eagle! this is not thy sphere!
Warrior-bird, what seek'st thou here?
Wherefore by the fountain's brink
Doth thy royal pinions sink?
Wherefore on the violets' bed
Layest thou thus thy drooping head?
Thou, that hold'st the blast in scorn,
Thou, that wear'st the wings of morn!

Eagle! wilt thou not arise?
Look upon thine own bright skies!
Lift thy glance!—the fiery sun
There his pride of place hath won,
And the mounting lark is there,
And sweet sound hath filled the air.
Hast thou left that realm on high?—
Oh, it can be but to die!

Eagle, eagle! thou hast bowed
From thine empire o'er the cloud!
Thou that hadst ethereal birth,
Thou hast stooped too near the earth,
And the hunter's shaft hath found thee,
And the toils of death have bound thee!
Wherefore didst thou leave thy place,
Creature of a kingly race?

Wert thou weary of thy throne?
Was the sky's dominion lone?
Chill and lone it well might be,
Yet that mighty wing was free!
Now the chain is o'er it cast,
From thy heart the blood flows fast.
Wo for gifted souls and high!
Is not such *their* destiny?

—Mrs Hemans.

THE PEACOCK.

"It is a Hindoo prejudice, that the track over which a peacock has been observed to fly and alight, is that of a vein of gold."

The peacock, with its plumage rare,
Is a holy bird, and wise;
For he knoweth that gold is an evil thing,
From which foul thoughts and fancies spring,
To blind our mental eyes;
He knoweth it is the seed of sin,
Whose fruit may ripen the soul within:
For (if legends tell true) he will not tread
On the earth of the track that covers its bed!

Yea, the peacock is a wise, wise bird,
To fly o'er the spot where the ore of gold
Is hid 'midst the mould.
But man, with tool, and toil, and word,
And wanton spell, seeks out the mine;
And digs for himself a chain that shall bind
Each blessed impulse of the mind,
Till all shall peak and pine
'Neath the festering fetters—the craving sin
That dwarfs the soul within!

Copy the peacock, then, which flies
Over the path where temptation lies;
Tread not the track that glisters with gold,
Or thy fingers will bend the ore to hold,
Whilst instant round thy heart shall freeze
The milk of human charities!

—Major C. Campbell.

THE SONG OF THE BIRD.

Birds of fair form lurk 'mid the verdant brakes,
Whose rival warbling love's soft wishes shows.
Each grove and stream the murmuring wind makes
Eloquent; with varying force it blows
When the birds sing, scarce the still leaves it shakes;
But when they cease, its response louder grows:
So, be it chance or art, alternate please
The song of birds, and music of the breeze.

With purple beak, and rainbow colours flung
At random o'er his plumes, among the rest
Was one pre-eminent; his supple tongue
A gift like human eloquence possessed,
And with such art and copious numbers sung,
That all who heard, a prodigy confessed;

The birds grew mute, and, charmed by his sweet lay,
The rustling breezes ceased through heaven to play.

" Ah, see," he sang, " how bursts the budding rose,
  When, coyly opening on its virgin stem,
Each blushing tint with double lustre glows,
  Veiled by green leaves, which half-conceal the gem!
Lo! now in full-blown pride, each charm it shows
  Unrobed. Lo! now it fades, a wreck which all contemn.
And seems not such—seems not the haughty flower
By lovers envied for their lady's bower.

Thus vanish, in one evanescent day,
  The flower and greenness of life's vernal morn;
Nor shall returning April's genial ray
  Its withered beauty with fresh bloom adorn:
Then pluck the rose, while matin hours delay,
  Of their serenity so quickly shorn;
Then pluck the rose of love, while yet we may—
While love may yet the love we give repay."

He ceased; and the approving birds express,
  With a fresh burst of song, their glad consent:
The gentle doves more tenderly caress,
  And every creature seeks in love content;
Even the chaste laurel and hard oak confess
  Its melting power; and from the groves are sent,
And from the earth, and from the crystal streams,
An amorous murmur like a sigh that seems.

—*From* TASSO.

TO THE DOVE.

HAIL, emblem of the dearest tie
  That human hearts can bind,
Love's all-devoted constancy,
  When kindred souls are joined!
Than thee no purer image fills
  A niche in nature's shrine,
Type of ecstatic transport's thrills,
  And feeling's glow divine.

The eagle and the vulture share
  Dominion of the sky;
I mark the imperial lords of air
  With regal pomp sweep by.
But ah! their flight, far sunward spread,
  No soft emotion brings;
Foreboding sounds of wo pervade
  The rushing of their wings.

But thou, what melting sweetness glows
In thy long mellow note,
Heard where the random wild-flower blows
In forest glooms remote.
Oh, more than language can express,
Of love and truth is there;
The depth of woman's tenderness,
The purity of prayer!

More mellowing pathos stamps that strain
Than music's self affords,
To bid the bosom thrill again
From its profoundest chords.
And such its power to give release
From passion's earthly spell,
That, listening, I could bid, in peace,
The realms of time farewell.

Spontaneous worship hallows deep
The scene where none intrudes,
When earth and heaven, communing, keep
The Sabbath of the woods;
While sunset sanctifies the calm
Devout of earth and skies;
And low, like prayer from fields of balm,
The breath of evening sighs.

Yet, spotless dove, religion lends
My theme a glory too—
A charm, harmoniously that blends
With nature's simple due.
Oh, marvellous was the sign of love
Through thee to mortals given,
When stooped by brooding wings above
The majesty of heaven!

Bird of the consecrated plume,
Whom earth's Creator chose
(Whilst yet above its watery tomb
One lonely mountain rose)
To waft the pledge of peace to men,
The olive's welcome bough:
I hail thee, Mercy's herald then,
Her sacred symbol now.

—J. F. Smith.

TO A WATERFOWL.

Whither, 'midst falling dew,
While glow the heavens with the last steps of day,
Far, through their rosy depths, dost thou pursue
Thy solitary way?

Vainly the fowler's eye
Might mark thy distant flight to do thee wrong,
As, darkly painted on the crimson sky,
Thy figure floats along.

Seekest thou the plashy brink
Of weedy lake, or marge of river wide,
Or where the rocking billows rise and sink
On the chafed ocean side?

There is a Power whose care
Teaches thy way along that pathless coast—
The desert and illimitable air—
Lone wandering, but not lost.

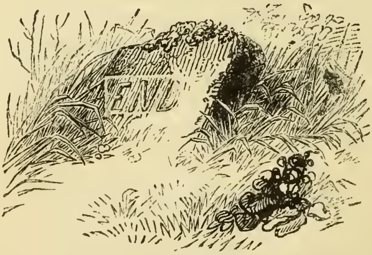
All day thy wings have fanned,
At that far height, the cold thin atmosphere;
Yet stoop not, weary, to the welcome land,
Though the dark night is near.

And soon that toil shall end,
Soon shalt thou find a summer home, and rest,
And scream among thy fellows; reeds shall bend
Soon o'er thy sheltered nest.

Thou'rt gone, the abyss of heaven
Hath swallowed up thy form; yet on my heart
Deeply hath sunk the lesson thou hast given,
And shall not soon depart.

He who, from zone to zone,
Guides through the boundless sky thy certain flight,
In the long way that I must tread alone,
Will lead my steps aright.

—C. Bryant.



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